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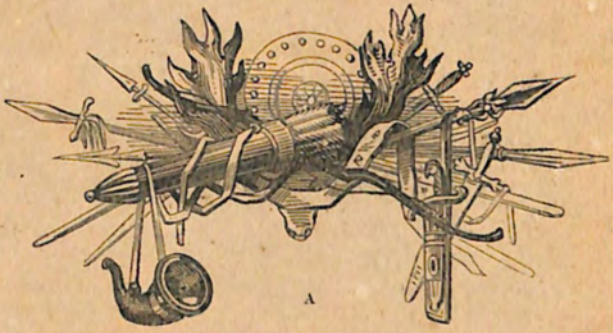

A

LYTELL GESTE

OF ROBIN HODE,

ETC.

J. Wilson.

Born Oct.r 2. 1762; died Sep.r 3. 1903.

A LYTELL GESTE

OF ROBIN HODE

WITH OTHER ANCIENT & MODERN BALLADS AND SONGS RELATING TO THIS CELEBRATED YEOMAN

TO WHICH IS PREFIXED HIS HISTORY AND CHARACTER, GROUNDED UPON OTHER DOCUMENTS THAN THOSE MADE USE OF BY HIS FORMER BIOGRAPHER, "MISTER RITSON."

B 581

EDITED BY

JOHN MATHEW GUTCH, F.S.A.

AND ADORNED WITH CUTS BY

F. W. FAIRHOLT, F.S.A.

44795.

MERRIE SHERWOOD,—VIVITE SYLVÆ.

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MEMOIR OF MR. RITSON.

In the present reprint of "The Lytell Geste of Robin Hood," and the ballads relating to him and his companions, it would be unpardonable to omit any biographical notice of Mr. Ritson, who first collected so many of them, and to whose research and criticism the ballad literature of the country has been so much indebted. The notice need extend very little further than to the literary talents and character of this gentleman. There was, it cannot be concealed, much to be lamented in his apparent disbelief in the evidences of Christianity, and in the eccentricities of his mode of life. To these errors as slight allusion as is consistent with the truth will be made. *De mortuis nil nisi bonum.*

In the most recent and authentic "Memoirs of Mr. Ritson," by Sir Harris Nicolas, in connexion with Mr. Ritson's letters edited by his nephew Mr. Frank, allusion to these

errors is not concealed; but as Mr. Frank says, "they could not be omitted consistently with the editor's anxious wish to exhibit the writer's character and disposition to the world in a true light,—not misanthropic and unsocial, as too often represented, but singularly benevolent and urbane."

Mr. Haslewood also printed "Some Account of the Life and Publications of Mr. Ritson," in 1824. From these memoirs, but more particularly from those of Sir Harris Nicolas, the following abridgment is made.

Mr. Ritson was descended from an ancient respectable family residing at Hackthorpe, in the county of Westmoreland: was born the 2nd October 1752, at Stockton-upon Tees, Durham, and was bred to the profession of the law, under Ralph Bradley, Esq. a distinguished conveyancer at Stockton. He commenced practice also as a conveyancer; and after removing to the metropolis, entered himself at Gray's Inn the 6th May 1784, and was called to the bar by that society the 20th May 1789. His abilities in this branch of the profession were of the highest promise, and obtained a well-founded share of incipient reputation for acuteness of judgment and soundness of opinion, though he appears to have slighted an increase of professional business, to pursue the indulgence of literary research and critical disquisition. Perhaps, in addition to his own neglect upon the subject, some obstacles to his success in his profession may, in a great degree, be ascribed to his general habit of seclusion from society, and to certain singular and eccentric opinions which he pertinaciously entertained, and without much reserve incautiously promulgated. Of the wavering notions of Ritson upon the subject of the Christian religion, although he at one period entertained and expressed himself thereon too freely, "let it suffice," says Mr. Haslewood,

"that a letter of his own was written to a surviving correspondent, declaring his personal regret, even to tearfulness, that it had been his misfortune to live an unbeliever."

The monotony of chamber residence he commonly diversified by an excursion during the summer months to visit his friends in the north, and appears thence to have gleaned copious materials which he connected with several of his literary pursuits.

"In October 1779, Ritson's anxiety to explore the literary treasures of the Bodleian, induced him to visit Oxford. The diary of his journey, which appears to have been a pedestrian one, is no otherwise curious than as presenting the first evidence which has been discovered of his sceptical opinions. About this time he contributed an article on some records connected with the county of Durham, to Gough's 'British Topography'; and he meditated a Villare of the Palatinate, in which he states himself to have made some progress.

"Towards the end of July 1782, Ritson passed a few weeks at Cambridge, where, he says, 'he saw a great many curious books, made a great many important discoveries, and what is better than all, became intimately acquainted with Dr. Farmer,' whom he designates 'a most sensible, liberal, benevolent, and worthy man.' His correspondence about this time shews that he was fully engaged in his favourite pursuits, and had just completed what he termed his 'scurrilous libel upon Warton.' That work appeared in the autumn of the same year; and soon afterwards he sent his 'attack' upon Johnson and Steevens to press; in reference to which he jocularly remarked to a friend, 'I will turn the world upside down.' Ritson's 'Observations on the History of English Poetry,' were addressed 'in a Familiar Letter to the Author,' and though published anonymously,

the writer did not attempt concealment. The bold and occasionally rude style of his language, the severity of his criticisms, and in some places the needless personal taunts in which he indulged, created, as might be expected, a host of enemies, who if they admitted the force and justice of many of his observations, or the erudition and research which his tract displays, had not the candour to ascribe its appearance to the true motive. . . . . Ritson's detractors have not detected any personal cause for malignity towards Warton; and if his reverence for accuracy and truth excited greater indignation than is usually caused by plagiarisms and mistatements, the error has a 'leaning to virtue's side', which ought to have a very extenuating effect. These remarks apply to all Ritson's controversial writings: Truth—simple majestic Truth—was the goddess whom he worshipped.

"The 'Observations on the History of English Poetry' at once established Ritson's power as a formidable critic, and involved him in a controversy, the arena of which was the 'Gentleman's Magazine,' where various letters appeared from the Rev. Thomas Russell, of New College, and the Rev. J. Bowle on the one side, and from Ritson and his friend Mr. Baynes on the other. It has been said that Ritson, influenced by the reasoning of Mr. Park, not only acknowledged the impropriety of his comments on Warton, but was induced at a later period to buy up and destroy all the copies that could be obtained.

"In the same year 1783, Ritson published an octavo volume, entitled, 'Remarks, critical and illustrative, on the text of the last edition of Shakspeare.' Though the objection of unnecessary asperity applies to this work, it has never been doubted that it proves the author's intimate knowledge of the poet, and the incapacity of his editors for the task

they undertook. Of all writers, Shakspeare was Ritson's favourite, and his veneration partook of the enthusiasm of his temperament.

"'No author,' says Ritson, 'ancient or modern, ever sacrificed less to the reigning superstition of the time than hisself;' and he eloquently adds, 'whatever may be the temporary religion, Popish or Protestant, Paganism or Christianity, if its professors have the slightest regard for genius or virtue, Shakspeare, the poet of nature, addicted to no system of bigotry, will always be a favourite.'

"Notwithstanding that Ritson's name is not mentioned by Boswell, there can be little doubt that he was personally known to Dr. Johnson; for a note exists from Davies, the bookseller, to Ritson, stating that Johnson would be glad to see him on the following day, or on the ensuing Friday; and that he, Davies, would be happy to wait on him if convenient, probably to introduce them. The date of this note does not occur, so that it is uncertain whether it preceded, or was subsequent to, the publication of the 'Remarks.'

"The year 1783 was one of the most prolific of Ritson's pen. Besides an edition of 'Gammer Gurton's Garland, or the Nursery Parnassus,' containing nursery rhymes, a favourite little work with those for whose amusement it was written, which has been frequently reprinted, he published a 'Select Collection of English Songs, in three volumes, to which was prefixed an Historical Essay, on the Origin and Progress of National Song.' His motive for this publication, of which the merits are very generally admitted, was, he says, 'to exhibit all the most admired and intrinsically excellent specimens of Lyric Poetry in the English Language at one view; to promote real instructive entertainment; to satisfy the critical taste of the judicious; to

indulge the noble feelings of the pensive; and to afford innocent mirth to the gay.'

"Ritson alluded in his preface to the Reliques of Ancient Poetry edited by Bishop Percy, which he says were printed in an inaccurate and sophisticated manner. In a note he proves the justice of the remark by stating, that wherever he followed the bishop's authorities, he found him unfaithful and incorrect; and adds: "that the work is beautiful, elegant, and ingenious, it would be ridiculous to deny; but they who look into it to be acquainted with the state of ancient poetry, will be miserably disappointed or fatally misled. Forgery and imposition of every kind ought to be universally execrated, and never more than when they are employed by persons high in rank and character, and those very circumstances are made use of to sanctify the deceit.' But it was not against the literary violators of his editorial canon only that Ritson breathed vengeance. Similar liberties with ancient tunes are denounced with equal indignation; and Dr. Arne and Mr. Jackson, two musical composers of eminence, share his castigatory admonitions with Bishop Percy.

"Ritson's Historical Essay on National Song,* displays

* "It has been said, and is repeated by Mr. Haslewood, (Life, p. 9) that Ritson was materially assisted in this Essay by his friend Baynes; but he always indignantly denied the truth of the remark. In a MS. note by Ritson on the song from Athenæus, (Historical Essay, p. 9)

'Quaff with me the purple wine, &c.'

he observed, 'for this and all the other original poetry in the present Essay, the editor was indebted to his most learned, and most ingenious friend, the late John Baynes, esq., whose untimely and lamented death has left him at liberty to disclose a circumstance which, by his own desire, was to have been an entire secret.'"

considerable erudition and unwearied research. It is deserving of attention that the essay contains a high compliment to Bishop Percy; but this is not a solitary instance of the kind, for notwithstanding that Ritson always expressed himself with severity at the manner in which the 'Reliques' were interpolated, he seems to have sought opportunities for rendering just homage to the talents and elegant accomplishments of the amiable prelate.

"About this period he was appointed High Bailiff of the Liberty of the Savoy: and in a letter to his sister, dated 16th March 1784, he says, 'I shall enter upon my office at May day: I expect it will bring me in about £150 a year. It is a place under the crown, and I hope I shall be able to secure it for life.' His hopes were soon after realized, as his patent of that office was granted on the 25th January 1786. This situation, for which he is said to have been indebted to the influence of his friend William Masterman, Esq. M.P., probably induced him to resolve on being called to the bar, as he entered into commons in Gray's Inn for that purpose in Easter Term, 1784. During the ensuing four years he seems to have devoted himself mainly to his profession, as the only work he printed was a compilation of Apophthegms, Maxims, and Precepts, selected from the ancients, which he called 'The Spartan Manual, or Tablet of Morality,' a tract admirably calculated for the object for which he designed it—'the improvement of youth, and the promoting of wisdom and virtue.'

"In Easter Term, 1789, as before noted, Ritson was called to the bar, and agreeably to his usual custom, spent part of his long vacation at Stockton. In that year he printed a 'Digest of the Proceedings of the Court Leet of the Manor and Liberty of the Savoy, from 1682.' The nervous complaint under which he laboured for many years,

to the irritability proceeding from which the tone and temper of his criticisms have been attributed, is first alluded to by him in the summer of 1790. 'I am,' he says, in a letter to Mr. Harrison, dated on the 22nd June, 'become so nervous, as they call it, that I have very seldom either resolution or capacity to write the shortest note on the most trivial occasion. Any thing beyond a mere letter of business is attended with so much trouble and difficulty as to make me eagerly lay hold of any trifling pretext to put it off till the next day.'

"Ritson stated in that letter his intention of visiting the North, which he fulfilled, but without deriving the advantages he expected; for his letters from Stockton in August in that year speak of his being then seriously ill. His health was, it would seem, permanently affected; and in December following he told Mr. Walker that he imagined his complaint had been stealing on him for some years, and had little hope of its yielding to medicine. His collection of 'Ancient Songs,' which had been nearly three years in the press, appeared about this time; and as it contains two disrespectful allusions to Warton which a regard for the sanctity of the grave ought perhaps to have withheld, it is important to Ritson's character to notice his allusion to the death of that accomplished writer in his correspondence, because it not only proves that the remark in his work was written before such an event was contemplated, but that he regretted it should occur. To Mr. Walker, in June 1790, he said: 'You see I have lost my old friend, Tom Warton,—Well! 'I war not with the dead,' and shall treat his ashes with the reverence I ought possibly to have bestowed on his person. Unfortunately, he is introduced, not always in the most serious or respectful manner, in a work which has been long printed, but which, I think, my

bookseller does not choose to publish till both the editor and all his friends and enemies are buried in oblivion.'

"To this valuable collection of Ancient Songs, in which the editor's indefatigable care, patience, and fidelity, are eminently displayed, he prefixed 'Dissertations on Ancient Minstrels,' and 'On the Songs, Music, and Instrumental Performance of the Ancient English,' treatises which are sufficient to establish Ritson's research and erudition on these subjects, notwithstanding that subsequent inquiries may have shewn that he has occasionally erred as well in his facts as his inferences. In the first of these Dissertations he had occasion to comment upon the 'Essay on Minstrels' in 'Percy's Reliques,' but it is agreeable to observe, that he pays just homage to the merits of the prelate and adverts to him in the language of courtesy.

"When it is remembered that Ritson was once a Jacobite, and a strenuous asserter of the divine right of kings, it must appear paradoxical to find that the French Revolution and the doctrine of 'liberty and equality,' excited his warmest admiration; and the author of 'The Tables of the English Succession,' and of numerous passages decrying the revolution of 1688, as well as all other violent interruptions of the line of succession in our history, not only styled himself, and applied to his intimate friends, the term 'Citizen,' but asserted that his 'sentiments were, and ever had been, so entirely correspondent to the ruling measures in France, that he had only to rejoice at seeing a theory he had so long admired reduced to practice'; and he proceeds to ridicule all aristocratic distinctions. The first indication of this extraordinary change in his sentiments, was in June 1791, when he remarked to Mr. Harrison, 'My desire to reside for a few weeks at, or near, Paris, has been increasing ever since the revolution, and is

in reality very strong, which you will easily conceive when I give it as a decided opinion that no people, ancient or modern, was ever so deserving of admiration.'

"Ritson accordingly went to Paris in the ensuing August, accompanied by his friend Shield, where he remained until October. His visit to the French metropolis increased his veneration for the new order of things; and of the city, its libraries, public monuments, and antiquities, he spoke in strong terms of praise. The letter, containing a description of Paris, is remarkable for exhibiting the earliest specimen of Ritson's peculiar system, if indeed it can be so called, of orthography, but which in any other person might excite the suspicion of having arisen from pedantry and affectation. In this communication he said to his correspondent, 'You observe, by the way, i am teaching you how to spell'; and added, 'if you know any cause or just impediment why words should not be spelled in my way, you are to declare it.'

"The general tone of Ritson's letters in the year 1791, indicated a mind ill at ease. Gloom and discontent continually shew themselves; and he himself complained of the fretfulness of his disposition. Those who, from painful experience, know how intimate is the connexion between mind and body, and how much the imperfections of the casket tend to injure the precious jewel within, will have no difficulty in ascribing the morbid and querulous feelings of which Ritson was so frequently the victim to corporeal causes.

"Early in 1793, Ritson adopted the French calendar in dating, and the republican style in concluding his letters to his nephew, and to the most intimate of his 'citizen' friends. In this year, he published the first volume of 'The English Anthology,' an interesting collection of pieces

by the most eminent poets from the reign of Henry the Eighth; and, in 1794, his 'Collection of Scotish Songs,' on which he had been long engaged, was given to the public. The work was followed, in the ensuing year, by the publication of the 'Poems of Laurence Minot,' written in 1352, descriptive of many of the principal events in the early part of the reign of Edward the Third, the preface and notes to which are highly creditable to the editor's historical acquirements. Soon afterwards appeared his interesting 'Collection of all the Ancient Poems, Songs and Ballads now extant relative to Robin Hood, in two volumes.'

"Ritson's letters, in 1793, 1794 and 1795, prove him to have been deeply imbued with the Gallican frenzy, a decided democrat, a disciple of Paine, Voltaire, and Rousseau,* and the associate, if not the friend, of Godwin, Holcroft, Thelwall, and others of the same school. But with them and their selfishness, he soon became disgusted; and his sentiments respecting them are thus described, in speaking of the attempt to obtain a subscription for the defence of 'Citizen Yorke' in 1795: 'To confess the truth, the more I see of these modern patriots and philosophers, the less I like them.'

"He expresses an intention to attend the trial of Horne Tooke, on which occasion he, for the first time, purposes to wear his professional costume, in order to obtain a seat in the court; whence it is evident that his practice was confined to his chambers.

"To his nephew he says, in January, 1794, 'I send you a beautiful edition and copy of Rousseau's 'Inégalité des hommes.' The excellent author looks down upon me: on the other side of the fire-place hangs the sarcastic Voltaire; while the enlightened and enlightening Thomas fronts the door: which is probably the reason, by the way, that scarce any body has entered it since he made his appearance.'—Letters, vol. ii, 39.

"It is curious to contrast the difference between Ritson's own conduct and the excellent advice which he gave his nephew, who professed his uncle's political opinions: 'I would recommend it to you,' he says, in a letter of the 30th January, 1794, 'as a friend, to lay your politics and philosophy upon the shelf, for a few years at least; their temporary absence will do you no harm, and their perpetual presence can do you no good. Your first and principal (if not sole) object should be, by a sedulous and unremitting attention to business, to do justice to your employers, and acquire the means of an honest independency. Whatever change may take place you must have better pretensions, I presume, to intitle yourself to its advantages, than a set of political and religious opinions; unless you think it sufficient to emulate the *bons citoyens* who make it their business, in rags and tatters, to discuss questions in the *Jardin de la Révolution*, for the good of their country.'

"The Shakspearian papers, which were said to have been discovered by Ireland, naturally attracted the attention of so enthusiastic an admirer of the poet; but his sagacity at once detected the forgery, and he spoke of the fraud with his accustomed energy.

"During the next six years Ritson did not send any work to the press, and all which is known respecting him occurs in his letters. These present a melancholy picture of his situation; for the greater part contain allusions to his decaying health and depressed spirits. As early as July 1793, he spoke of himself as approaching fast towards his end; and after that time death appears to have been constantly in his thoughts. In February 1798, he said he was rapidly declining both in mind and body; and a few months afterwards, he gave his nephew the following lamentable account of his condition. 'My complaint,' he

says, 'is neither a fever nor a consumption; but it renders my existence miserable, and I have no hope of getting the better of it. As, at the same, I can eat, and drink, and walk about, it would be difficult to convince *sleekheaded men, and such as sleep o' nights*, that any thing is the matter with me: and, indeed, it is a subject upon which I do not like to explain myself, and wish nobody to inquire after. I am apprehensive of an entire loss of memory; as I am daily forgetting the most common words in the language, and you would be surprised to learn the trouble and vexation which this foolish letter has cost me.'

"Early in the year 1802, he visited Stockton for the last time: he remained only a fortnight; and soon after his return to Gray's Inn, was seized with apoplexy, which nearly proved fatal. Before the 17th of the ensuing April, he experienced another attack, and though his general health was considerably shaken, his ardour for literary pursuits was not abated. In the interval he published an extremely useful volume, in the completion of which he was materially aided by his friends Mr. Park and Mr. Douce, entitled 'Bibliographia Poetica,' being a catalogue of English poets of the 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th, and 16th centuries; a Collection (in three volumes) of Ancient English Metrical Romances; and 'An Essay on Abstinence from Animal Food, as a Moral Duty,' which was his last production. About this period he corresponded with Mr. (afterwards Sir Walter) Scott, his letters to whom evince perfect possession of his faculties and unsubdued zeal. It does not exactly appear when his acquaintance with that distinguished individual commenced, but that he was honoured with his esteem is certain; and he, more than once, alludes to him in his poems and novels in terms of kindness and respect. On one occasion, he visited Scott at Laswade, when their

mutual friend Doctor Leyden was there, which circumstance was among Ritson's latest and most gratifying recollections; and the hope of another visit seems to have been cherished by him to the last. The publication of the 'Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border' afforded him inexpressible delight, and the letter acknowledging it, dated on the 10th June, 1802, was written under a temporary mental sunshine which that work might have tended to create. Ritson therein speaks of having three objects for his annual autumnal excursion—namely, to go to Paris, Wales, or Durham, and he looked forward to visiting Edinburgh in the following year. But all his plans were destined to be frustrated by an imperious power. Just as he was about to set off for Paris, he was seized with a paralytical affection, which compelled him to try the effect of the Bath waters. From this severe visitation he, however, rallied, though he brought from Bath an incurable disease besides those which obliged him to go there; but his letters to Scott and others, until the middle of August in that year, betray no want of intellectual energy. To sickness were unhappily added pecuniary cares; for having a short time before been induced, notwithstanding his avowed detestation of every species of gambling, to speculate on the Stock Exchange, with all the money he could collect, the unexpected peace produced so sudden an effect on the funds as to cause a loss to him of upwards of a thousand pounds, in consequence of which he was, he said, utterly ruined. He immediately sold a part of his library, and those only who can understand the attachment of a literary man to the books which he has himself collected, which have been his constant companions for years, and which have proved his most faithful friends, can appreciate the pang that it costs to part with them. This heavy sacrifice was not the only one he was compelled to

undergo; and the following passage from his letter to his kinswoman, Mrs. Mary Ritson, proves that his regret was unalloyed by selfishness:

"'I have been forced to sell my uncle's land in Strickland, which I had always intended for my dear cousins, Jane and Mary, and shall, as long as I live, lament that I did not make it secure. You see, therefore, I have undergone the fate of old Cole's dog, (according to the story), he would take the wall of a waggon, and was crushed to death for his ambition!' His devotion to literature nevertheless, did not forsake him, and neither poverty nor sickness could destroy his enthusiasm, or shake his firmness.

"The bigot will indulge in a sneer of hypocritical and contemptuous pity—the humble and pious Christian, confident in the blessings of his own faith and tolerant of the creeds of others, will lament, to find that Ritson had no hope of a life beyond the grave. On the 21st of March 1801, in a letter addressed to his 'worthy, venerable, and very dear friend,' Mr. Harrison, congratulating him on living to see the new century, he observed: 'You know my sentiments with regard to other worlds, which, I believe, are not likely to change. My health is much impaired, my frame disordered, and my spirits depressed; so that I have no hopes for myself of an eternal existence; and am rather, in fact, disposed to wonder that I have already lived so long, having had the mortification to see many whom I loved and esteemed drop from time to time around me at a much more immature age.'

"The last of his letters which is published, dated on the 16th of August, 1803, principally related to literary matters, and proves that his ardour had not at all diminished. His life of King Arthur was then finished, and he was, he says, engaged on a life of the Saviour. On the 10th of

September, however, he was attacked with paralysis of the brain, and during the paroxysm which ensued, he burned nearly the whole of his valuable catalogue of Romances, and many other manuscripts. By the advice of his physician, Dr. Temple of Bedford-row, and under the affectionate care of his nephew, Mr. Frank, who hastened to him from the north, he was removed from his confined chambers to the airy premises and grounds of the late Sir Jonathan Miles, at Hoxton, where he expired on the 23rd of September, 1803, at four o'clock in the morning, having nearly completed his fifty-first year. Ritson was buried on the 27th of that month in Bunhill Fields, near the grave of his friend Baynes, but no stone marks the place of their remains. His will, which, from its being characteristic of him, is here given, was not discovered until after administration was granted to Mr. Frank. With the exception of the quick lime, all the wishes of the deceased respecting his funeral, (which had been repeatedly expressed to his nephew,) were scrupulously complied with: the only attendants on the occasion being his friend and townsman, John Wear, Esq. a Bencher of Gray's Inn, and Mr. Frank.

"'THIS IS MY WILL. The box, containing books and papers relating to the Duchy of Lancaster, is, as conveniently as may be after my decease, to be delivered to the Duchy Office; my account with which, as high-bailiff of the liberty of the Savoy, is to be settled as soon as possible. All my printed and manuscript books and papers to be sold by Leigh, Sotheby and son, booksellers and auctioneers, in York-street, Covent-garden; and the furniture and all personal articles, in my chambers, at the time of my decease, to be sold by Thomas King, of King-street, near Covent-garden, auctioneer. The residue of my personal estate,

which shall remain after payment of my funeral expences, the expence of the probate of my will, and debts, I give to my nephew, Joseph Frank, of Stockton, in the county of Durham, gentleman, whom I appoint executor of this my will. With respect to my funeral, (if I happen to die, that is, in the county of Middlesex, or the city of London), my most earnest request to my executor is, that my body may be interred in the burying-ground of Bunhill fields, with the least possible ceremony, attendance, or expence, without the presence of a clergyman, and my coffin being previously carefully and effectually filled with quick lime.

J. Ritson.

Gray's Inn, 7th of September, 1803.

"Besides the numerous works which Ritson gave to the world, he prepared several others for the press, of equal or greater merit, which have since been edited by Mr. Frank, in a manner worthy of his eminent relative. These volumes, together with numerous manuscripts, form a monument of learning, industry, and zeal, which has seldom been equalled, and must secure veneration for Ritson's name. Upon his acquirements and character, it is not requisite to add much to what has already been said. His eccentricities and errors have been candidly admitted; and on these it would answer no good purpose to dwell. But gratitude for his labours, and a love of justice, demanded that evidence of his virtues should be produced, since too much trouble has been taken to stigmatize him as a gloomy misanthrope to whom the charities of our nature were absolute strangers. Mr. Surtees in an elegant memoir of Ritson, speaks of him from personal knowledge; and after attributing his morbid irritability of temper and secluded habits to an early disappointment of the affections, he observes:

"'In whatever singular habits or speculative opinions he might indulge, his deep and serious feelings were neither morose nor unsocial; his attachments were steady and disinterested; the associates of his youth were the friends of his age, and he lost the regard of no honest man whose good opinion he had once acquired. He neglected no natural tie of blood or connexion, and to an only nephew his attention was parental. In society with those in whose characters he had confidence, Ritson was a lively, cheerful companion, frank and unreserved; and if tenacious of his own peculiar opinions, he was at least most tolerant of those of others, and would permit every one to dust it away, and jingle his bells to his own tune.'

"In after years he was, however, fully sensible of his error. 'Avoid,' he advises his nephew, in April 1798, 'as much as possible, all appearance of singularity or affectation, and while you are a man of business, endeavour to be nothing else: I have learned the value of this piece of advice by dear-bought experience; and experience generally, both costs too much, and comes too late, to be of service to the purchaser.'

"'He abstained,' adds Mr. Surtees, 'on a principle of humanity, from the use of animal food, and was bold [enough] to publish a book, in defence of his opinion. I could mention a hundred instances of Ritson's unaffected feeling for the sufferings of the brute creation—their groans entered his soul.—It is easy to ridicule such feelings, but I own, I had rather possess them than laugh at them: and I believe, that more folks than choose to confess it, have a spice of Ritson's condition. To follow his plan of abstinence were absurd, and nearly impossible; yet it is surely a disagreeable necessity, which drives us to form part of a system where, of dire necessity, the powerful exist by preying on

the weak. Perhaps no sterner character is impressed on a fallen world.'

"No slight praise is contained in the following statement in the same memoir:—'On one subject, the most serious of all, on which we differed *toto cælo*, I can safely assert, that on me, then a very young man, Ritson never intruded a single observation that would be deemed either reflecting or insidious; indeed, I believe, he would have thought it a breach of moral rectitude to have endeavoured to unsettle my opinions. There was much of neutral ground on which we could safely meet.'

"'A friendly correspondence,' (continues Mr. Surtees) 'was maintained betwixt Sir Walter Scott and Ritson, till the death of the latter. I recollect that Scott translated for him 'Les Souvenirs de Molinet.' I take the liberty to quote [from Sir Walter's letters] the following honorable testimony to Ritson's character, because it describes most admirably that excessive aspiration after absolute and exact verity, which Ritson carried with him into every transaction of common life; and which, I verily believe, was one cause of that unfortunate asperity with which he treated some most respectable contemporaries.—'I loved poor Ritson, with all his singularities; he was always kind and indulgent to me. He had an honesty of principle about him, which, if it went to ridiculous extremities, was still respectable, from the soundness of the foundation. I don't believe the world could have made Ritson say the thing he did not think. I wish we had his like at present;'—and again: 'I had a great kindness for Ritson, and always received from him the readiest, kindest, and most liberal assistance in the objects of our joint pursuits. One thing I observed in his temper, an attention to which rendered communication with him much more easy than if it was neglected. Mr.

Ritson was very literal, and precise in his own statements, and expecting others to be the same, was much disgusted with any loose or inaccurate averment. I remember rather a ludicrous instance. He made me a visit of two days, at my cottage, near Laswade; in the course of conversation we talked of the Roman wall, and I was surprised to find that he had adopted on the authority of some person at Hexham, a strong persuasion that its remains were no where visible, or at least not above a foot or two in height. I hastily assured him, that this was so far from being true, that I had myself seen a portion of it standing high enough for the fall to break a man's neck. Of this he took a formal memorandum, and having visited the place (Glenwhelt, near Gilsland) he wrote to me, or, I think, rather to John Leyden, to say, that he really thought that a fall from it would break a man's neck, at least, it was so high as to render the experiment dangerous. I immediately saw what a risk I had been in, for you may believe, I had no idea of being taken quite so literally.'

"Ritson's person was small and thin, with a fair and fresh-coloured complexion, and his appearance was remarkably neat and gentlemanlike. His disposition was kind, cheerful, and amiable, and notwithstanding the supposed irritability of his temper, his manners in society were mild and conciliatory. Even a writer, who speaks of him with peculiar harshness, admits that he could be a 'good companion.'

"Thirty years has now nearly elapsed since the grave closed over Joseph Ritson; and it is certainly time that justice should be rendered to his character. The animosities, which his criticisms naturally excited, must surely have subsided in the breasts of the few of his survivors whom he aggrieved; and it may be expected, that even the

most rancorous among them, will allow his eminent literary services, his unsullied integrity, and his numerous other virtues, to atone for mere defects of temper and constitutional irritability. That his heart was no party to his faults, and that the acerbity of feeling, which he occasionally manifested, did not spring from native malignity of disposition it would be absurd to deny; and his present biographer gladly refers to the many proofs of his readiness to admit the merits of, and even to defend, nearly every one of those persons on whose works he commented with the bitterest severity—Malone, Warton, and Percy. Again it must be urged, that he had no personal animosity to gratify in pointing out the mistakes of those writers, and that the tone of his comments arose from an exaggerated estimate of the subject, and a morbid though unaffected and deep-rooted regard for veracity. As a laborious husbandman in the fields of antiquity, and a most successful gleaner of the neglected beauties of early poetry; as the founder of a school of editorial accuracy; as the boldest exposer of the mischiefs arising from literary forgeries and interpolations; as a stern and uncompromising advocate of humanity, truth, and integrity, Ritson's memory is entitled to the highest veneration and respect. A lover of literature, for its own sake, he never produced a line from sordid feelings; and it is painful to record that, instead of deriving any pecuniary advantage from his labours, he sacrificed out of his humble means no less than five hundred pounds upon his works.

"To pursue the memory of such a man as Ritson with the epithets of 'misanthrope,' 'atheist,' 'jacobite,' 'ascetic cynic,' and 'snarling critic;' to forget his literary merits, and that, after so many years of unceasing toil, he was compelled to sell a part of his library for his support, and

this, too, in the very last year of his existence; to perceive that even one of his own books cannot be re-printed without a repetition of calumnies, and rooting up, from his very tomb, the remembrance of all his errors, are new examples of the injustice and inhumanity of the world, and of the effect of a man daring to think for himself, to declare his opinions, and to speak THE TRUTH, in the simple and unsophisticated language in which TRUTH ought to be spoken."

In regard to portraits of Mr. Ritson, and to that especially which forms the frontispiece to the present volume, the Editor found the following relation in Mr. Haslewood's account of his life and publications. 8vo. 1854.

"Before the title-page of the 'Caledonian Muse,' is a miniature shade that has been considered a strong likeness of our author, taken from a profile, cut in paper, by the late very ingenious Mrs. Park. The portrait, inserted in 'Nichols's Illustrations' (of which the frontispiece to this volume has been etched), is evidently a copy from the well-known production of Mr. Sayer, published by Mrs. Humphrey, 22nd March, 1803. That published by Baldwyn, with 'Gillray invt.' is from the same source. The result of an enquiry made some years since, was the presumption that a portrait, in oil colours, existed in the possession of an acquaintance."

ROBIN HOOD
BALLADS,
SONGS,

ETC.

"In somer when the shawes be sheyne,
And leves be large and longe,
Hit is full mery in feyre foreste
To here the foulys songe.

To se the dere draw to the dale,
And leve the hilles hee,
And shadow hem in the leves grene,
Vndur the grene wode tre."

A TALE OF ROBIN HOOD.

In the arrangement of the Robin Hood Ballads, of which this volume consists, the Editor has endeavoured to place them chronologically, so far as the probable dates of the manuscripts from which the earliest of them have been extracted, can be conjectured;—those which are taken from printed copies, can be ascertained;—and in that order of time in which the respective adventures recorded in them are supposed to have happened. Many of them are of much earlier antiquity than others; and it is improbable

that the exact date, or the names of their authors, can now be discovered. It is impossible to believe that the principal hero of them, or the adventures related, are entirely fictitious. They are, no doubt, many of them founded on facts and incidents which have escaped the notice or been overlooked by the grave historian. But this hypothesis has been so largely treated upon, in the Preliminary Dissertation in the preceding volume, that it is unnecessary to enter again into the subject in dispute.

Since Mr. Ritson published his first edition of *Robin Hood*, a ballad, supposed to be of an earlier date than that of *Robyn Hode and the Potter*, which Mr. Ritson places immediately after the *Lytell Geste*, has been discovered by the Rev. C. H. Hartshorne, and inserted in his *Ancient Metrical Tales*, 1829. The manuscript is in the public library of the University of Cambridge, cap. 5, 48. It is also reprinted in the second edition of *Robin Hood*, 1832, after, it is said, a careful collation by Sir Frederick Madden; a sufficient warranty for its accuracy. It is there called *Robin Hood and the Monk*. This is probably the oldest extant of the cycle of Robin Hood's ballads. Mr. Wright considers it to belong to the fourteenth century, and that it was one of those which were sung by the contemporaries of Fordun, and the author of *Piers Plowman's Visions*. This ballad is thus particularly alluded to in Bedwell's "Address to the Courteous Reader" in his edition of the *Tournament of Tottenham, or the Wooing, Winning, and Wedding of Tibbe, the Reve's daughter:*" (reprinted 1718)—"Among sundry other treatises in this copy (*i. e.* manuscript), there is a story of Robin Hood and Little John, which seemeth to be done by the same author; yet I will not say that this poem was written then, or nere unto those times. It is now seven or eight years since I

came first to the sight of the copy, and that by the means of the worthy, and my much honoured good friend, M. Ge. Wither, of whom, also, now at length, I have obtained the use of the same" (1631).

Mr. Wright, in his *Essays on the Literature, Superstitions, and History of England in the Middle Ages*, published while these volumes were printing, has written an interesting article on "the popular cycle of the Robin Hood Ballads," in which he enters at large into the merits and date of this ballad.

It is also candid to remark, that Mr. Wright's opinion upon the antiquity and originality of the contents of the *Lytell Geste* differs from that of the writer on the article in the *London and Westminster Review*, from that of M. Thierry, and of the editor of these volumes. Mr. Wright thinks, that the compiler of the legend of the *Lytell Geste* obtained his materials for each fytte from ballads previously in existence.

"One, perhaps, of the ballads," says Mr. Wright, "which contributed to the formation of this poem, may have been simply the adventure of Robin Hood and the Knight, which here occupies the first and second fyttes of the *Lytell Geste*, and is made to run more or less through the whole. The Knight was a character respected by the peasantry, and in the personage of the unfortunate and injured Sir Richard of the Lee, he probably drew forth as much commiseration from those to whom the adventure was sung in the village alehouse, as in the courtly hall of the nobles, when he appeared in misfortune in the romances of Sir Cleges or Sir Amadas. They were all the same story, under different forms, in the one instance reduced to a popular shape."

"The next ballad," continues Mr. Wright, "which seems

to have been used in the composition of this 'geste,' was the same story, a little varied in its details, with that of *Robin and the Potter*.

"The third ballad used in the formation of this 'geste,' was one of *Robin Hood and the Monk*.

"Perhaps the only other ballad used by the compiler of the 'geste' was that which furnished the last two fyttes, the *Meeting of Robin and the King*; and it would seem that he had used the 'explicit' of the ballad itself, or that he had it in his mind, when he wrote at the end—'Explycit kynge Edward, and Robyn Hode, and Lytell Johan.' The mention of king *Edward*, the first instance of the name of a king which occurs in these ballads, is itself curious. Does it shew that the ballad, which the writer of the 'geste' used, was written in the reign of one of the Edwards; and that in the cycle sung at the Robin Hood festivals, when the king was introduced, they gave him the name of the king at the time reigning, as we have seen was the case in a collateral cycle?"

Such are the ballad materials to which Mr. Wright supposes the author of the *Lytell Geste* was indebted for the subjects of the different fyttes of that legend.

Mr. Wright also doubts the authenticity of the passage in the *Scoti-Chronicon* of Fordun, in which he relates "that in the latter part of the reign of Henry III, arose from among the dispossessed and the banished that most famous cut-throat, Robin Hood, and Little John, with their accomplices; whom the foolish multitude are so extravagantly fond of celebrating in tragedy and comedy; and the ballads concerning whom, sung by jesters and minstrels, delight them beyond all others; of whom, however, some praiseworthy facts are narrated;" likewise what his junior contemporary and personal pupil, Bower, says, in the continuation of Fordun's work, with such distinctness of

narration: "That in 1266 (50th Henry III) were obstinate hostilities carried on between the dispossessed barons of England and the royalists, amongst whom, Roger Mortimer occupied the marches of Wales, and John Daynil the Isle of Ely. *Robert Hood now lived an outlaw among the woodland copses and thickets.*"

In contravention of these doubts by Mr. Wright, the editor would refer to what appears on the subject by M. Thierry, in the first volume, pp. 102-3, &c., and by the writer in the *London and Westminster Review*, pp. 113-14-15, &c.

Sorry, indeed, would the editor be, should Mr. Wright's opinions prevail, and that the personal existence of Robin Hood, whether as outlaw or yeoman, should be discredited, and henceforth be considered merely as "the baseless fabric of a vision," after centuries of belief in the reality of such a person.

The following is the conclusion at which Mr. Wright arrives on the question in dispute; and as Mr. Wright himself admits it is one, not of a very easy solution, the editor does not hesitate, opposed as Mr. Wright's opinions are to his own, fearlessly and candidly to give further currency to his conclusion.

"We have now given an abstract of all the remains of the cycle of Robin Hood, in its older form. We have seen that it consisted of the common popular stories of outlaw warfare in the green wood, as they were sung at the festivals and rejoicings of the peasantry, with whom, at the time the songs were made, such tales must naturally have been favorites. As far as we can judge, the different incidents of the cycle were not numerous, and it is probable that the compiler of the "geste" introduced into it all he knew. This poem, indeed, seems at the period of its publication to have been the grand representative of the cycle, and to

have contained, at least, most of that which was commonly sung about the roads and streets.

"The foregoing slight review of the material of the cycle, and of the nature of the stories which formed it, brings us at once to conclude that the character and popular history of Robin Hood was formed upon the ballads, and not the ballads upon the person. There arises, however, thereupon, an interesting question—who was the person that in these ballads bears the name or title of Robin Hood?—A QUESTION, AT THE SAME TIME, WHICH CERTAINLY DOES NOT ADMIT OF A VERY EASY SOLUTION."

The following is presumed to be, not only the oldest in existence, but one of the most beautiful in the whole series of Robin Hood Ballads. The opening stanzas are peculiarly natural and simple. The faithfulness of Little John towards his master is admirably pourtrayed; so is the reconciliation between them; and the king's anger is delightfully allayed, after having been made the dupe of Little John's roguery, in admiration of the fidelity of Little John to his master.

"'He is trew to his maister,' seide owre kyng,
I sei, be swete seynt Johan,
He lovys better Robyn Hode
Then he does us ychon (each one).

Robyn Hode is ever bond to him,
Bothe in strete and stalle.
'Speke no more of this mater,' seid oure kyng,
But Johan has begyled us allé."

The editor has preferred giving an explanation of the antique words in a short glossary at the end, to the interruption of the reader by a reference to foot-notes.

I.

A TALE OF ROBIN HOOD.

EX MS. FF. 5. 48. ASSERVATO APUD BIBL. VNIV. CANT.

In somer when the shawes be sheyne,
And leves be large and longe,
Hit is full mery in feyre foreste
To here the foulys song.

To se the dere draw to the dale,
And leve the hilles hee,
And shadow hem in the leves grene,
Vndur the grene wode tre.

Hit befell on whitsontide
Erly in a may mornyng,
The son vp fayre can shyne,
And the briddis mery can syng.

This is a mery mornynge, seid litull Johne,
Be hym that dyed on tre,
A more mery man then I am one
Lyves not in cristianté.

Pluk vp thy hert my dere mayster,
Litulle Johne can sey,
And thynk hit is a full fayre tyme
In a mornynge of may.

Ze on thynge greves me seid Robyne,
And does my hert mych woo,
That I may not so solem day
To mas nor matyns goo.

Hit is a fourtnet and more, seyd hee,
Syn I my sauyour see;
To day will I to Notyngham, seid Robyn,
With the myght of mylde Marye.

Then spake Moche the mylner['s] sune,
Euer more wel hym betyde,
Take xii of thi wyght zemen
Well weppynd be ther side.

Such on wolde thi selfe slon
That xii dar not abyde,
Off alle my mery men, seid Robyne,
Be my feithe I wil non haue.

But litulle Johne shall beyre my bow
Til that me list to drawe
. . . . . .
. . . . . .

Thou shalle beyre 'thin own', seid litulle Jon,
Maister & I wil beyre myne,
And we wille shete a peny, seid litulle Jon,
Vnder the grene wode lyne.

I wil not shete a peny, seyde Robyn Hode,
In feith litulle Johne with thee,
But euer for on as thou shetes, seid Robyn,
In feith I holde the thre.

Thus shet thei forth these zemen too
Bothe at buske and brome,
Til litulle Johne wan of his maistre
V s. to hose and shone.

A ferly strife fel them betwene
As they went bi the way;
Litull Johne seid he had won v schyllyngs,
And Robyn hode seid schortly nay.

With that Robyn Hode lyed litul Jon,
And smote hym with his honde,
Litul John waxed wroth therwith,
And pulled out his bright bronde.

Were thou not my maister, seid litulle Johne,
Thou shuldis by hit ful sore,
Get the a man where thou wilt Robyn,
For thou getes me no more.

Then Robyn goes to Notyngham
Hymselfe mornynge allone,
And litulle Johne to mery Scherewode,
The pathes he knowe alkone.

Whan Robyn came to Notyngham,
Sertenly withoutene layne,
He prayed to god and myld Mary
To bringe hym out saue agayne.

He gos into seynt Mary['s] chirche,
And knelyd downe before the rode,
Alle that euer were the church within
Beheld wel Robyne Hode.

Beside hym stode a gret hedid munke,
I pray to God woo he be,
Ful sone he knew gode Robyn [Hode]
As sone as he hym se.

Out at the durre he ran
Ful sone and anon,
Alle the zatis of Notyngham
He made to be sparred euerychone.

Rise vp, he seid, thou prowde schereff,
Buske the and make the bowne,
I haue spyed the kynges felone,
For sothe he is in this towne.

I haue spyed the false felone,
As he stondes at his masse,
Hit is longe of the seide the munke
And euer he fro vs passe.

This traytur[s] name is Robyn Hode,
Vndur the grene wode lynde,
He robbyt me onys of a C pound,
Hit shalle neuer out of my mynde.

Vp then rose this prowd schereff,
And zade towarde hym zare;
Many was the modur son
To the kyrk with him can fare.

In at the durres thei throly thrast
With staves ful gode "ilkone,"
Alas, alas, seid Robin Hode,
Now mysse I litulle Johne.

But Robyne toke out a too-hond sworde
That hangit down be his kne,
Ther as the schereff and his men stode thyckust,
Thidurward wold he.

Thryes thorow at them he ran,
Then for sothe as I yow say,
And woundyt many a modur sone,
And xii he slew that day.

Hys sworde vpon the schireff hed
Sertanly he brake in too;
The smyth that the made, seid Robyn,
I pray God wyrke hym woo.

For now am I weppynlesse, seid Robyne,
Alasse agayn my wylle;
But if I may fle these traytors fro,
I wot thei wil me kylle.

Robyns men to the churche ran
Throout hem euer ilkon,
Sum fel in swonyng as thei were dede,
And lay still as any stone.

. . . . . .

. . . . . .

Non of theym were in her mynde
But only litülle Jon.

Let be your rule, seid litulle Jon,
For his luf that dyed on tre,
Ze that shulde be duzty men
Hit is gret shame to se.

Oure maister has bone hard bystode,
And zet scapyd away,
Pluk up your hertes and leve this mone,
And herkyn what I shal say.

He has seruyd our ladie many a day,
And zet will securly,
Therfore I trust in her specialy
No wycked deth shal he dye.

Therfor be glad, seid litul Johne,
And let this mournyng be,
And I shall be the munkes gyde
With the myght of mylde Mary.

And I mete hym, seid litull Johne,
We wille go but we too
. . . . . .
. . . . . .

Loke that ze kepe wel our tristil tre
Vnder the levys smale,
And spare non of this venyson
That gose in thys vale.

Forthe thei went these zemen too
Litul Johne and Moche onfere
And lokid on Moch emys hows
The hyeway lay full nere.

Litul John stode at a window in the mornynge,
And lokid ferth at a stage,
He was war wher the munke came ridynge,
And wyth hym a litul page.

Be me feith, seid litul Johne to Moche,
I can the tel tithyngus gode;
I se wher the munk comes rydyng,
I know hym be his wyde hode.

Thei went into the way these zemen bothe,
As curtes men and hende,
Thei spyrred tithyngus to the munke
As thei hade bene his frende.

Fro whens come ze, seid litul Johne,
Tel vs tithyngus I yow pray
Off a false owtlay [called Robyn Hode]
Was takyn zisturday.

He robbyt me and my felowes bothe
Of xx marks in serten;
If that false owtlay be takyn,
For sothe we wolde be fayne.

So did he me, seid the munke,
Of a C pound and more;
I layde furst hande hym apon,
Ze may thonke me therfore.

I pray god thanke yow, seid litulle Johne,
And we wil when we may,
We wil go with yow with your leve,
And brynge yow on your way.

For Robyn Hode hase many a wilde felow,
I telle yow in certen,
If thei wist ze rode this way,
In feith ze shulde be slayn.

As thei went talkyng be the way,
The munke and litulle Johne,
Johne toke the munkes horse be the hede
Ful sone and anon.

Johne toke the munkes horse be the hed,
For sothe as I yow say,
So did Muche the litulle page,
For he shulde not stirre away.

Be the golett of the hode
Johne pulled the munke downe,
Johne was nothynge of hym agast,
He lete hym falle on his crowne.

Litulle Johne was 'sore' agrevyd,
And drew owt his swerde in hye,
The munke saw he shulde be ded,
Lowd mercy can he crye.

He was my maister, seid litulle Johne,
That thou hase browzt in bale,
Shalle thou neuer cum at oure kynge
For to telle hym tale.

John smote of the munkes hed,
No longer wolde he dwelle,
So did Moche, the litulle page,
For ferd lest he wold tell.

Ther thei beryed hem both
In nouther mosse nor lynge,
And litulle Johne and Muche infere
Bare the letters to oure kyng

. . . . . .

He kneled down vpon his kne,
God zow saue my lege lorde,
Jesus yow saue and se.

God yow saue my lege kyng,
To speke Johne was fulle bolde;
He gaf hym the letturs in his hond,
The kyng did hit unfold.

The kyng red the letturs anon,
And seid so mot I the,
Ther was neur zoman in mery Inglond
I longut so sore to see.

Wher is the munke that these shuld haue browzt,
Oure kynge gan say.
Be my trouthe seid litull Jone,
He dyed aftur the way.

The kyng gaf Moche and litul Jon
xx pound in sertan,
And made them zemen of the crowne,
And bade theim go agayn.

He gaf Johne the seel in hand,
The scheref for to bere,
To bryng Robyn hym to,
And no man do hym dere.

Johne toke his leve at oure kyng;
The sothe as I yow say;
The next way to Notyngham
To take he zede the way.

When Johne came to Notyngham
The zatis were sparred ychone,
Johne callid vp the porter,
He answerid sone anon.

What is the cause, seid litul John,
Thou sparris the zates so fast?
Because of Robyn Hode, seid [the] porter,
In depe prison is cast.

Johne, and Moche, and Wyll Scathlok,
For sothe as I yow say,
Thir slew oure men vpon oure wallis,
And sawtene vs euery day.

Litulle Johne spÿrred aftur the schereff,
And sone he hym fonde,
He oppyned the kyngus privu seelle,
And gaf hym in his honde.

When the schereff saw the kyngus seelle,
He did of his hode anon,
Wher is the munke that bore the letturs?
He seid to litulle Johne.

He is so fayn of hym, seid litulle Johne,
For sothe as I yow sey;
He has made him abot of Westmynster,
A lorde of that abbay.

The scheref made John gode chere,
And gaf hym wine of the best;
At nyzt thei went to her bedde,
And euery man to his rest.

When the scheref was on-slepe
Dronken of wine and ale,
Litul Johne and Moche for sothe
Toke the way vnto the gale.

Litul John callid vp the jayler,
And bade him rise anon;
He seid Robyn Hode had brokyn preson,
And out of hit was gon.

The portere rose anon sertan,
As sone as he herd John calle;
Litul Johne was redy with a swerd,
And bare hym to the walle.

Now will I be porter, seid litul Johne,
And take the keyes in honde;
He toke the way to Robyn Hode,
And sone he hym vnbonde.

He gaf hym a gode swerde in his hond,
His hed [ther-]with for to kepe,
And ther as the walle was lowyst
Anon down can thei lepe.

Be that the cok began to crow,
The day began to sprynge,
The scheref fond the jaylier ded,
The comyn belle made he rynge.

He made a crye thoroowt al the tow[n],
Whedur he be zoman or knave,
That cowthe bryng hym Robyn Hode,
His warisone he shuld haue.

For I dar neuer, said the scheref,
Cum before oure kynge,
For if I do I wot serten,
For sothe he wil me henge.

The scheref made to seke Notyngham,
Bothe be strete and stye,
And Robyn was in mery Scherwode
As lizt as lef on lynde.

Then bespake gode litulle Johne,
To Robyn Hode can he say,
I haue done the a gode turne for an euylle,
Quyte 'me' when thou may.

I haue done the a gode turne, said litulle Johne,
For sothe as I you saie,
I haue brouzt the vnder [the] grene wode lyne,
Fare wel, and haue gode day.

Nay be my trouthe, seid Robyn Hode,
So shall hit neuer be,
I make the maister, seid Robyn Hode,
Of alle my men and me.

Nay be my trouthe, seid litulle Johne,
So shall hit neuer be,
But lat me be a felow, seid litull John,
No nodur kepe I'll be.

Thus Johne gate Robyn Hode out of prisone
Sertan withoutyn layne,
When his men saw hym hol and sounde
For sothe they were ful fayne.

They filled in wyne, and made him glad,
Vnder the levys smale,
And zete pastes of venysone,
That gode was 'withal.'

Than worde came to oure kynge,
How Robyn Hode was gone,
And how the scheref of Notyngham
Durst neuer loke hyme vpone.

Then bespake oure cumly kynge,
In an angur hye,
Litulle Johne hase begyled the schereff,
In faith so hase he me.

Litulle Johne has begyled vs bothe,
And that fulle wel I se,
Or ellis the schereff of Notyngham
Hye hongut shuld he be.

I made hem zemen of the crown,
And gaf hem fee with my hond,
I gaf hem grithe, seid oure kyng,
Thorowout all mery Inglond.

I gaf hem grithe, then seide oure kyng,
I say, so mot I the,
For sothe soche a zeman as he is on
In all Ingland ar not thre.

He is trew to his maister, seide oure kynge,
I sey, be swete seynt Johne,
He louys bettur Robyn Hode,
Then he dose vs ychone.

Robyn Hode is euer bond to him,
Bothe in strete and stalle,
Speke no 'more' of this matter, seid oure kynge,
But John has begyled vs alle.

Thus endys the talkyng of the munke,
And Robyn Hode I wysse;
God, that is euer a crowned kyng,
Bryng vs alle to his blisse.

THE END OF

A TALE OF ROBIN HOOD,

OR, ROBIN HOOD AND THE MONK.

" Roben set hes horne to his mowthe,
And blow a blast that was foll god,
That herde hes men that ther stode
Fer doune yn the wodde.
I her my master, seyde Lytell John:
They ran as thay wer wode."

ROBYN HODE [AND THE POTTER].

THERE can be little doubt, but that this ballad may be reckoned the second in point of antiquity of the Robin Hood series. It is also preserved among the manuscripts in the public Library at Cambridge, and marked (Ee. 4. 35). Mr. Ritson was the first to publish it in his edition of Robin Hood immediately after the legend of the *Lytell Geste;* and he ascribed it to the age of Henry VII. But Mr. Wright maintains, with much greater probability, that it was written in the reign of Henry VI—perhaps about fifty or sixty years earlier than Mr. Ritson supposes; "as appears," says Mr. Wright, "by a memorandum on one page, setting forth the expenses of the feast on the

marriage of the king with Margaret: — "Thys ys expences of fflesche at the mariage of my ladey Marg'et, that sche had owt off Eynglonde," &c. The orthography is rude, and the dialect would seem to be that of some one of our midland counties. It would appear, too, by the blunders with which it abounds, to have been taken down from recitation."

In this ballad, as in many others which follow, the Editor has not scrupled to avail himself of the remarks of previous editors and annotators, as well as of those of Mr. Ritson, and particularly of the Editor of *Robin Hood*, published in Smith's Standard Library.

II.

ROBYN HODE [AND THE POTTER].

In schomer, when the leves spryng,
The bloschems on every bowe,
So merey doyt the berdys syng,
Yn wodys merey now.

Herkens, god yemen,
Comley, cortessey, and god,
On of the best that yever bar bou,
Hes name was Roben Hode.

Roben Hood was the yemans name,
That was boyt corteys and fre;
For the loffe of owr ladey,
All wemen werschep 'he.'

Bot as the god yemen stod on a day.
  Among hes mery manèy,
He was war of a prowd potter,
  Cam dryfyng owyr the 'ley.'

Yonder comet a prod potter, seyde Roben,
  That long hayt hantyd this wey,
He was never so corteys a man
  On peney of pawage to pay!

Y met hem bot at Wentbreg, seyde Lytyll John,
  And therfor yeffell mot he the,
Seche thre strokes he me gafe,
  Yet they cleffe by my seydys.

Y ley forty shillings, seyde Lytyll John,
  To pay het thes same day,
Ther ys nat a man among hus all
  A wed schall make hem ley.

Her ys forty shillings, seyde Roben,
  Mor, and thow dar say,
That y schall make that prowde potter,
  A wed to me schall he ley.

Ther thes money they leyde,
  They toke het a yeman to kepe;
Roben befor the potter he breyde,
  'And up to hem can lepe.'

Handys apon hes horse he leyde,
  And bad 'hem' stonde foll stell.
The potter schorteley to hem seyde,
  Felow, what ys they well?

All thes thre yer, and mor, potter, he seyde,
Thow hast hantyd thes wey,
Yet wer tow never so cortys a man
One peney of pauage to pay.

What ys they name, seyde the potter;
For pauage thow aske of me?
"Roben Hod ys mey name,
A wed schall thow leffe me."

Wed well y non leffe, seyde the potter,
Nor pavag well y non pay;
Awey they honde fro mey horse,
Y well the tene eyls, be mey fay.

The potter to hes cart he went,
He was not to seke,
A god to-hande staffe therowt he hent,
Befor Roben he 'lepe.'

Roben howt with a swerd bent,*
A bokeler en hes honde [therto];
The potter to Roben he went,
And seyde, Felow, let mey horse go.

Togeder then went thes two yemen,
Het was a god seyt to se;
Therof low Robyn hes men,
Ther they stod onder a tre.

---

* Bent. Mr. Ritson makes a query here; the meaning appears to us to be, "Robin out with a sword, *turned towards*, or *pointed at* his adversary," the word *bent* being used in the same sense, as when we speak of a person having *bent* his eyes upon another.

Leytell John to hes felowhes seyde,
Yend potter welle steffeley stonde.
The potter, with a caward stroke,
Smot the bokeler owt of hes honde;

And ar Roben meyt get het agen,
Hes bokeler at hes fette,
The potter yn the neke hem toke,
To the gronde sone he yede.

That saw Roben hes men,
As thay stode ender a bow;
Let us helpe owr master, seyed Lytell John,
Yonder potter els well hem sclo.

Thes yemen went with a breyde,
To 'ther' master they cam.
Leytell John to hes master seyde,
Ho haet the wager won?

Schall y haff yowr forty shillings, seyde Lytel John,
Or ye, master, schall haffe myne?
Yeff they wer a hundred, seyde Roben,
Y feythe, they ben all theyne.

Het ys fol leytell cortesey, seyde the potter,
As y haffe harde weyse men saye,
Yeff a por yeman com drywyng ower the wey,
To let hem of hes gorney.

Be mey trowet, thow seys soyt, seyde Roben,
Thow seys god yemenrey;
And thow dreyffe forthe yevery day,
Thow schalt never be let for me.

Y well prey the, god potter,
A felischepe well thow haffe?
Geffe me they clothyng, and thow schalt hafe myne;
Y well go to Notynggam.

Robyn went to Notynggam,
Thes pottes for to sell;
The potter abode with Robens men,
Ther he fered* not eylle†.

Y grant therto, seyde the potter,
Thow schalt feynde me a felow gode;
Bot thow can sell mey pottes well,
Com ayen as thow yode.

Nay, be mey trowt, seyde Roben,
And then y bescro mey hede,
Yeffe y bryng eney pottes ayen,
And eney weyffe well hem chepe.

Than spake Leytell John,
And all hes felowhes heynd,
Master, be well war of the screffe of Notynggam,
For he ys leytell howr frende.

Thorow the helpe of howr ladey,
Felowhes, let me alone;
Heyt war howte, seyde Roben,
To Notynggam well y gon.

---

* Fared, lived. † This stanza is evidently misplaced in the MS., where it stands the last but five of this fit; it should be either the last but one of the present, where it is now placed, or the first of the next.

Tho Roben droffe on hes wey,
So merey ower the londe.
Heres mor and affter ys to saye,
The best ys beheynde.

[THE SECOND FIT.]

When Roben came to Notynggam,
The soyt yef y scholde saye,
He set op hes horse anon,
And gaffe hem hotys and haye.

Yn the medys of the towne,
Ther he schowed hes war,
Pottys! pottys! he gan crey foll sone,
Haffe hansell for the mar. *

Foll effen agenest the screffeys gate,
Schowed he hes chaffar;
Weyffes and wedowes abowt hem drow,
And chepyd fast of hes war.

Yet, Pottys, great chepe! cried Royn,
Y loffe yeffell thes to stonde.
And all that saw hem sell,
Seyde he had be no potter long.

The pottys that wer werthe pens feyffe,
He sold tham for pens thre:
Preveley seyde man and weyffe,
Ywnder potter schall never the.

* The vender of any wares is said to receive *hansel* of his first customer; but the meaning of the text, *Haffe hansel for the mar*, is not understood, unless it can be thought to imply, *Give me hansel*, i.e., buy of my pots.

Thos Roben solde foll fast,
Tell he had pottys bot feyffe;
Op he hem toke of his car,
And sende hem to the screffeys weyffe.

Therof sche was foll fayne,
Gereamarsey, sir, than seyde sche,
When ye com to thes contre ayen,
Y schall bey of 'they' pottys, so mot y the.

Ye schall haffe of the best, seyde Roben,
And swar be the treneytè.
Foll corteysley 'sche' gan hem call,
Com deyne with the screfe and me.

Godamarsey, seyde Roben,
Yowr bedyng schalle be doyn.
A mayden yn the pottys gan ber,
Roben and the screffe weyffe folowed anon.

Whan Roben ynto the hall cam,
The screffe sone he met,
The potter cowed of corteysey,
And sone the screffe he gret

"Loketh what thes potter hayt geffe yow and me,
Feyffe pottys smalle and grete!"
He ys fol wellcom, seyd the screffe,
Let os was*, and 'go' to mete.

* Wash. "And afterward the justices arise and *wasse*, and geffe thanks unto the new serjuants for ther gode dyner." (*Origines juridiciales, p.* 116.) This ceremony, which, in former times, was con-

As they sat at her methe,
With a nobell cher,
Two of the screffes men gan speke
Off a gret wagèr,

Was made the thother daye,
Off a schotyng was god and feyne,
Off forty shillings, the soyt to saye,
Who scholde thes wager wen.

Styll than sat thes prowde potter,
Thos than thowt he,
As y am a trow Cerstyn man,
Thes schotyng well y se.

Whan they had fared of the best,
With bred and ale and weyne,
To the 'bottys they' made them prest,
With bowes and boltys full feyne.

The screffes men schot full fast,
As archares that weren godde,
Ther cam non ner ney the marke
Bey halfe a god archares bowe.

Stell then stod the prowde potter,
Thos than seyde he,
And y had a bow, be the rode,
On schot scholde yow se.

---

stantly practised as well before as after meat, seems to have fallen into disuse on the introduction of forks, about the year 1620: as before that period our ancestors supplied the place of this necessary utensil with their fingers.

Thow schall haffe a bow, seyde the screffe,
The best that thow well cheys of thre;
Thou semyst a stalward and a stronge,
Asay schall thow be.

The screffe comandyd a yeman that stod hem bey
Affter bowhes to wende;
The best bow that the yeman browthe
Roben set on a stryng.

"Now schall y wet and thow be god,
And polle het op to they ner."
So god me helpe, seyde the prowde potter,
Thys ys bot rygzt weke ger.

To a quequer Roben went,
A god bolt owthe he toke,
So ney on to the marke he went,
He fayled not a fothe.

All they schot abowthe agen,
The screffes men and he,
Off the marke he welde not fayle,
He cleffed the preke on thre.

The screffes men thowt gret schame,
The potter the mastry wan;
The screffe lowe and made god game,
And seyde, Potter, thow art a man;
Thow art worthey to ber a bowe,
Yn what plas that thow 'gang.'

Yn mey cart y haffe a bowe,
  Forsoyt, he seyde, and that a goddc;
Yn mey cart ys the bow
  That 'I had of Robyn Hode.'

Knowest thow Robyn Hode? seyde the screffe,
  Potter, y prey the tell thou me.
" A hundred torne y haffe schot with hem,
  Under hes tortyll tre."

Y had lever nar a hundred pondc, seyde the screffe,
  And swar be the trenitè,
[Y had lever nar a hundred pondc, he seyde,]
  That the fals owtelawe stod be me.

And ye well do afftyr may red, seyde the potter,
  And boldeley go with me,
And to morow, or we het bred,
  Roben Hode wel we se.

Y well queyt the, kod the screffe,
  And swer be god of meythe.
Schetyng thay left, and hom they went,
  Her scoper was redey deythe.

Upon the morow, when het was day,
  He boskyd hem forthe to reyde;
The potter hes carte forthe gan ray,
  And wolde not [be] leffe beheynde,

He toke leffe of the screffys wyffe,
  And thankyd her of all thyng:
" Dam, for mey löffe, and ye well thys wer,
  Y geffe yow her a golde ryng."

Gramarsey, seyde the weyffe,
Sir, god eylde het the.
The screffes hart was never so leythe
The feyr forest to se.

And when he cam ynto the foreyst,
Yonder the leffes grene,
Berdys ther sange on bowhes prest,
Het was gret goy to sene.

Her het ys merey to be, seyde Roben,
For a man that had hawt to spende·
Be mey horne 'we' schall awet
Yeff Roben Hode be 'ner hande.'

Roben set hes horne to hes mowthe,
And blow a blast that was foll god,
That herde hes men that ther stode,
Fer downe yn the wodde.
I her mey master, seyde Leytell John:
They ran as thay wer wode.

Whan thay to thar master cam,
Leytell John wold not spar:
"Master, how haffe yow far yn Notynggam?
Haffe yow solde yowr war?"

"Ye, be mey trowthe, Leytyll John,
Loke thow take no car;
Y haffe browt the screffe of Notynggam,
For all howr chaffar."

He ys foll wellcom, seyde Lytyll John,
Thes tydyng ys foll godde.

The screffe had lever nar a hundred ponde
He had never sene Roben Hode.

"Had I west that beforen,
At Notynggam when we wer,
Thow scholde not com yn feyr forest
Of all thes thowsande eyr.

"That wot y well, seyde Roben,
Y thanke god that y be her;
Therfor schall ye leffe yowr horse with hos,
And all your hother ger."

That fend I godys forbode,* kod the screffe,
So to lese mey godde.
"Hether ye cam on horse soll hey,
And hom schall ye go on fote;
And gret well they weyffe at home,
The woman ys foll godde.

Y schall her sende a wheyt palffrey,
Het hambellet as the weynde;
Ner for the loffe of yowr weyffe,
Off mor sorow scholde yow seyng."

---

* *That fend I godys forbode.* Mr. Ritson explains *fend*, as defend; and *forbode*, as commandment; but queries the sense of the passage. Fend, is rightly interpreted as *defend*, used here in its legitimate sense as forbid, *prohibit*. *Forbode*, is more properly a *commandment not to do, a prohibition*, than a simple commandment. The sentence in modern English would consequently run thus: *That forbids God's prohibition, i. e.*, it is contrary to God's commandment. The "I," is manifestly an interpolation.

Thes parted Robyn Hode and the screffe,
To Notynggam he toke the waye;
Hes weyffe feyr welcomed hem hom,
And to hem gan sche saye:

Seyr, how haffe yow fared yn grene foreyst?
Haffe ye browt Roben hom?
"Dam, the deyell spede him, bothe bodey and bon,
Y haffe hade a foll grete skorne.

Of all the god that y haffe lade to grene wod,
He hayt take het fro me,
All bot this feyr palffrey,
That he hayt sende to the."

With that sche toke op a lowde lawhyng,
And swhar be hem that dyed on tre,
"Now haffe yow payed for all the pottys
That Roben gaffe to me.

"Now ye be com hom to Notynggam,
Ye schall haffe god ynowe."
Now speke we of Roben Hode,
And of the pottyr onder the grene bowhe.

"Potter, what was they pottys worthe
To Notynggam that y ledde with me?"
They wer worth two nobellys, seyd he,
So mot y treyffe or the;
So cowde y had for tham,
And y had ther be.

Thow schalt hafe ten ponde, seyde Roben,
Of money feyr and fre;

And yever whan thow comest to grene wod,
Wellcom, potter, to me.

Thes partyd Robyn, the screffe, and the potter,
Ondernethe the grene wod tre.
God haffe mersey on Roben Hodys solle,
And saffe all god yemanrey!

ROBYN AND GANDELYN;

OR, ROBYNN LYTH IN GRENE WODE BOWNDYN.

THE following song or ballad, it may fairly be presumed, had reference to the hero of this series. It recounts the fate of a yeoman named Robyn, who had gone to the 'grene wode' with his companion Gandelyn, where they meet with a hundred fallow deer, the fattest of which fell by Robyn's arrow. Robyn was then shot by Wrennok of Doune, the keeper, who was challenged by Gandelyn, and slain by him. A more artless tale, and exultation of revenge, could not be told. Mr. Wright first brought the whole song to light in one of his neat duodecimo volumes of early poetry, published by Pickering in 1836; and since noticed by that antiquary in his "Essays on the Literature, Superstitions, and History of England in the Middle Ages." Mr. Wright thus describes the song:—"In a collection of songs and carols, among the Sloane manuscripts, in the British Museum, which an incidental coincidence

has proved to be written in the Warwickshire dialect, perhaps nearly contemporary with the ballad last mentioned, [Robin Hood and the Potter] is a song, that appears to belong to our cycle, at least by its subject, if not by the person whose death it celebrates."

Mr. Wright conjectures, that the manuscripts may be of rather an earlier date than the reign of Henry V; but its greatest antiquity must be included within the fifteenth century.

Mr. Ritson thought it not improbable, that Robyn Lyth had been formerly in the suite of Robin Hood, and on his master's death, had set up for himself.

Gandalin, an uncommon name, occurs in the old Spanish romance of Amadis de Gaul.

The song is reprinted from Mr. Wright's duodecimo edition, apparently more accurate than Mr. Ritson's version, in his "Antient Songs and Ballads," second edition, 1829, revised by his nephew.

III.

ROBYNN LYTH IN GRENE WODE BOWNDYN.

I HERDE a carpyng of a clerk
Al at zone wodes ende,
Of gode Robyn and Gandeleyn
Was ther non other gynge.
Stronge theuys wern tho chylderin non,
But bowmen gode and hende:

He wentyn to wode to getyn hem fleych,
If God wold it hem sende.
Al day wentyn tho chylderin too,
And fleych fowndyn he non,
Til it were a-geyn euyn,
The chylderin wold gon hom:
Half a honderid of fat falyf der
He comyn a-zon,
And all he wern fayr and fat i-now,
But markyd was ther non.
Be dere Gode, seyde gode [Robyn],
Here-of we xul haue on.
Robyn went his joly bowe,
Ther-in he set a flo,
The fattest der of alle the herte
He clef a to.
He hadde not the der i-slawe
Ne half out of the hyde,
There cam a schrewde arwe out of the west
That felde Roberts pryde.
Gandeleyn lokyd hym est and west
Be euery syde,
Hoo hat myn mayster slayin,
Ho hat don this dede:
Xal I neuer out of grene wode go
Ti I se sydis blede.
Gandeleyn lokyd hym est and lokyd west,
And sowt vnder the sunne,
He saw a lytil boy he clepyn
Wrennok of Doune:
A good bowe in his hond,
A brod arewe therine,

And fowre and xx goode arwys
Trusyd in a thrumme.
Be war the, war the, Gandeleyn,
Her-of thu xalt han summe:
Be war the, war the, Gandeleyn,
Her-of thu gyst plente.
Euere on for an other, seyde Gandeleyn,
Mysaunter haue he xal fle.
Ower at xal our marke be,
Seyde Gandeleyn.
Eueryche at otheris herte,
Seyde Wrennok a-geyn.
Ho xal zeue the ferste schote,
Seyde Gandeleyn.
And I xal zeue the on be-forn,
Seyd Wrennok ageyn.
Wrennok schette a ful good schote,
And he schet not to hye,
Throw the sanchothis of his bryk,
It towchyd neyther thye.
Now hast thu zouyn me on be-forn,
Al thus to Wrennok seyde he,
And throw thu myzt of our lady
A bettere I xal zeue the.
Gandeleyn bent his goode bowe,
And set therin a flo,
He schet throw his grene certyl,
His herte he clef on too.
Now zalt thu neuer zelpe, Wrennok,
At ale ne at wyn,
That thu hast slawe goode Robyn

And his knaue Gandeleyn:
Now xalt thu neuer zelpe, Wrennok,
At wyn ne at ale,
That thu hast slaw goode Robyn
And Gandeleyyn his knawe.
Robyn lyzth in grene wode bowdyn.

A TALE OF ROBIN HOODE.

MS. HARL. 367., FOL. 150.

THE following verses on the dissolution of monasteries, taken from the Harleian MSS. in the British Museum, though not appertaining in their style or matter to the general subjects of the Robin Hood ballads, are worthy of a place in these volumes, as illustrative of the popularity of our hero's name, and of the purposes to which it has anciently been applied. It is a curious specimen (the moral being the overthrow of the abbeys) of the satire to which recourse was then had to bring about their suppression. Several of the verses contain considerable poetical imagery and merit. Mr. Ritson has alluded to them in the notes and illustrations to his life of Robin Hood. The Rev. T. D. Fosbrooke, also, in his "British Monachism," has inserted about thirty of the concluding lines, but has omitted several, in these thirty, which very much affect the sense of those he has printed.

The verses are now first printed entire from the Harleian MS. The notice of the old romances of Bevis and Ascleparte or Ascapant, is curious. The notes are all in the original manuscript.

IV.

A TALE OF ROBIN HOODE.

A tale of Robin Hoode, dialouge wise, betweene Waft and Jeffry. The morall is the overthrowe of the abbyes, the like being attemted by the Puritane which is the wolfe: and the Poletecian which is the ffox, agayst the bushops.

ROBIN HOODE: BUSHOP, ADAM BELL: ABBOT.
LLITTLE JHON: COLLEANGE OR THE UNIVERSETY.

JEFFRY.

Watt boy, whether now so faste?
Why man, what needs all this haste?
Ffrolicke man, for I have seen
Both our flocks in yonder greene,
Hadst then come but heere away:
Thou hadste seene a pretty fraye.

WATT.

Who foughte heere, I pray the shewe?

JEFFRY.

Two fatt rams for one leane ewe.
With sutch force each other battred
That their heads were bothe beemattred;
So all three were in one plighte,
Shee with leanesse, they with fight.

WATT.

Rest they then if they bee weary
And make wee a little mery:
Tale wee, Jeffry, in this shade
Till the soonn beeginn to glade;
Thy loves storye of thy Cyss
Wowlde deleghte mee more then this.

JEFFRY.

Watt stay there: for love I ceare not,
Leave out love, and speake, and spare not.
Talke of Bevis, fighter peerlesse,
Or of Ascleparte the fearlesse;
Talke of lyons, and of wonders,
Lightnings flashe, or raores of thonders;
Fyre and hayle, and stormes of blood:
Or tell a tale of Robinhoode.

WATT.

Pitty twere hee that showlde ease thee,
Shoulde relate things cannot please thee;
Thy loves eager sawce I feare
Wowld wax sharper than with this geare.
Jeffry, and I durste not venter
Putt thy sorowes on the tenter:
Of Robin Hoode I cann thee tell
With little John and Adam Bell.

JEFFRY.

Than tel mee of those iolly markmen
Whiles our flocks go feeding.

WATT.

Harke then:
Robin Hoode, as thou dost know,

Was* the firste that drewe the bowe.
Adam Bell rose up anonn:
Laste of all came little John.
Robin in the greatest heate,
Gott his levinge by his sweate;
Hee did encounter monsters fell
In forest wide and did them quell.
Him ne're Chimaira could afrighte,
Nor monster men with giants hight;
The flying dragon scap'te him not
So strong hee drewe, so righte hee shott,
Even that Leviathan remorcelesse
Shott downe to hell did feele his forces.
With bowe and arrowes by his side,
Hee walkte the woods and forrests wide.
When the worlde for helpe did cry,
And good archers were sett by,
Hee taught Adam to deliver,
Hee the firste that gave him quiver;
Gave him bowe and arrowes sure,
Gave him goodly furniture.
Hee tooke Adam by ye hande;
Hee lead Adam throug the lande;
He plas'te Adam in the playne
By the rivers christall veyne.
When the worlde was calme at laste,
And all danger now was paste.

---

* Byshops were firste in the primitive churche, in the heate of persecution, then succeeded monastreyes, in calmer tymes; and laste of all colleages: of either which bushops were principall and firste founders.—*MS.*

Little John, who doth not see
What good Robin did for thee?
On two *mounteynes** he the planted,
Ffull of springs which never standed;
Whence large rivers rann amayne
Into Adam's fruitfull playne.
Two fayre mounteynes thou doste holde,
Ffull of pretious stones and goold;
Which the worlde so mucth sets by
As the body doth the eye.
Adam Bell was ware and wise
When hee firste beegann to rise,
Till with fatnes of his fare
Hee grew iolly past all care.
As the bee in sommers prime
Sucks the marigoolde and thyme,
Sucks the rose and daffodill,
Leavinge takinge what hee will;
And from flowre to flowre doth glyde
Sweetly by the rivers side,
Where christall streames delightfull ronninges
Ar ever sweetned with his hummings.
Sucth was Adam in his prime,
In the flower of his tyme.
So hee tasted evry sweete,
Till with fatt hee fell a sleepe.
As he slombred on the dale
Spread vpon the gentle vale,
Chann'ste a *lyon*† came that way,
Hongry, pantinge, for his pray.

* Univers. Ox., Cam.—*MS.* † Kinge Henry.—*MS.*

In his graspinge pawes hee hente him,
And in pieces all to rente him;
Then his quiver by his side,
As a spoile hee did divide,
And his bowe and arrowes sure,
And his goodly furniture;
Yeat his cabin doth remayne
Beaten with the wynde and rayne,
Spoyled of all the passers by,
Whose huge frame doth testify
Of that wondrous monyment,
All the world's astonishment.
When the wolves and foxes sawe
Adam in the lyons pawe,
Ours is Robin, streight they cry'de,
And sett him round one every side.

FRAGMENT RELATING TO ROBIN HOOD.

It would be unpardonable to exclude the following lines from the cycle of poems relative to Robin Hood. They were first printed by the Rev. S. R. Maitland in his "List of some of the early printed books in the Archiepiscopal Library at Lambeth," 8vo. 1845. Mr. Maitland has kindly informed the Editor, that "the leaves had been used as an end paper for Wynkyn de Worde's impression of "Hylton's Scala Perfectionis," 1494. It is just the type, he adds, which I should be afraid to assign to any precise time or particular printer." Upon comparison of the type, the Editor has no doubt it is the same beautiful letter which was used by Pynson, in his edition of the "Liber Intrationum," 1510. The leaves are very much worm-eaten, and damaged by folds. There is a water mark in the paper of some beast of burthen, the head and tail of which cannot clearly be traced, owing to some of the printing being over those parts; but it very much resembles the rude specimen of an animal, fig. 8, in Mr. Denne's "Observations on Water Marks," plate 15, vol. xii. p. 115, of the Archæologia. The size of the leaves is 8 inches long by 5 wide. The figure on the next page is as nearly a facsimile of the original as could be traced. That Mr. Maitland found these leaves in a work printed by Wynkyn de Worde sixteen years before Pynson's edition of the "Liber Intrationum," by no means militates against the opinion that they were printed with Pynson's type; they were cotemporaries in the art; and the leaves might have

been taken from the original work, and inserted at the end of Wynkyn de Worde's edition of "Hylton's Scala," many years after the death of both these printers. What was the subject of the poem from which they were extracted will now probably be never ascertained.

V.

FRAGMENT OF A NEWLY DISCOVERED POEM RELATIVE TO ROBIN HOOD.

No. 24. Two leaves in black letter, the first bearing the signature A. iii, and each containing thirty-one lines of a poem on Robin Hood, and beginning rather abruptly:—

For myn owne ware
I tell the syr in preuyte,
The kynges men shall loke to me
A thousande pounde and mare.
Oweth he moch the in this countre?
What syluer shall they pay the,
For goddes holy are?
Syth, thou arte neyghbour myne;
I wyll my nedes do and thyne,

Therof haue thou no care.
Syr, he sayd, be saynte Edmounde,
Me they owe thre pounde,
And od two shyllynge.
A stycke I haue to wytnes;
Of hasyll I wene it is.
I haue no other thynge!
And yf thou do as thou me be hote,
I shall gyue to the a cote
Without ony dwellynge.
Seuen shyllynge to morowe day,
Whan I am served of my pay.
Gramercy, sayd the kynge;
Now tell me what is thy name,
That I, for the, bere no blame;
And where thy wonnynge is?
Syr, he sayd, so mote I the,
Adam the shepherde men calleth me.
For certayne soth I wys,
I was I-bore in orton.
Had not thy fader hochon
Also haue thou blysse.
No, by my fay, sayd the kynge,
I wene thou knowest me nothynge;
Thou redest all a-mysse.
My fader was a Walsshe knyght;
Dame Isabel my moder hyght,
For soth I tell the.
In the castell was her dwellynge,
Through the commaundmente of ye kynge,
That sche sholde ther be.
Now thou wotest where I was borne,

The other Edwarde here by forne;
Full well he loued me.
Sertaynly I will not fayle,
Some tyme I lyued by marchaundy,
And past well oft the se.
I haue a sone is with the quene,
He may do more than other .xv.,
That I dare sothly say:
And he pray her for a bone,
And it be nedefull for to done,
She wyll not ons say nay.
And in the courte I haue such a frende,
I shall be serued or that I wende,
Without one delay.
To-morowe, at vndyrn, come speke with me,
And thou shalt be serued of thy money,
Longe or hye myddaye.
Syr, for Saynte Tomas of ynde,
Where about shall I the fynde,
And what shall I the call?
My name is, he said, Joly Robyn.
Eche man knoweth me well a fyne,
Both in bower and eke in hall.
Pray the porter as he is free,
That he doth the speke with me.
So fayre mote him be fall,
For outwarde shall I not be,
Some where in the courte thou shalt me se
Within the castell wall;
For the and other that lese theyr thynge,
Full ofte syth ye curs our kynge,
And he be not to blame.

It be other that doth the dede,
That were worthy so good mo spede:
Therefore to haue grete shame,
And I wyst whiche they were,
It sholde come [to] the kynges here.
By God and by Saynte Jame,
Forsoth they sholden dye,
That doth theyr lorde such velanye;
For he bereth all the fame,
Tho answered he to the kynge.
Syr be Saynt Tomas of Ynde,
Thou sayest ther of full well,
They done but good the kynges men,
They are worse than such ten
That be with him no dele.
They gone about by semen and ten,
And done the hosbondes moch pyne,
That care full is theyr mele.
They take theyr gees, capons, and hen,
And all that they may cape and ren,
And reue them of theyr catayle.
Some of them were bounde full sore,
And after warde hanged therfore
For soth, as I you say,
And yet ther be nyne mo,
At myn hous they were also
Certes yester day.
They toke my hennes, and my gees,
And my sheep, with all the flees,
And ladde them fayre away,
And by my doughters they lay all nyght,
To come agayne they have I hyght.

Of helpe, syr, I the praye.
With me they lefte all theyr thynge;
I am sure of theyr comynge,
And that me reweth sore.
I haue fayre chambers [thr] e;
But none may her b [orowe] me,
Whyle that they be thor.
Into my carte hous they wyll me dryue,
And out at the dore they put my wyfe;
For she is olde, gray and hore.
Had I help of some lordynge,
I sholde with them make such reckenynge,
They sholde do so no more;
For other thre felawes and I,
We durst well make party,
The nyne for to mete.
For I haue a slynge fayre and good;
To caste a stone it is full wode,
To ryue them of theyr [lyues, q.] swete.

THE PLAYE OF ROBYN HODE.

THIS play, or act of a play, or more properly a dialogue, was printed by Copland at the end of his edition of the *Lytell Geste;* and although it is without date, it must be considered an ancient production anterior to two old ballads to which there are allusions.

The title runs thus:—"Here beginnethe the playe of Robyn Hode, very proper to be played in Maye Games." It contains j. 2 in 4 s., and concludes, "Thus endeth the playe of Robyn Hode. Imprinted at London, upon the thre Crane Wharfe, by Wyllyam Copland." Half of this page is blank, and is without any device.

Mr. Ritson remarks, "that the play seems to be composed, certainly with little improvement, partly from the ballad of "Robin Hood and the Curtal Frier," or rather, perhaps, some still older piece on the same subject; and partly from the ancient poem of "Robin Hood and the Potter." He adds, "that the play has received a few corrections from White's edition, 1634."

The allusion in it to the friar carrying Robin Hood over the water, "the bridge being borne away," and the quotation in the play from the second ballad, of almost the identical words used in "Robin Hood and the Potter," relative to the refusal of the latter to pay pawage, or toll, are clear evidence of the earlier dates of the ballads. It may seem, therefore, that the Editor has, in relation to the ballad of "Robin Hood and the Curtal Friar" departed from his intention to insert the various pieces relative to Robin Hood, according to the presumed dates of their composition or publication. His reason for deviating in this instance, and in others, from his intended arrangement is the following:—The edition of the "Robin Hood Garland," of the date of 1670, is the first time in which the ballads appear to have been published in a collected form. This edition consists only of sixteen; among which is the ballad of "Robin Hood and the Curtal Friar," but not that of "Robin Hood and the Potter"; there is also another, presumed to be of an earlier date than the play.

The Editor, therefore, thought it would be more in accordance with the editions of the "Garlands," if he kept the Garland Ballads distinct, and departed only from former editions, by inserting them consecutively according to their dates, so far as they could be ascertained.

VI.

THE PLAYE OF ROBYN HODE.

ROBYN HODE.

Now stand ye forth, my mery men all,
And harke what I shall say;
Of an adventure I shal you tell,
The which befell this other day.
As I went by the hygh way,
With a stout frere I met,
And a quarter-staffe in his hande,
Lyghtely to me he lept,
And styll he bade me stande;
There were strypes two or three,
But I cannot tell who had the worse,
But well I wote the horeson lept within me,
And fro me he toke my purse.
Is there any of my mery men all,
That to that frere wyll go,
And bryng hym to me forth withall,
Whether he wyll or no?

LYTELL JOHN.

Yes, mayster, I make god avowe,
To that frere wyll I go,
And bring him to you,
Whether he wyl or no.

FRYER TUCKE.

Deus hic, deus hic, god be here!
Is not this a holy worde for a frere?
God save all this company!
But am not I a jolly fryer?
For I can shote both farre and nere,
And handle the sworde and bucklèr,
And this quarter-staffe also.
If I mete with a gentylman or yemàn,
I am not afrayde to loke hym upon,
Nor boldely with him to carpe;
If he speake any wordes to me,
He shall have strypes two or thre,
That shal make his body smarte.
But, maisters, to shew you the matter,
Wherfore and why I am come hither,
In fayth I wyl not spare:
I am come to seke a good yeman,
In Bernisdale men sai is his habitacion,
His name is Robyn Hode.
And if that he be better man than I,
His servaunt wyll I be, and serve him truely;
But if that I be better man than he,
By my truth my knave shall he be,
And leade these dogges all three.

ROBYN HODE.

Yelde the, fryer, in thy long cote.

FRYER TUCKE.

I beshrew thy hart, knave, thou hurtest my throt.

ROBYN HODE.

I trowe, fryer, thou beginnest to dote;
Who made the so malapert and so bolde,
To come into this forest here,
Amonge my falowe dere?

FRYER.

Go louse the, ragged knave,
If thou make mani wordes, I will geve the on the eare,
Though I be but a poore fryer.
To seke Robyn Hode I am com here,
And to him my hart to breke.

ROBYN HODE.

Thou lousy frer, what wouldest thou with hym?
He never loved fryer, nor none of freiers kyn.

FRYER.

Avaunt, ye ragged knave!
Or ye shall have on the skynne.

ROBYN HODE.

Of all the men in the morning thou art the worst,
To mete with the I have no lust;
For he that meteth a frere or a fox in the morning,
To spede ill that day he standeth in jeoperdy:
Therfore I had lever mete with the devil of hell,
Fryer, I tell the as I thinke,
Then mete with a fryer or a fox
In a mornyng, or I drynk.

FRYER.

Avaunt, thou ragged knave, this is but a mock,
If thou make mani words thou shal have a knock.

ROBYN HODE.

Harke, frere, what I say here,
Over this water thou shalt me bere,
The brydge is borne away.

FRYER.

To say naye I wyll not,
To let the of thine oth it were great pitie and sin,
But up on a fryers backe, and have even in.

ROBYN HODE.

Nay, have over.

FRYER.

Now am I, frere, within, and thou, Robin, without,
To lay the here I have no great doubt.
Now art thou, Robyn, without, and I, frere, within,
Lye ther, knave; chose whether thou wilte sinke or swym.

ROBYN HODE.

Why, thou lowsy frere, what hast thou done?

FRYER.

Mary, set a knave over the shone.

ROBYN HODE.

Therfore thou shalt abye.

FRYER.

Why, wylt thou fyght a plucke?

ROBYN HODE.

And god send me good lucke.

FRYER.

Than have a stroke for fryer Tucke.

ROBYN HODE.

Holde thy hande, frere, and here me speke.

FRYER.

Say on, ragged knave,
Me semeth ye begyn to swete.

ROBYN HODE.

In this forest I have a hounde,
I wyl not give him for an hundreth pound,
Geve me leve my horne to blowe,
That my hounde may knowe.

FRYER.

Blowe on, ragged knave, without any doubte,
Untyll bothe thyne eyes starte out.
Here be a sorte of ragged knaves come in,
Clothed all in Kendale grene,
And to the they take their way nowe.

ROBYN HODE.

Peradventure they do so.

FRYER.

I gave the leve to blowe at thy wyll,
Now give me leve to whistell my fyll.

ROBYN HODE.

Whystell, frere, evyl mote thou fare,
Untyll bothe thyne eyes stare.

FRYER.

Now Cut and Bause!
Breng forth the clubbes and staves,
And downe with those ragged knaves!

ROBYN HODE.

How sayest thou, frere, wylt thou be my man,
To do me the best servyse thou can?
Thou shalt have both golde and fee,
And also here is a lady free,
I wyll geve her unto the,
And her chapplayn I the make,
To servé her for my sake.

FRYER.

Here is a huckle duckle, an inch above the buckle;
She is a trul of trust,* to serve a frier at his lust,
A prycker, a prauncer, a terer of shetes,
A wagger of buttockes when other men slepes.
Go home, ye knaves, and lay crabbes in the fyre,
For my lady and I wil daunce in the myre, for veri pure joye.

ROBYN HODE.

Lysten, to [me], my mery men all,
And harke what I shall say;
Of an adventure I shall you tell,
That befell this other daye.
With a proude potter I met,
And a rose garlande on his heade,†

* A trul of trust *was a common phrase. So in the ancient morality of* the iiii elements: (*Sig. E. iij.* 6.)

"*For to satisfye your wanton lust*
I shall apoynt you a trull of trust,
Not a feyrer in this towne."

† How a potter comes to be decked with so elegant and honorable a garland as one of roses, is not easily to be accounted for. The poet Gower, as represented on his monument in the church of St. Mary Overy, hath, as Stow tells us, "on his head a chaplet, like a coronet of four roses;" and it may be remembered that Copland, the printer of this identical May Game, dwelled "at the signe of the rose garlande." We see likewise, that a "rose garlande" was set up (to be shot through, it is presumed), in the "Lytell Geste of Robyn Hode," fytte vii, v. 177. Though the fashion of wearing such an ornament was formerly common in France (for which see Chaucer's "Romaunt of the Rose," a close translation from the French.) In "The pleasant history of Reynard the Fox," we find that the king, being cured by "Master Reynard," the father, of a grievous sickness, "gave him (for an honour) a garland of roses, which he must ever wear upon his head."

The floures of it shone marvaylous freshe;
This seven yere and more he hath used this waye,
Yet was he never so curteyse a potter,
As one peny passage to paye.
Is there any of my mery men all
That dare be so bolde
To make the potter paie passage,
Either silver or golde?

LYTELL JOHN.

Not I, master, for twenty pound redy tolde,
For there is not among us al one
That dare medle with that potter, man for man.
I felt his handes not long agone,
But I had lever have ben here by the,
Therfore I knowe what he is.
Mete him when ye wil, or mete him whan ye shal,
He is as propre a man as ever you medle withal.

ROBYN HODE.

I will lai with the, Litel John, twenti pound so read,
If I wyth that potter mete,
I wil make him pay passage, maugre his head.

LETTEL JOHN.

I consente therto, so eate I bread,
If he pay passage maugre his head,
Twenti pound shall ye have of me for your mede.

THE POTTERS BOYE JACKE.

Out alas, that ever I sawe this daye!
For I am clene out of my waye
From Notyngham towne;
If I hye me not the faster,
Or I come there the market wel be done.

ROBYN HODE.

Let me se, are thy pottes hole and sounde?

JACKE.

Yea, meister, but they will not breake the ground.

ROBYN HODE.

I wil them breke, for the cuckold thi maisters sake;
And if they will not breake the grounde,
Thou shalt have thre pence for a pound.

JACKE.

Out alas! what have ye done?
If my maister come, he will breke your crown.

THE POTTER.

Why, thou horeson, art thou here yet?
Thou shouldest have bene at markèt.

JACKE.

I met with Robin Hode, a good yemàn,
He hath broken my pottes,
And called you kuckolde by your name.

THE POTTER.

Thou mayst be a gentylman, so god me save,
But thou semest a noughty knave.
Thou callest me cuckolde by my name,
And I swere by god and saynt John
Wyfe had I never none.
This cannot I denye,
But if thou be a good felowe,
I wil sel mi horse, mi harneis, pottes and paniers to,
Thou shalt have the one halfe and I will have the other;
If thou be not so content,
Thou shalt have stripes if thou were my brother.

ROBYN HODE.

Harke, potter, what I shall say:

This seven yere and more thou hast used this way,
Yet were thou never so curteous to me,
As one penny passage to paye.

THE POTTER.

Why should I pay passage to thee?

ROBYN HOODE.

For I am Robyn Hode, chiefe governoure
Under the grene woode tree.

THE POTTER.

This seven yere have I used this way up and downe,
Yet payed I passage to no man,
Nor now I wyl not beginne, so do the worst thou can.

ROBYN HODE.

Passage shalt thou pai here under the grene-wode tre,
Or els thou shalt leve a wedde with me.

THE POTTER.

If thou be a good felowe, as men do the call,
Laye awaye thy bowe,
And take thy sword and buckeler in thy hande,
And se what shall befall.

ROBIN HODE.

Lyttle John, where art thou?

LYTTEL [JOHN].

Here, mayster, I make god avowe.
I tolde you, mayster, so god me save,
That you shoulde fynde the potter a knave.
Holde your buckeler faste in your hande,
And I wyll styfly by you stande,
Ready for to fyghte;
Be the knave never so stoute,
I shall rappe him on the snoute,
And put hym to flyghte,

(The play thus abruptly terminates.)

THE SONG OF ROBIN HOOD AND HIS HUNTES-MEN.

THIS song is the production of Anthony Munday, and is extracted from his city pageant, entitled "Metropolis Coronata, the triumphs of ancient drapery, or rich cloathing of England, in a second year's performance. In honour of the advancement of Sir John Jolles, Knight, and taking his oath for the same authoritie, on Monday, being the 30th day of October, 1615, performed in heartie affection to him, and at the bountifull charges of his worthy brethren, the truly honorable society of drapers, the first that received such dignitie in this citie. Devised and written by A. M. (Anthony Munday), citizen and draper of London," 1615, 4to.

The "Metropolis Coronata" is one of the pageants formerly exhibited in London on Lord Mayor's day, several of which are extant, written by Middleton, Dekker, Heywood, and other city-laureates.

John Payne Collier, Esq., in his five old plays forming a supplement or thirteenth volume to Dodsley's collection, has devoted several pages to a notice of Munday, in his introductory remarks to the plays of "The Downfall of Robert Earl of Huntington," and "The Death of Robert Earl of Huntington." The following entries, relative to these plays, appear in Henslow's MSS. now in the Dulwich College Library.

"Feb. 1597-8. The first part of Robin Hood by Anthony Mundy.

"The second part of the downfall of Earl Huntington, surnamed Robin hood, by Anthony Mundy and Henry Chettle."

The writers in these plays adopted the then popular opinion, that Robin Hood was Earl of Huntington.

"The story," says Mr. Collier, "is treated with a simplicity bordering upon rudeness; and historical facts are perverted just as suited the purpose of the writer. Whether we consider it as contemporary with, or preceding the productions of the same class, by Shakespeare, it is a relic of high interest, and nearly all the sylvan portions of the play, in which Robin Hood and his 'merry men' are engaged, are of no ordinary beauty. Some of the serious scenes are also extremely well written, and the blank verse, interspersed with rhymes, as was usual in our earlier dramas, are by no means inharmonious."

Mr. Ritson, in the notes and illustrations to his "Life of Robin Hood," has devoted many pages to an analysis of these plays, so far as they relate to our hero, to the fair Matilda, daughter of Earl Fitzwalter, and Robin Hood's other companions.

The same gentleman, in his notice of the pageant of "Metropolis Coronata," quotes the following song, which Mr. Fairholt also has extracted, in "The Civic Garland, a collection of songs from London pageants," published by the Percy Society.

In this place it would be unpardonable not to applaud Mr. Fairholt's very entertaining volume, published by the same society, "The History of Lord Mayors' Pageants,"

full of historical research, with the addition of many amusing notes and illustrations, which must have cost him great labour in the collection and arrangement.

"The following quotation from the latter of these plays," says Mr. Ritson, "may be of service to Dr. Percy, who has been pleased to question our hero's nobility, because 'the most ancient poems make no mention of this *earldom*,' and the old legend expressly asserts him 'to have been a *yeoman*.'"

It is very true; and we shall here not only find his title established, but also discover the secret of his not being usually distinguished or designated by it.

"*Enter Roben Hoode.*

King. How now, *earle Robert!*

Fri. A forfet, a forfet, my liege lord,
My masters lawes are on record,
The court-roll here your grace may see.

King. I pray thee, frier, read them mee.

Fri. One shall suffice, and this is hee.
No man that commeth in this wod,
To feast or dwell with Robin Hood,
Shall call him earle, lord, knight, or squire,
He no such titles doth desire,
But Robin Hood, plain Robin Hoode,
That honest YEOMAN, *stout and good,*
On paine of forfetting a marke,
That must be paid to mee his clarke.
My liege, my liege, this lawe you broke,
Almost in the last word you spoke;
That crime may not acquitted bee,
Till frier Tuck receive his fee."

"Now," adds Mr. Ritson, "the reason that 'the most

ancient poems make no mention of this earldom,' and the old legend expressly asserts him 'to have been a yeoman,' appears, plainly enough, to be, that as, pursuant to his own injunction, he was never called, either by his followers, or in the vicinity, by any other name than *Robin Hood*, so particularly the minstrels, who were always, no doubt, welcome to Sherwood, and liberally entertained by him and his yeomanry, would take special care never to offend against the above law: which puts an end to the dispute. *Q. E. D.**

"Our hero is, at length, poisoned by a drink which Doncaster and the prior, his uncle, had prepared for him to give to the king. His departing scene, and last dying speech are beautiful and pathetic.

"*Rob.* Inough, inough, Fitzwalter, take your child.
My dying frost, which no sunnes heat can thawe,
Closes the powers of all my outward parts;
My freezing blood runnes back unto my heart,
Where it assists death, which it would resist:
Only my love a little hinders death,
For he beholds her eyes, and cannot smite.

. . . . . .

Mat. O let mee looke for ever in thy eyes,
And lay my warme breath to thy bloodlesse lips,
If my sight can restraine deaths tyrannies,
Or keep lives breath within thy bosome lockt."

[* By no means, Mr. Ritson; as M. Thierry,—the Writer in the "Westminster Review,"—and the Editor of these volumes, can testify."—*Editor.*]

He desires to be buryed

"At Wakefield, underneath the abbey-wall;

directs the manner of his funeral; and bids his yeoman,

"For holy dirges, sing 'him' wodmens songs."

"The king, upon the earl's death, expresses his sorrow for the tragical event; ratifies the will; repeats the directions for the funeral; and says,

Fall to your wod-songs, therefore, yeoman bold,
And deck his herse with flowers, that lov'd you deere.

The whole concludes with the following solemne dirge:

"Weepe, weepe, ye wod-men waile,
Your hands with sorrow wring;
Your master Robin Hood lies deade,
Therefore sigh as you sing.

Here lies his primer, and his beades,
His bent bowe, and his arrowes keene,
His good sworde and his holy crosse:
Now cast on flowers fresh and greene.

And, as they fall, shed teares and say,
Well a, well a day, well a, well a day!
Thus cast yee flowers and sing
And on to Wakefield take your way."

VII.

THE SONG OF ROBIN HOOD AND HIS HUNTES-MEN.

Now wend we together, my merry men all,
  Unto the forrest side a:
And there to strike a buck or a doae,
  Let our cunning all be tride a.

Then goe we merrily, merrily on,
  To the green-wood to take up our stand,
Where we will lye in waite for our game,
  With our best bowes all in our hand.

What life is there like to bold Robin Hood?
  It is so pleasant a thing a:
In merry Shirwood he spends his dayes,
  As pleasantly as a king a.

No man may compare with bold Robin Hood,
With Robin Hood, Scathlocke and John;
Their like was never, nor never will be,
If in case that they were gone.

They will not away from merry Shirwood,
In any place else to dwell:
For there is neither city nor towne,
That likes them half so well.

Our lives are wholly given to hunt,
And haunt the merry greene-wood,
Where our best service is daily spent
For our master Robin Hood.—

Robin was reachless on a roote,
And stumbled at that tyde;
And Guy was quick and nimble withall,
And hyght upon the syde.

ROBIN HOOD AND GUY OF GISBORNE.

This ballad has always been considered one of the most ancient and best indited among the Robin Hood series. It was first published by Dr. Percy, Bishop of Dromore, in his "Reliques of Ancient English Poetry." It is contained in that folio manuscript, the contents of which excited so much suspicion in the mind of Ritson, and led him into those acrimonious and undeserved attacks, not only upon the veracity, but upon the critical acumen of the amiable Bishop. Dr. Percy places this ballad in his first series of ancient poems; thereby indicating his opinion

of its antiquity. It stands eighth in his collection. He thus introduces it:—

"We have here a ballad of Robin Hood (from the Editor's folio MS.) which was never before printed, and carries marks of much greater antiquity than any of the common popular songs on the subject.

"The severity of those tyrannical forest-laws, that were introduced by our Norman kings, and the great temptation of breaking them by such as lived near the royal forests, at a time when the yeomanry of this kingdom were every where trained up to the long-bow, and excelled all other nations in the art of shooting, must constantly have occasioned great numbers of outlaws, and especially of such as were the best marksmen. These naturally fled to the woods for shelter; and forming into troops, endeavoured by their numbers to protect themselves from the dreadful penalties of their delinquency. The ancient punishment for killing the king's deer was loss of eyes and castration; a punishment far worse than death. This will easily account for the troops of banditti, which formerly lurked in the royal forests, and from their superior skill in archery and knowledge of all the recesses of those unfrequented solitudes, found it no difficult matter to resist or elude the civic power.

"Among all those none was ever more famous than the hero of this ballad, whose chief residence was in Shirewood forest, in Nottinghamshire;" (the heads of whose character Dr. Percy then quotes from Stow); such as "Robin's courage, humanity, and his levelling principle of taking from the rich and giving to the poor, which, in all ages rendered him the favorite of the common people, who not content to celebrate his memory by innumerable songs and stories, have elected him to the dignity of an earl."

"Indeed it is not impossible," continues the bishop, "but that our hero, to gain the more respect of his followers, or they, to derive the more credit to their profession, may have given rise to such a report themselves; for we find it recorded in an epitaph, which, if genuine, must have been inscribed on his tomb-stone near the nunnery of Kirklees, Yorkshire." The bishop then quotes the well-known epitaph on the Kirklees grave stone, and observes, "that this epitaph appears to me suspicious; however, a late antiquary (Dr. Stukeley), has given a pedigree of Robin Hood, which, if genuine, shows that he had real pretensions to the earldom of Huntingdon, and that his true name was Robert Fitzooth. Yet the most ancient poems make no mention of this earldom. He is expressly asserted to have been a yeoman, in a very old legend in verse preserved in the archives of the public library at Cambridge, in eight fyttes, or parts, printed in black letter, 4to., thus inscribed, 'Here bygynneth a Lytell Geste of Robyn Hode and his meyne, and of the proud sheriff of Nottyngham.'"

The present Editor having, in the preliminary remarks in volume I. sufficiently investigated this dispute,—in his opinions upon which he is happy to find that the bishop coincides with him in thinking that Robin Hood was an oppressed English yeoman, an opinion further strengthened by the following stanzas in this ballad of Robin Hood and Guy of Gisborne:—

"He that had neither beene kithe or kin,
Might have seen a full fayre sight,
To see how together *these yeomen* went
With blades both browne and bryght."

And in the next verse:

"To see how these *yeomen* together they fought
Two howres of a summers day:"—&c.

"I conclude these preliminary remarks," adds the bishop, "with observing, that the hero of this ballad was the favourite subject of popular songs so early as the time of king Edward III.

(1327.) In the "Visions of Pierce Plowman," written in that reign, a monk says:—

"Sholde ich deye quath he by this daye, ich drede me so sore
Ich can nought perfytlyche my *paternoster*, as the prest hit seggeth.
Ich can rymes of *Robin Hode*, and of *Randolf erl of Chestre*
Ac of oure *Lord* ne of oure *Lady*."

Which Dr. Whitaker in his valuable edition published in 1813 thus paraphrases:—

"Should I die for it to day, quoth he, I sorely dread that I could not perfectly say my paternoster after the priest. I know, indeed, rhymes of Robin Hood and Randolph, Earl of Chester; but the least that ever was invented of our Lord and Lady."

Dr. Percy thus concludes his remarks: "The curious reader will find many other particulars relating to this celebrated outlaw (yeoman), in Sir John Hawkins's 'History of Music,' vol. iii. p. 410, 4to. Some liberties were by the Editor taken with this ballad, which in this edition (1795), hath been brought nearer to the folio MS." "*Percy's Reliques*," vol. i. p. 85-6.

Mr. Ritson upon this last sentence in his introductory remarks upon the ballad, makes the following querulous attack upon Bishop Percy's opinion of its *carrying marks*

of much greater antiquity than any of the common popular songs on the subject; "sentiments, to which, if the authority be genuine and the publication faithful (both, which, by the way, they who are acquainted with Dr. Percy's book, will have sufficient reason to doubt), the present Editor has nothing to object."*

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* "In the fourth edition of the 'Reliques of ancient English poetry,' published in July 1795, it is, for the first time, acknowledged that "some liberties were, by the editor, taken with this ballad, which, in this edition, hath been brought nearer to the folio MS." Of the new readings, which are numerous, the most material are here noticed.

v.	l. 'for *shaws*, the MS. has	*shales*." (p. cvii.)
17.	sayd Lyttle John.	Master quoth John.
18.	wind blows over the.	wind that blowes ore a.
32.	That leaned agaynst.	His body leaned to a.
37.	Stand still.	Stand you still.
43.	often.	offt.
63.	wends.	flyes.
75.	And.	Good.
124.	do.	shoote.
156.	upon the.	ore the left.
158.	but.	both.
166.	stuck it.	sticked itt.
171.	know.	till.
178.	did throw.	did it throw.
181.	Thy, thy.	The, the.
204.	None other rewarde I'll.	No no other will I.
214.	blive.	belive.
216.	can.	did.

How an editor, who is not ashamed to say that the inadvertent transposition of two words ('*Ye live* upo',' for '*Live ye* upo") in part of the line of a common Scottish song, which he himself had corrupted to '*Come ze frae*,' has *destroyed all confidence*, can justify such wanton, arbitrary, and even injudicious alterations in the pub-

The following are Mr. Ritson's concluding observations upon this ballad.

"As for Guy of Gisborne, the only further memorial which has occurred concerning him is in an old satirical piece by William Dunbar, a celebrated Scotish poet, of the fifteenth century, on one "Schir Thomas Nory," (MS. Maitland, p. 3, MSS. More, Ll. 5, 10), where he is named along with our hero, Adam Bell, and other worthies, it is conjectured of a similar stamp, but whose merits have not, less fortunately, come to the knowledge of posterity.

"Was neuir WEILD ROBEINE vndeȝ'bewch,
Nor zitt Roger of Clekkinslewch,
So bauld a bairne as he;
GY OF GYSBURNE, na Allane Bell,
Na Simones sones of Quhynsell,
Off thocht war neuir so slie."

"Gisborne is a market town in the west riding of the county of York, on the borders of Lancashire."

---

lication of an ancient poem, is beyond the conception of a person not habituated to "liberties" of this nature, nor destitute of all manner of regard to truth or probity. [This tirade against Bishop Percy would have been suppressed, and the alterations made silently, had it not been so curious a specimen of Ritson's controversial spirit. It cannot at the present day detract from the merit of Dr. Percy, whose publication of the 'Reliques' confessedly contributed much to the revival of a *pure* taste in poetry. In venturing on so bold an experiment, he very judiciously adapted his work so as not too violently to shock popular prejudices: without these precautions, which raised the ire of Ritson, a rigid antiquary, the Reliques would never have become popular, and the effect which they were calculated to produce upon literature would have been lost."—*Editor of Smith's Edition.*

VI.

ROBIN HOOD AND GUY OF GYSBORNE.

WHAN shaws beene sheene and shraddes* full fayre,
And leaves both large and longe,
Itt's merrye walkyng in the fayre forrèst
To heare the small birdes songe.

The woodweele sang, and wold not cease,
Sitting upon the spraye,
Soe lowde, he wakened Robin Hood,
In the greenwood where he lay.

Now, by my faye, sayd jollye Robìn,
A sweaven I had this night;
I dreamt me of tow wighty yemèn,
That fast with me can fight.

Methought they did me beat and binde,
And tooke my bowe me froe;
Iff I be Robin alive in this lande,
Ile be wroken on them towe.

Sweavens are swift, sayd Lyttle John,
As the wind blowes over the hill;
For iff itt be never so loude this night,
To-morrow it may be still.

---

* It should perhaps be *swards: i. e.* the surface of the ground: *viz.* "when the fields are in their beauty."—PERCY. Rather, *shrobbes* (shrubs). The plural of *sward* was never used by any writer whatever.

"Buske yee, bowne yee, my merry men all,
And John shall goe with mee,
For Ile goe seeke yond wighty yeomèn,
In greenwood where they bee."

Then they cast on theyr gownes of grene,
And tooke theyr bowes each one;
And they away to the greene forrèst
A shooting forth are gone;

Until they came to the merry greenwood,
Where they had gladdest to bee,
There they were ware of a wight yeomàn,
That leaned agaynst a tree.

A sword and a dagger he wore by his side,
Of manye a man the bane;
And he was clad in his capull hyde
Topp and tayll and mayne.

Stand still, master, quoth Little John,
Under this tree so grene,
And I will go to yond wight yeomàn,
To know what he doth meane.

"Ah! John, by me thou settest noe store,
And that I farley finde:
How often send I my men before,
And tarry my selfe behinde?

It is no cunning a knave to ken,
And a man but heare him speake;
And it were not for bursting of my bowe,
John, I thy head wold breake."

As often wordes they breeden bale,*
So they parted Robin and John:
And John is gone to Barnesdale;
The gates† he knoweth eche one.

But when he came to Barnesdale,
Great heavinesse there he hadd,
For he found tow of his own fellòwes,
Were slain both in a slade.‡

And Scarlette he was flying a-foote
Fast over stocke and stone,
For the proud sheriffe with seven score men
Fast after him is gone.

One shoote now I will shoote, quoth John,
With Christ his might and mayne;
Ile make yond sheriffe that wends soe fast,
To stopp he shall be fayne.

Then John bent up his long bende-bowe,
And fetteled§ him to shoote:
The bowe was made of tender boughe,
And fell downe at his foote.

"Woe worth, woe worth thee, wicked wood,
That ever thou grew on a tree!
For now this day thou art my bale,¶
My boote‖ when thou shold bee."

---

* Mischief.

† Ways, passes, paths, ridings. *Gate* is a common word in the North for way.—P.

‡ See note, page 77.

§ Made him ready, prepared himself, set about.

‖ Woe, sorrow, misery.

¶ Help.

His shoote it was but loosely shott,
Yet flewe not the arrowe in vaine,
For itt mett one of the sheriffes men,
And William a Trent was slaine.

It had bene better of William a Trent
To have bene abed with sorrowe,
Than to be that day in the greenwood slade*
To meet with Little Johns arrowe.

But as it is said, when men be mett
Fyve can doe more than three,
The sheriffe hath taken Little John,
And bounde him fast to a tree.

"Thou shalt be drawen by dale and downe,
And hanged hye on a hill."
But thou mayst fayle of thy purpose, quoth John,
If it be Christ his will.

Lett us leave talking of Little John,
And thinke of Robin Hood,
How he is gone to the wight yeoman,
Where under the leaves he stood.

Good morrowe, good fellowe, sayd Robin so fayre,
Good morowe, good fellow, quo' he†:
Methinkes by this bowe thou beares in thy hande,
A good archere thou sholdst bee.

---

* "A slip of green swerde between plow-lands or woods."—P.

† Dr. Percy, by the marks he has bestowed on this line, seems to consider it as the yeoman's reply: but it seems rather a repetition of Robin's complimentary address.

I am wilfulle of my waye, quo' the yemàn,
And of my morning tyde.
Ile lead thee through the wood, sayd Robìn;
Good, fellow, Ile be thy guide.

I seeke an outlawe, the straunger sayd,
Men call him Robin Hood;
Rather Ild meet with that proud outlàwe
Than fortye pound soe good.

" Now come with me, thou mighty yemàn,
And Robin thou soone shalt see:
But first let us some pastime find
Under the greenwood tree.

First let us some masterye* make
Among the woods so even,
We may chance to meet with Robin Hood
Here at some unsett steven."†

They cutt them down two summer shroggs,
That grew both under a breere,
And sett them threescore rood in twaine,
To shoote the prickes y-fere.

Leade on, good fellowe, quoth Robin Hood,
Leade on, I do bidd thee.
Nay, by my faith, good fellowe, hee sayd,
My leader thou shalt bee.

---

* " A trial of skill, high proof of skill."—P.

+ *At some unsett steven*, at some unlooked-for time, by some odd accident, by mere chance.

The first time Robin shot at the pricke,
He mist but an inch it fro:
The yeoman he was an archer good,
But he cold never do soe.

The second shoote had the wightye yemàn,
He shot within the garlànd:
But Robin he shott far better than hee,
For he clave the good pricke-wande.

A blessing upon thy heart, he sayd;
Good fellowe, thy shooting is goode;
For an thy hart be as good as thy hand,
Thou wert better than Robin Hoode.

Now tell me thy name, good fellowe, sayd he,
Under the leaves of lyne.*
Nay, by my faith, quoth bold Robin,
Till thou have told me thine.

I dwell by dale and downe, quoth hee,
And Robin to take Ime sworne;
And when I am called by my right name
I am Guy of good Gisbòrne.

My dwelling is in this wood, sayes Robin,
By thee I set right nought:
I am Robin Hood of Barnésdale,
Whom thou so long hast sought.

He that had neyther beene kythe nor kin,
Might have seen a full fayre fight,
To see how together these yeomen went
With blades both browne and bright.

* The lyme or linden tree.

To see how these yeomen together they fought
Two howres of a summers day:
Yett neither Robin Hood nor sir Guy
Them fettled to* flye away.

Robin was reachless† on a roote,
And stumbled at that tyde;
And Guy was quick and nimble withall,
And hitt him upon the syde.

Ah, deere ladye, sayd Robin Hood, tho
Thou art but‡ mother and may,§
I think it was never mans destinye
To dye before his day.

Robin thought on our ladye deere,
And soone leapt up againe,
And strait he came with a[n] awkwarde‖ stroke
And he sir Guy¶ hath slayne.

He took sir Guys heade by the hayre,
And stuck it upon his bowes end:
"Thou hast beene a traytor all thy life,
Which thing must have an end."

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* Attempted, set about. † Careless, regardless, unobservant.
‡ Both. § Maid.

‖ *Awkwarde.* So, according to Percy, reads his MS. He has altered it to "*backward.*" An awkwarde stroke seems to mean an unusual or out-of-the-way stroke, one which the receiver could not foresee, be aware of, or guard against; a sort of left or back-hand stroke.

¶ The title of Sir, Dr. Percy says, was not formerly peculiar to knights; it was given to priests, and sometimes to very inferior personages. If the text did not seem to be in favour of the latter part of this assertion, one might reasonably question its truth. Another instance, at least, it is believed, admitting this to be one, which is by no means certain, could not be produced.

Robin pulled forth an Irish knife,
And nicked sir Guy in the face,
That he was never on woman born
Cold know whose head it was.

Sayes, lye there, lye there, now sir Guye,
And with me be not wrothe;
Iff thou have had the worst strokes at my hand,
Thou shalt have the better clothe.

Robin did off his gown of greene,
And on sir Guy did throwe,
And he put on that capull hyde,
That cladd him topp to toe.

"Thy bowe, thy arrowes, and little horne,
Now with me I will beare;
For I will away to Barnèsdale,
To see how my men doe fare."

Robin Hood sett Guyes horne to his mouth,
And a loude blast in it did blow:
That beheard the sheriffe of Nottingham,
As he leaned under a lowe.*

Hearken, hearken, sayd the sheriffe,
I heare nowe tydings good,
For yonder I heare sir Guyes horne blow,
And he hath slaine Robin Hoode.

* "A little hill."—P.

Yonder I heare sir Guyes horne blowe,
Itt blowes soe well in tyde,
And yonder comes that wightye yeomàn,
Cladd in his capull hyde.

Come hyther, come hyther, thou good sir Guy,
Aske what thou wilt of mee.
O I will none of thy gold, sayd Robin,
Nor I will none of thy fee:

But now I have slaine the master, he sayes,
Let me goe strike the knave;
For this is all the meede I aske;
None other rewarde I'le have.

Thou art a madman, sayd the sheriffe,
Thou sholdst have had a knightes fee:
But seeing thy asking hath beene soe bad,
Well granted it shal bee.

When Little John heard his master speake,
Well knewe he it was his steven:
Now shall I be looset, quoth Little John,
With Christ his might in heaven.

Fast Robin hee hyed him to Little John,
He thought to loose him blive;
The sheriffe and all his companye
Fast after him can drive.

Stande abacke, stand abacke, sayd Robin;
Why draw you mee so neere?
It was never the use in our countrye,
Ones shrift another shold heere.

But Robin pulled forth an Irish knife,
And losed John hand and foote,
And gave him sir Guyes bow into his hand,
And bade it be his boote.

Then John he took Guyes bow in his hand,
His boltes and arrowes eche one:
When the sheriffe saw Little John bend his bow,
He fettled him to be gone.

Towards his house in Nottingham towne,
He fled full fast away;
And soe did all the companye:
Not one behind wold stay.

But he cold neither runne soe fast,
Nor away soe fast cold ryde,
But Little John with an arrowe so broad,
He shott him into the 'backe'-syde.*

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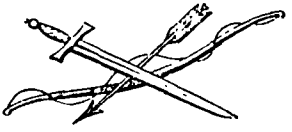
* Various Reading. *Sic* P. C., *quere* the manuscript.



Ruins of Saint Mary's Abbey, York

A TRUE TALE OF ROBIN HOOD,

BY MARTIN PARKER.

THE character and talents of Martin Parker, the author of this tale, have been unduly depreciated, as one "whose pretensions as a poet are little above mediocrity"; and, as "a Grub Street scribbler". Now, upon this slur upon his reputation, there are sufficient merits in several of his writings to warrant a vindication. Besides being a ballad writer (no mean occupation, by the way), he was the author of "The Nightingale warbling forth her owne disaster; or, the Rape of Philomela," newly written in English verse. London, 1632, 12mo. This is the tale of Philomel, para-

phrastically versified from the sixth book of Ovid's Metamorphoses, and dedicated to Henry Parker, Lord Morley and Mount-Eagle. "The patterne and patrone of curtesie." In this volume Parker styles himself "the Nightingale's Secretary"; and in the epistle dedicatory he thus modestly apologises for its execution. "If my Nightingale's song please the honest and intellectuall man, she hath her wish; for she sings not to please knaves and fooles; nor can they hurt her much; unlesse they shoote her dead with the arrowes of aspersion. But I think none is so inhumane to hurt, much lesse to kill a Nightingale; therefore she is confident of her safety, and dares adventure into the world to warble forth her own disaster." The following stanza is a fair specimen of the poem:—

"I, Philomel, turn'd to a Nightingale,
Fled to the woods, and 'gainst a bryer or thorne
I sit, and warble out my mournfull tale;—
To sleepe I alwaies have with heed forborne,
But sweetly sing at evening, noone and morne;
No time yields rest unto my dulcide throat,
But still I ply my lachrimable throat." (*Qy.* note.)

Parker was also the publisher, if not the author, of "The Garland of Withered Roses," one of the best of those collections of Ballads, which came out in profusion in the reign of James I.

But it is as the author of the popular song or ballad "The king enjoys his own again," which must elevate Martin Parker above the rank of a mere "Grub Street scribbler, and great ballad-monger of Charles the First's time," as Mr. Ritson designates him. For it has been well remarked, that had Ritson known he was the author of the above song, of which he speaks so favourably in the following

extract from his Ancient Songs (p. 229), he might have softened the stigma;—"It is *with particular pleasure*, that the Editor is enabled to restore to the public the original words of *the most famous and popular air ever heard of in this country.* Invented to support the declining interest of the royal martyr, it served afterwards, with more success, to keep up the spirit of the cavaliers, and promote the restoration of his son; an event it was employed to celebrate all over the kingdom. At the revolution it of course became an inherent of the exiled family, whose cause it never deserted. And as a tune is said to have been a principal mean of depriving king James of the crown, this very air, upon two memorable occasions, was very near being instrumental in replacing it on the head of his son. It is believed to be a fact, that nothing fed the enthusiasm of the Jacobites, down almost to the present reign, in every corner of Great Britain, more than 'The King shall enjoy his own again;' and even the great orator of the party, in that celebrated harangue which furnished the present poet laureat with one of his happiest and finest poems, was always thought to have alluded to it, in his remarkable quotation from Virgil of

'Carmina tum melius cum venerit ipse canemus.'"

Mr. Ritson selected the song from a collection, entitled "The Loyal Garland, containing choice songs and sonnets of our late happy revolution." London, 1671, 12mo., black letter.

A ballad entitled "John and Joan, or a mad couple well met," is also attributed by Ritson in his "Ancient Songs" to Martin Parker (p. 239); and in the mock romance of "Don Zara del Fogo," 1656, a marginal note speaks of Martin Parker's heroic poem called "Valentine and Orson."

That Martin Parker was the author of the spirit-stirring ballad of "The King shall enjoy his own again," is ascertained from "The Gossip's Feast, or Morall Tales," 1647, which, after a ballad in praise of king Charles, thus proceeds. "The gossips were well pleased with the contents of this ancient ballad, and Gammer Gowty-legs replied;—'By my faith, Martin Parker never got a fairer brat; no, not when he penn'd that sweet ballad, '*When the King enjoys his own again.*'"

Enough has been here advanced to rescue the character of Martin Parker from that of "a Grub-street scribbler." The popularity to the present day of the above-mentioned song may well make good the saying of a high authority. "Give me the making of national ballads, and I care not who makes the laws."

The True Tale is printed from an early, perhaps the earliest, black-letter copy known, kindly lent to the Editor by John Payne Collier, Esq., and collated with that which Ritson took from an edition in Anthony Wood's study, of as late a date as 1686. The date of Mr. Collier's copy is cut off, but enough remains to shew that it was printed at London, "for T. Cotes, and are to be sold by F. Grove, dwelling upon Snow-hill near the Saracens * * *." The first edition was entered at Stationer's Hall, 20th February, 1631. In the "Archæologist," recently published by Russell Smith, No. 1, p. 26, the title of another edition is given, but without date. In the title page of Mr. Collier's edition there is the common woodcut of Robin Hood, Little John and Will Scarlet, a facsimile of which is given in the preface to vol. i. of this work, p. 29.

"A TRUE TALE OF ROBBIN HOOD,

Or, a brief touch of the life and death of that renowned outlaw, Robert, Earle of Huntington, vulgarly called Robbin Hood, who lived and died in 1198,* being the 9th yeare of king Richard the first, commonly called Richard Cuer de Lyon; carefully collected out of the truest writers of our English Chronicles, and published for the satisfaction of those who desire to see truth purged from falsehood.

BY MARTIN PARKER."

At the end of the tale is the following epitaph, "which the prioresse of the monastery of Kirkes Lay in Yorkshire, set over Robbin Hood, which was to bee reade within these hundreth yeares (though in old broken English), much to the same sence and meaning."

Decembris quarto die 1198. *anno regni Richardii primi* 9.
Robert earle of Huntington,
Lies under this little stone,
No archer was like him so good;
His wildnesse named him Robbin Hood;
Full thirteene yeares and something more,
These northern parts he vexed sore;
Such outlawes as hee and his men,
May England never know agen.

"Some other superstitious words were in it, which I thought fit to leave out."†—*Martin Parker.*

* An absurd mistake.

† Now, under this precise gentleman's favour, one would be glad to know what these same "superstitious words" were; there not being any thing of the kind in Dr. Gale's copy, which seems to be the original, and which is shorter by two lines than the above.—Ritson.

IX.

A TRUE TALE OF ROBIN HOOD.

Both gentlemen, or yeomen bould,
Or whatsoever you are,
To have a stately story tould
Attention now prepare:

It is a tale of Robin Hood,
Which I to you will tell,
Which being rightly understood,
I know will please you well.

This Robbin (so much talked on)
Was once a man of fame,
Instiled earle of Huntington,
Lord Robert Hood by name.

In courtship and magnificence
His carriage won him prayse,
And greater favour with his prince
Than any in his dayes.

In bounteous liberality
He too much did excell,
And loved men of quality
More than exceeding well.

His great revennues all he sould
For wine and costly cheere;
He kept three hundred bowmen bold,
He shooting loved so deare.

No archer living in his time
With him might well compare:
He practis'd all his youthfull prime
That exercise most rare.

At last, by his profuse expence,
He had consum'd his wealth;
And, being outlawed by his prince,
In woods he liv'd by stealth.

The abbot of Saint Maries rich,
To whom he mony ought,
His hatred to the earle was such
That he his downefall wrought.

So being outlaw'd (as 'tis told)
He with a crew went forth
Of lusty cutters* stout and bold,
And robbed in the North.

Among the rest one Little John,
A yeoman bold and free,
Who could (if it stood him upon)
With ease encounter three.

One hundred men in all he got,
With whom (the story sayes)
Three hundred commen men durst not
Hold combat any wayes.

* Sharking fellows [called cutters or cut-purses, from their practice of stealing purses by cutting them away from the girdle, in which it was the custom to carry them.]

They Yorkshire woods frequented much,
And Lancashire also:
Wherein their practises were such
That they wrought mickle woe.

None rich durst travell to and fro,
Though nere so strongly arm'd,
But by these theeves (so strong in show)
They still were rob'd and harm'd.

His chiefest spight to th' clergie was,
That liv'd in monstrous pride:
No one of them he would let passe
Along the highway side.

But first they must to dinner go,
And afterwards to shrift:
Full many a one he served so,
Thus while he liv'd by theft.

No monks nor fryers would he let goe,
Without paying their fees:
If they thought much to be us'd so,
Their stones he made them leese.

For such as they the country fill'd
With bastards in those dayes;
Which to prevent, these sparkes did geld
All that came by their ways.

But Robbin Hood so gentle was,
And bore so brave a minde,
If any in distresse did passe,
To them he was so kinde,

That he would give and lend to them,
To helpe them in their neede;
This made all poore men pray for him,
And wish he well might speede.

The widdow and the fatherlesse
He would send meanes unto;
And those whom famine did oppresse
Found him a friendly foe.

Nor would he doe a woman wrong,
But see her safe conveid:
He would protect with power strong
All those who crav'd his ayde.

The abbot of Saint Maries then,
Who him undid before,
Was riding with two hundred men,
And gold and silver store:

But Robbin Hood upon him set,
With his couragious sparkes,
And all the coyne perforce did get,
Which was twelve thousand markes.

He bound the abbot to a tree,
And would not let him passe,
Before that to his men and he
His lordship had said masse:

Which being done, upon his horse
He set him fast astride,
And with his face towards his * * *
He forced him to ride.

His men were faine to be his guide,
For he rode backward home:
The abbot, being thus villified,
Did sorely chafe and fume.

Thus Robbin Hood did vindicate
His former wrongs receiv'd:
For 'twas this covetous prelàte
That him of land bereav'd.

The abbot he rode to the king,
With all the haste he could;
And to his grace he every thing
Exactly did unfold:

And sayd if that no course were ta'en,
By force or stratagem,
To take this rebel and his traine,
No man should passe for them.

The king protested by and by
Unto the abbot then,
That Robbin Hood with speed should dye,
With all his merry men.

But e're the king did any send,
He did another feate,
Which did his grace much more offend,
The fact indeed was great:

For in a short time after that
The kings receivers went
Towards London with the coyne they got,
For 's highness northerne rent:

Bold Robbin Hood and Little John,
With the rest of their traine,
Not dreading law, set them upon,
And did their gold obtaine.

The king much moved at the same,
And the abbots talke also,
In this his anger did proclaime,
And sent word to and fro,

That whosoe'er alive or dead
Could bring bold Robbin Hood,
Should have one thousand markes well paid
In gold and silver good.

This promise of the king did make
Full many yeomen bold,
Attempt stout Robbin Hood to take
With all the force they could.

But still when any came to him
Within the gay greene wood,
He entertainement gave to them
With venison fat and good;

And shew'd to them such martiale sport
With his long bow and arrow,
That they of him did give report,
How that it was great sorow,

That such a worthy man as he
Should thus be put to shift,
Being late a lord of high degree,
Of living quite bereft.

The king to take him, more and more,
Sent men of mickle might;
But he and his still beate them sore,
And conquered them in fight:

Or else with love and courtesie,
To him he won their hearts.
Thus still he lived by robbery
Throughout the northerne parts;

And all the country stood in dread
Of Robbin Hood and 's men:
For stouter lads ne're liv'd by bread
In those days, nor since then.

The abbot which before I nam'd,
Sought all the meanes he could
To have by force this rebele ta'ne,
And his adherents bold.

Therefore he arm'd five hundred men,
With furniture compleate;
But the outlawes slew halfe of them,
And made the rest retreate.

The long bow and the arrow keene
They were so us'd unto,
That still he kept the forrest greene
In spight o' th' proudest foe.

Twelve of the abbots men he tooke,
Who came him to have ta'ne,
When all the rest the field forsooke,
These he did entertaine:

With banquetting and merriment,
And, having us'd them well,
He to their lord them safely sent,
And will'd them him to tell,

That if he would be pleas'd at last
To beg of our good king,
That he might pardon what was past,
And him to favour bring,

He would surrender backe again
The money which before
Was taken by him and his men
From him and many more.

Poore men might safely passe by him,
And some that way would chuse,
For well they knew that to helpe them
He evermore did use.

But where he knew a miser rich
That did the poore oppresse,
To feel his coyne his hands did itch,
He'd have it more or lesse:

And sometimes, when the high-way fayl'd,
Then he his courage rouses,
He and his men have oft assayld
Such rich men in their houses.

So that, through dread of Robbin then,
And his adventurous crew,
The mizers kept great store of men,
Which else maintayn'd but few.

King Richard, of that name the first,
Sirnamed Cuer de Lyon,
Went to defeate the Pagans curst,
Who kept the coasts of Syon.

The bishop of Ely chancelor,
Was left a vice-roy here,
Who, like a potent emperor,
Did proudly domminere.

Our chronicles of him report,
That commonly he rode
With a thousand horse from court to court,
Where he would make abode.

He, riding down towards the north,
With his aforesayd train,
Robbin and his men did issue forth,
Them all to entertaine;

And with the gallant gray-goose wing
They shewd to them such playe,
That made their horses kicke and fling,
And downe their riders lay.

Full glad and faine the bishop was,
For all his thousand men,
To seek what meanes he could to passe
From out of Robbins ken.

Two hundred of his men were kil'd,
And fourescore horses good,
Thirty, who did as captives yeeld,
Were carryed to the greene wood;

Which afterwards were ransomed,
For twenty markes a man:
The rest set spurres to horse, and fled
To th' town of Warrington.

The bishop sore enraged then,
Did, in king Richards name,
Muster a power of northerne men,
These outlawes bold to tame.

But Robbin with his courtesie
So wonne the meaner sort,
That they were loath on him to try
What rigor did import.

So that bold Robbin and his traine
Did live unhurt of them,
Untill king Richard came againe
From faire Jerusalem:

And then the talke of Robin Hood
His royal eares did fill;
His grace admir'd that i' th' greene wood
He thus continued still.

So that the country farre and neare
Did give him great applause;
For none of them neede stand in feare,
But such as broke the lawes.

He wished well unto the king,
And prayed still for his health,
And never practis'd any thing
Against the common-wealth.

Onely, because he was undone
By th' crewele clergie then;
All meanes that he could thinke upon
To vexe such kinde of men,

He enterpriz'd with hateful spleene;
For which he was to blame,
For fault of some to wreake his teene
On all that by him came.

With wealth which he by robbery got
Eight almes-houses he built,
Thinking thereby to purge the blot
Of blood which he had spilt.

Such was their blinde devotion then,
Depending on their workes;
Which if 'twere true, we Christian men
Inferiour were to Turkes.

But, to speak true of Robbin Hood,
And wrong him not a jot,
He never would shed any mans blood
That him invaded not.

Nor would he injure husbandmen,
That toyld at cart and plough;
For well he knew, were't not for them
To live no man knew how.

The king in person, with some lords,
To Nottingham did ride,
To try what strength and skill affords
To crush these outlaws pride.

And, as he once before had done,
He did againe proclaime,
That whosoe'er would take upon
To bring to Nottingham,

Or any place within the land,
Rebellious Robbin Hood,
Should be prefer'd in place to stand
With those of noble blood.

When Robbin Hood heard of the same,
Within a little space,
Into the towne of Nottingham
A letter to his grace

He shot upon an arrow head,
One evening cunningly;
Which was brought to the king, and read
Before his majestie.

The tennure of this letter was
That Robbin would submit,
And be true liegeman to his grace
In any thing that's fit,

So that his highnesse would forgive
Him and his merry men all;
If not, he must i' th' green wood live,
And take what chance did fall.

The king would faine have pardoned him,
But that some lords did say,
This president will much condemn
Your grace another day.

While that the king and lords did stay
Debating on this thing,
Some of these outlawes fled away
Unto the Scottish king.

For they suppos'd, if he were tane
Or to the king did yeeld,
By th' commons all the rest of 's train
Full quickely would be quell'd.

Of more than full an hundred men,
But forty tarryed still,
Who were resolv'd to sticke to him
Let fortune worke her will.

If none had fled, all for his sake
Had got their pardon free;
The king to favour meant to take
His merry men and he.

But e're the pardon to him came
This famous archer dy'd:
His death and manner of the same
I'le presently describe.

For, being vext to think upon
His followers revolt,
In melancholly passiòn
He did recount his fault.

Perfideous traytors! sayd he then,
In all your dangers past
Have I you guarded as my men,
To leave me thus at last!

44795

This sad perplexity did cause
A feaver, as some say,
Which him unto confusion drawes,
Though by a stranger way.

This deadly danger to prevent,
He hie'd him with all speede
Unto a nunnery, with intent
For his healths-sake to bleede.

A faithlesse fryer did pretend
In love to let him blood,
But he by falshood wrought the end
Of famous Robbin Hood.

The fryer, as some say, did this
To vindicate the wrong:
Which to the clergy he and his
Had done by power strong.

Thus dyed he by trechery,
That could not dye by force:
Had he liv'd longer, certainely
King Richard, in remorse,

Had unto favour him receiv'd,
'His' brave men elevated:
'Tis pitty he was of life bereav'd
By one which he so hated.

A treacherous leach this fryer was,
To let him bleed to death;
And Robbin was, methinks, an asse
To trust him with his breath.

His corpse the prioress of the place,
The next day that he dy'd,
Caused to be buried, in mean case,
Close by the high-way side.

And over him she caused a stone
To be fixed on the ground,
An epitaph was set thereon,
Wherein his name was found;

The date o' th' yeare and day also,
Shee made to be set there;
That all, who by the way did goe,
Might see it plain appeare,

That such a man as Robbin Hood
Was buried in that place;
Ane how he lived in the greene wood
And robb'd there for a space.

It seemes that though the clergie he
Had put to mickle woe,
He should not quite forgotten be,
Although he was their foe.

This woman, though she did him hate,
Yet loved his memory;
And thought it wondrous pitty that
His fame should with him dye.

This epitaph, as records tell,
Within this hundred yeares,
By many was discerned well,
But time all things out-weares.

His followers, when he was dead,
Were some receiv'd to grace;
The rest to forraign countries fled,
And left their native place.

Although his funerall was but mean,
This woman had in minde,
Least his fame should be buried clean
From those that came behind.

For certainly, before nor since,
No man e're understood,
Under the reigne of any prince,
Of one like Robbin Hood.

Full thirteene years, and something more,
These outlawes lived thus;
Feared of the rich, loved of the poor:
A thing most marvelous.

A thing unpossible to us
This story seemes to be;
None dares be now so venturous,
But times are chang'd we see.

We that live in these later dayes
Of civile government,
If need be, have an hundred wayes
Such outlawes to prevent.

In those dayes men more barbarous were,
And lived lesse in awe;
Now (god be thanked) people feare
More to offend the law.

No roaring guns were then in use,
They dreampt of no such thing;
Our Englishmen in fight did chuse
The gallant gray-goose wing:

In which activity these men,
Through practise, were so good,
That in those days none equal'd them,
Specially Robbin Hood.

So that, it seemes, keeping in caves,
In woods and forests thicke,
They'd beate a multitude with staves,
Their arrowes did so pricke:

And none durst neare unto them come,
Unlesse in courtesie;
All such he bravely would send home
With mirth and jollity:

Which courtesie won him such love,
As I before have told,
'Twas the cheef cause that he did prove
More prosperous than he could.

Let us be thankefull for these times
Of plenty, truth and peace;
And leave out great and horrid crimes,
Least they cause this to cease.

I know there's many fained tales
Of Robbin Hood and 's crew;
But chronicles, which seldome fayles,
Reports this to be true.

Let none then thinke this is a lye,
For, if 'twere put to th' worst,
They may the truth of all discry
I' th' raigne of Richard the first.

If any reader please to try,
As I direction show,
The truth of this brave history,
Hee'll find it true I know.

And I shall thinke my labour well
Bestowed to purpose good,
When't shall be said that I did tell
True tales of Robbin Hood.

Part of the Church of St Mary's Abbey, York

ROBIN HOOD'S GARLANDS.

THE following twenty-seven ballads constitute the contents of those popular collections, which are well known under the title of "Robin Hood's Garlands." Their origin is thus related by Dr. Percy:—

"The old minstrel ballads are in the *northern* dialect, abound with antique words and phrases, all extremely incorrect, and run into the utmost licence of metre; they have also a romantic wildness, and are in the true spirit of chivalry. The other sort are written in exacter measure, have a low or subordinate correctness, sometimes bordering on the insipid, and often well adapted to the pathetic; these are generally in the *southern* dialect, exhibit a more modern phraseology, and are commonly descriptive of more modern manners. Towards the end of queen Elizabeth's reign, the genuine old minstrelsy seems to have been extinct, and thenceforth the ballads that were produced were wholly of the latter kind, and these came forth in such abundance, that in the reign of James I. they began to be collected into little miscellanies, under the name of *Garlands*, and at length to be written purposely for such collections."

"In the Pepysian and other libraries are preserved a great number of these, in black letter, 12mo., under the following quaint and affected titles, viz.:—

"1. A Crown Garland of Goulden Roses gathered out of England's Royal Garden, &c., by Richard Johnson, 1612. In the Bodleian Library. 2. The Golden Garland of Princely

Delight. 3. The Garland of Good-will, by T. D., 1631. 4. The Royal Garland of Love and Delight, by T. D. 5. The Garland of Delight, &c. by Thomas Delone. 6. The Garland of Love and Mirth, by Thomas Lanfier. 7. Cupid's Garland set round with Guilded Roses. 8. The Garland of Withered Roses, by Martin Parker, 1656. 9. The Shepherd's Garland of Love, Loyalty, &c. 10. The Country Garland. 11. The Golden Garland of Mirth and Merriment. 12. The Lover's Garland. 13. Neptune's Fair Garland. 14. England's Fair Garland. 15. Robin Hood's Garland. 16. The Maiden's Garland. 17. A Loyal Garland of Mirth and Pastime. 18. A Royal Garland of New Songs. 19. The Jovial Garland.—8th edition, 1691, &c.

"This sort of petty publications had anciently the name of *Penny Merriments;* as little religious tracts of the same size were called *Penny Godlinesses.* In the Pepysian Library are multitudes of both kinds."

The Editor of these volumes is possessed of an old collection, not in very good condition, containing about one hundred and thirty of these garlands, most of them without author's name or date.

The earliest edition of "Robin Hood's Garland," which has fallen under his notice, is contained in the valuable collection of books, tracts and MS., &c., bequeathed by Mr. Douce to the Bodleian Library; a note in which, in Mr. D.'s handwriting, thus speaks of it:—"No earlier edition of 'Robin Hood's Garland' than the present is supposed now to exist, nor has any other copy of it been seen by the collectors of the present day. It was unknown to Mr. Ritson when he published his excellent collection relating to the above hero. In vol. i., p. 85, Mr. Ritson speaks of the edition of 1689, as the earliest that he had met with."

The title page is as follows:—

Robin Hood's Garland,

containing

His merry Exploits, and the several Fights which he, Little John, and Will Scarlett had upon several occasions,

Some of them never before printed.

Entered according to order.

Printed for T. Coles, W. Vere, and J. Wright.
1670.

This edition contains only sixteen ballads; and as it may be presumed, that these were the best known and most popular at this date, they are now printed in the order in

which they first appeared, with the addition of that entitled "Robin Hood's Birth, &c.", which as it commences with the earliest incidents of the life of the hero, is here transferred.

The Editor is in possession of several copies printed early in the next century, when the number of ballads was extended to twenty-four. In an edition printed at York by the well-known Thomas Gent, (that which Mr. Ritson thinks the most accurate), there is the following address:—

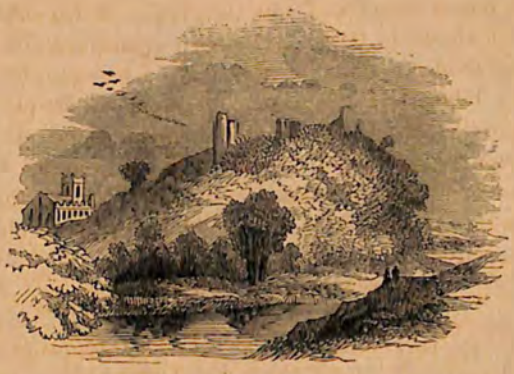
TO ALL GENTLEMEN ARCHERS.

THIS garland has long been out of repair,
The songs that are lost, no lesse than number four;
Yet now, at last, by most industrious care,
The sixteen new songs, mount to twenty-four;
With the large additions, needs must please, I know
All the bright ingenious yeomen of the bow.

To read how brave Robin Hood and Little John,
Brave Scarlet, Stutely, valiant, bold and free,
Each of them did bravely, fairly play the man,
While they did all reign beneath the greenwood tree.
Bishops, friars and monks, likewise many more
Parted with their gold for to increase their store,
But ne'er would be guilty of robbing the poor.

The Editor has also on his shelves "Robin Hood Garlands" printed in England, Scotland and Ireland, in which the number of ballads is extended to twenty-seven. In Peck's MS., alluded to in the preface, he intended extending them to three score.

That these ballads were in existence, before they were collected into garlands, there is no doubt. The broad sheets in black letter, from which they were printed, are unfortunately without date, but the printers' names are appended, and these the Editor has given, whenever he could ascertain them. In 1557 certain "ballets" are entered in the books of the Stationers' Company to "John Wallye and Mrs. Toye," one of which is entitled "Of Wakefield and a green," in allusion apparently to the ballad of "The Pinder of Wakefield," &c.



Tutbury, Staffordshire.

X.

ROBIN HOOD'S BIRTH, BREEDING, VALOUR, AND MARRIAGE.

From a black-letter copy in the large and valuable collection of old ballads late belonging to Thomas Pearson, Esq., and now in the possession of the Duke of Roxburgh. This is the collection mentioned in the Harleian catalogue, and would seem to be the greater part of that originally made by old Bagford (see Hearne's appendix to *Hemingi Chartularium*, p. 662), another volume or two having come with the rest of his typographical collections to the British Museum. The three volumes which went to Osborne were probably bought of him by Mr. West, at whose sale they were purchased by Major Pearson, by whom the collection was new-arranged, ornamented and improved. The full title of the original is: "A new ballad of bold Robin Hood: shewing his birth, breeding, valour, and marriage at Titbury Bull-running. Calculated for the meridian of Staffordshire, but may serve for Derbyshire or Kent." —*Ritson's Introduction.* [These volumes were purchased last year at the sale of Mr. Bright's library, for the British Museum, and form a valuable addition to those scarce ballads which they previously possessed.]—*Editor.*

KIND gentlemen, will you be patient awhile?
Ay, and then you shall hear anon
A very good ballad of bold Robin Hood,
And of his man brave Little John.*

In Locksly town, in merry Nottinghamshire,
In merry sweet Locksly town,
There bold Robin Hood he was born and was bred,
Bold Robin of famous renown.

The father of Robin a forrester was,
And he shot in a lusty strong bow
Two north country miles and an inch at a shot,
As the Pinder of Wakefield does know.

For he brought Adam Bell, and Clim of the Clugh,
And William of "Clowdesle,"
To shoot with our forrester for forty mark,
And the forrester beat them all three.

His mother was neece to the Coventry knight,
Which Warwickshire men call sir Guy;†
For he slew the blue bore that hangs up at the gate,
Or mine host of the Bull tells a lie.

---

* Little John. "Little John, cujus coxendia, in Scotia asservatus, quatuordecim pedum altitudinem habuisse dicitur." *Johnson's Thaumatographia*, p. 456.—Note in *Mr. Douce's* handwriting.

†, Guy Earl of Warwick.—Note by *Stukeley.*

Her brother was Gamwel, of Great Gamwel-Hall,*
A noble house-keeper was he,
Ay, as ever broke bread in sweet Nottinghamshire,
And a 'squire of famous degree.

The mother of Robin said to her husband,
My honey, my love, and my dear,
Let Robin and I ride this morning to Gamwel,
To taste of my brother's good cheer.

And he said, I grant thee thy boon, gentle Joan,
Take one of my horses, I pray:
The sun is arising, and therefore make haste,
For to-morrow is Christmas-day.

Then Robin Hood's father's grey gelding was brought,
And sadled and bridled was he;
God-wot a blue bonnet, his new suit of cloaths,
And a cloak that did reach to his knee.

She got on her holyday kirtle and gown,
They were of a light Lincoln green;
The cloath was homespun, but for colour and make
It might 'have beseemed' our queen.

* "George Gamwell, of Gamwell Hall *magna*, Esq. Joanna, wife of Fitz Odoth, had issue Robin Fitz Odoth. Gamwell, the king's forester in Yorkshire, mentioned in Camden. See my answer, No. 11 of Lady Roisia, where is Robin Hood's true pedigree."—*Stukeley.*

"Dr. Stukeley here refers to No. 2 of his *Palæographia Britannica*, p. 115."—*Douce.* "See also Lamb's notes to the battle of Flodden field, p. 80. Pegge and Dr. Percy were of opinion he was so named, *quasi* Robbing Hode, and by vulgar fiction only Earl of Huntington. See Mr. Gough's remarks on this subject in *Gent's. Mag.*, 1793, p. 225."—*Douce.*

And then Robin got on his basket-hilt sword,
And his dagger on his tother side;
And said, my dear mother, let's haste to be gone,
We have forty long miles to ride.

When Robin had mounted his gelding so grey,
His father, without any trouble,
Set her up behind him, and bad her not fear,
For his gelding had oft carried double.

And when she was settled, they rode to their neighbours,
And drank and shook hands with them all;
And then Robin gallopt, and never gave o're,
'Till they lighted at Gamwel-Hall.

And now you may think the right worshipful 'squire
Was joyful his sister to see;
For he kist her, and kist her, and swore a great oath,
Thou art welcome, kind sister, to me.

To-morrow, when mass had been said in the chappel,
Six tables were covered in the hall,
And in comes the 'squire, and makes a short speech,
It was, Neighbours, you're welcome all.

But not a man here shall taste my March beer,
'Till a Christmas carrol he sing.
Then all clapt their hands, and they shouted and sung,
'Till the hall and the parlour did ring.

Now mustard and brawn, roast beef and plumb pies,
Were set upon every table:
And noble George Gamwel said, eat and be merry,
And drink too as long as you're able.

When dinner was ended, his chaplain said grace,
And, be merry, my friends, said the 'squire;
It rains, and it blows, but call for more ale,
And lay some more wood on the fire.

And now call ye Little John hither to me,
For little John is a fine lad,
At gambols and juggling, and twenty such tricks,
As shall make you both merry and glad.

When Little John came, to gambols they went,
Both gentlemen, yeomen, and clown;
And what do you think? Why, as true as I live,
Bold Robin Hood put them all down.

And now you may think the right worshipful 'squire
Was joyful this sight for to see;
For he said, Cousin Robin, thou'st go no more home,
But tarry and dwell here with me:

Thou shalt have my land when I die, and till then,
Thou shalt be the staff of my age.
Then grant me my boon, dear uncle, said Robin,
That Little John may be my page.

And he said, kind cousin, I grant thee thy boon;
With all my heart, so let it be.
Then come hither, Little John, said Robin Hood,
Come hither my page unto me:

Go fetch me my bow, my longest long bow,
And broad arrows, one, two, or three.
For when 'tis fair weather we'll into Sherwood,
Some merry pastime to see.

When Robin Hood came into merry Sherwood,
He winded his bugle so clear;
And twice five and twenty good yeomen and bold,
Before Robin Hood did appear.

Where are your companions all? said Rob Hood,
For still I want forty and three.
Then said a bold yeoman, Lo, yonder they stand,
All under a green wood tree.

As that word was spoke, Clorinda came by,
The queen of the shepherds was she;
And her gown was of velvet as green as the grass,
And her buskin did reach to her knee.

Her gait it was graceful, her body was straight,
And her countenance free from pride;
A bow in her hand, and quiver and arrows
Hung dangling by her sweet side.

Her eye-brows were black, ay, and so was her hair,
And her skin was as smooth as glass;
Her visage spoke wisdom, and modesty too:
Sets with Robin Hood such a lass!

Said Robin Hood, Lady fair, whither away?
O whither, fair lady, away?
And she made him an answer, to kill a fat buck;
For to-morrow is Titbury day.

Said Robin Hood, Lady fair, wander with me
A little to yonder green bower;
There set down to rest you, and you shall be sure
Of a brace or a 'leash' in an hour.

And as we were going towards the green bower,
Two hundred good bucks we espy'd;
She chose out the fattest that was in the herd,
And she shot him through side and side.

By the faith of my body, said bold Robin Hood,
I never saw woman like thee;
And com'st thou from east, or com'st thou from west,
Thou needst not beg venison of me.

However, along to my bower you shall go,
And taste of a forrester's meat:
And when we came thither we found as good cheer
As any man needs for to eat.

For there was hot venison, and warden pies* cold,
Cream clouted, with honey-combs plenty;
And the sarvitors they were beside Little John,
Good yeomen at least four and twenty.

Clorinda said, tell me your name, gentle sir;
And he said, 'tis bold Robin Hood:
'Squire Gamwel's my uncle, but all my delight
Is to dwell in the merry Sherwood;

For 'tis a fine life, and 'tis void of all strife.
So 'tis, sir, Clorinda reply'd.
But oh! said bold Robin, how sweet would it be,
If Clorinda would be my bride!

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* *Wardens* are a species of large pears. In Shakspere's "Winter's Tale," the clown, enumerating the articles he had to provide for the sheep-shearing feast, says he "must have saffron to colour the *warden pies.*"

She blusht at the motion; yet, after a pause
Said, Yes, sir, and with all my heart.
Then let us send for a priest, said Robin Hood,
And be married before we do part.

But she said, it may not be so, gentle sir,'
For I must be at Titbury feast;
And if Robin Hood will go thither with me,
I'll make him the most welcome guest.

Said Robin Hood, reach me that buck, Little John,
For I'll go along with my dear;
And bid my yeomen kill six brace of bucks,
And meet me to-morrow just here.

Before he had ridden five Staffordshire miles,
Eight yeomen, that were too bold,
Bid Robin Hood stand, and deliver his buck;
A truer tale never was told.

I will not, faith, said bold Robin; come, John,
Stand by me, and we'll beat 'em all.
Then both drew their swords, and so cut 'em, and slasht 'em,
That five of them did fall.

The three that remain'd call'd to Robin for quarter,
And pitiful John begg'd their lives:
When John's boon was granted, he gave them good counsel,
And sent them all home to their wives.

This battle was fought near to Titbury town,*
When the bagpipes baited the bull;

Tutbury, or Stutesbury, Staffordshire. This celebrated place lies about four miles from Burton-upon-Trent, on the west bank of

I'm the king of the fidlers, and I swear 'tis truth,
And I call him that doubts it a gull:

For I saw them fighting, and fiddled the while,
And Clorinda sung "Hey derry down!
The bumkins are beaten, put up thy sword, Bob,
And now let's dance into the town.

Before we came to it, we heard a strange shouting,
And all that were in it look'd madly;
For some were on bull-back, some dancing a morris,
And some singing *Arthur-a-Bradly*.

---

the river Don. Its castle, it is supposed, was built a considerable time before the Norman conquest. Being the principal seat of the Dukes of Lancaster, it was long distinguished as the scene of festivity and splendour. The number of minstrels, which crowded it, was so great, that it was found necessary to have recourse to some expedient for preserving order among them, and determining their claims of precedence. Accordingly one of their number, with the title of king of the minstrels, was appointed, and under him several inferior officers to assist in the execution of the laws. To this chief a charter was granted, by John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, 22nd August, 4th Richard II., 1381. This king of the minstrels and his officers having inflicted fines and punishments, which exceeded the due bounds of justice, a court for hearing and determining complaints and controversies was instituted, which was yearly held with many forms and ceremonies. The business of the court being concluded, the officers withdraw to partake of a sumptuous repast, prepared for them by the steward of the lordship. In the afternoon the minstrels assembled at the gate of the priory, where by way of amusement for the multitude, a bull, having his horns, ears, and tail cut off, his body besmeared with soap, and his nose blown full of pepper, was then let loose. If the minstrels could take and hold him, even so long as to deprive him of the smallest portion of his hair, he was declared their property, provided this was done within the confines of Staffordshire, and before sunset. The bull was next collared and

And there we see Thomas, our justices clerk,
And Mary, to whom he was kind;
For Tom rode before her, and call'd Mary madam,
And kiss'd her full sweetly behind:

And so may your worships. But we went to dinner,
With Thomas and Mary, and Nan;
They all drank a health to Clorinda, and told her,
Bold Robin Hood was a fine man.

When dinner was ended, sir Roger, the parson
Of Dubbridge, was sent for in haste:
He brought his mass-book, and he bad them take
And joyn'd them in marriage full fast. [hands,

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roped, and being brought to the market cross was baited with dogs. After this he was delivered to the minstrels, who might dispose of him as they deemed proper.

An Inspeximus by Henry VI, relative to the customs of Tutbury, makes mention of this extraordinary one in the following words:— "There is an ancient practice belonging to the honor of Tutbury, that the minstrels who come to matins there, on the feast of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin, shall have a bull given by the prior of Tutbury, if they can take him on this side the river Don, which is next to Tutbury; or else the prior shall give them xld.; for the enjoyment of which custom they shall give to the lord, at the said feast, yearly xxd."

In consequence of the outrages committed at this bull-running and baiting, an end was put to the barbarous custom, by commutation, between seventy and eighty years since. An annual court, however, called the Minstrels' Court, continued to be held at the steward's house, which was situated on a part of the site of the ancient castle. The Duke of Devonshire is the owner of the priory. *Vide* "Blount's Ancient Tenures," "Hawkins's History of Music," "Strutt's Sports and Pastimes," for fuller particulars of this ancient custom.

And then, as bold Robin Hood and his sweet bride
Went hand in hand to the green bower,
The birds sung with pleasure in merry Sherwood,
And 'twas a most joyful hour.

And when Robin came in sight of the bower,
Where are my yeomen? said he:
And Little John answer'd, lo, yonder they stand,
All under the green wood tree.

Then a garland they brought her, by two and by two,
And plac'd them at the bride's bed:
The music struck up, and we all fell to dance,
'Till the bride and the bridegroom were a-bed.

And what they did there must be counsel to me,
Because they lay long the next day;
And I had haste home, but I got a good piece
Of bride-cake, and so came away.

Now out, alas! I had forgotten to tell ye,
That marry'd they were with a ring;
And so will Nan Knight, or be buried a maiden,
And now let us pray for the king:

That he may get children, and they may get more,
To govern and do us some good:
And then I'll make ballads in Robin Hood's bower,
And sing 'em in merry Sherwood.

London: printed by and for W. O., and are to be sold by the booksellers.

Nottingham in 1680

ROBIN HOOD'S PROGRESS TO NOTTINGHAM.

From an old black-letter copy in the collection of Anthony à Wood. It is there said to go "To the tune of Bold Robin Hood;" and the chorus is repeated in every stanza. To the above title are added the following doggerel lines:

> Where hee met with fifteen forresters all on a row,
> And hee desired of them some news for to know,
> But with crosse grain'd words they did him thwart,
> For which at last hee made them smart.*

* There are two copies of this ballad in the Roxburgh collection, now placed on the shelves of the British Museum, with which this has been collated and a few corrections made.

XI.

ROBIN HOOD'S PROGRESS TO NOTTINGHAM.

ROBIN HOOD he was a tall young man,
Derry, derry down,
And fifteen winters old;
And Robin Hood he was a proper young man,
Of courage stout and bold.
Hey down, derry, derry down.

Robin Hood he would unto fair Nottingham,
With the general for to dine;
There was hee ware of fifteen forresters,
And a drinking bear, ale, and wine.*

What news? What news? said bold Robin Hood,
What news fain wouldest thou know?
Our king hath provided a shooting match,
And I'm ready with my bow.

---

* The following stanza is extracted from a note in Mr. Douce's hand-writing in his copy of Ritson's edition of "Robin Hood" bequeathed by Mr. D. to the Bodleian Library, and which formerly belonged to Dr. Stukeley, having his autograph in the title page, as well as some notes in the doctor's writing:

When Robin came to Nottingham,
Derry, derry, down,
His dinner all for to dine;
There met him fifteen jolly foresters,
Were drinking ale and wine.
DUKE OF NEWCASTLE'S play of *The Variétie*, p. 57.

We hold it in scorn then, said the forrestèrs,
That ever a boy so young
Should bear a bow before our king,
That's not able to draw one string.

I'le hold you twenty marks, said bold Robin Hood,
By the leave of our ladỳ,
That I'le hit a mark a hundred rod*,
And I'le cause a hart to dye.

We'l hold you twenty mark, then said the forrestèrs,
By the leave of our lady,
Thou hit'st not the marke a hundred rod,
Nor causest a hart to dye.

Robin Hood he bent up a noble bow,
And a broad arrow he let flye,
He hit the mark a hundred rod,
And he caused a hart to dye.

Some said he brake ribs one or two,
And some say hee brake three;
The arrow in the hart would not abide,
But it glanced in two or three.

The hart did skip, and the hart did leap,
And the hart lay on the ground;
The wager is mine, said bold Robin Hood,
If't were for a thousand pound.

* Poles, perches. A rod, pole, or perch, is usually sixteen feet and a half, but in Sherwood forest (according to Blount) it is twenty-one feet, the foot there being eighteen inches.

The wager's none of thine, then said the forrestèrs,
Although thou beest in haste;
Take up thy bow, and get thee hence,
Lest wee thy sides do baste.

Robin Hood he took up his noble bow,
And his broad arrows all amain;
And Robin Hood he laught, and begun to smile,
As he went over the plain.

Then Robin hee bent his noble bow,
And his broad arrowes he let flye,
Till fourteen of these fifteen forrestèrs
Upon the ground did lye.

He that did this quarrel first begin,
Went tripping over the plain;
But Robin Hood he bent his noble bow,
And hee fecht him back again.

You said I was no archer, said Robin Hood,
But say so now again;
With that he sent another arrów,
That split his head in twain.

You have found mee an archer, said Robin Hood,
Which will make your wives for to wring,
And wish that you had never spoke the word,
That I could not draw one string.

The people that lived in fair Nottinghàm
Came running out amain,
Supposing to have taken bold Robin Hood,
With the forresters that were slain.

Some lost legs, and some lost arms,
And some did lose their blood;
But Robin hee took up his noble bow,
And is gone to the merry green wood.

They carried these forresters into fair Nottingham,
As many there did know;
They dig'd them graves in their church-yard,
And they buried them all on a row.*

Printed for T. Coles, T. Vere, and J. Wright.

Funeral in the Fifteenth Century from a MS. in the Royal Library at Paris.—No. 6887.

* A few days ago as some labourers were digging in a garden at Fox-lane, near Nottingham, they discovered six human skeletons entire, deposited in regular order side by side, supposed to be part of the fifteen foresters that were killed by Robin Hood. Near the above place anciently stood a church, built in the early ages of christianity, dedicated to St. Michael, which was totally demolished at the Reformation. Yet still the parishioners, on certain times repair to this place for religious purposes, it being considered as consecrated ground. In this place at different times great quantities of human bones have been found, besides several Saxon and old English coins, &c., &c.—*Gentleman's Magazine, April* 1796.

ROBIN HOOD AND THE STRANGER.

From an old black-letter copy in the collection of Anthony à Wood. The title now given to this ballad is that which it seems to have originally borne; having been foolishly altered to "Robin Hood newly revived." The circumstances attending the second part will be explained in a note.—*Ritson.*

Corrected with the copy which was Major Pearson's, now in the British Museum.—*Editor.*

XII.

ROBIN HOOD AND THE STRANGER.

COME listen awhile, you gentlemen all,
With a hey down, down, a down, down,
That are this bower within,
For a story of gallant bold Robin Hood,
I purpose now to begin.

What time of day? quoth Robin Hood then;
Quoth Little John, 'tis in the prime.
Why then we will to the green wood gang,
For we have no vittles to dine.

As Robin Hood walkt the forrest along,
It was in the mid of the day,
There he was met of a deft* young man,
As ever walkt on the way.

His doublet was of silk, he said,
His stockings like scarlet shone;
As he walked on along the way,
To Robin Hood then unknown.

A herd of deer was in the bend,
All feeding before his face:
Now the best of you ile have to my dinnèr,
And that in a little space.

* Well-looking, neatly drest.

Now the stranger he made no mickle adoe,
But he bends a right good bow,
And the best buck in the herd he slew,
Forty good yards him froe.

Well shot, well shot, quod Robin Hood then,
That shot it was shot in time;
And if thou wilt accept of the place,
Thou shalt be a bold yeoman of mine.

Go play the chiven,* the stranger said,
Make haste and quickly go,
Or with my fist, be sure of this,
Ile give thee buffets sto'.

Thou had'st not best buffet me, quod Robin Hood,
For though I seem forlorn,
Yet I can have those that will take my part,
If I but blow my horn.

Thou wast not best wind thy horn, the stranger said,
Beest thou never so much in haste,
For I can draw out a good broad sword,
And quickly cut the blast.

Then Robin Hood bent a very good bow
To shoot, and that he would fain;

* Mr. Ritson queries this word without remark. We can only offer a bare conjecture as to its meaning. Shiver was anciently written *chiver*, of which there are examples in Chaucer and Gower, and it is possible that *chiven* is a derivative, signifying *coward* or *trembler*, but we can produce no authority in support of this interpretation.—Ed.

The stranger he bent a very good bow,
To shoot at bold Robin again.

O hold thy hand, hold thy hand, quod Robin Hood,
To shoot it would be in vain;
For if we should shoot the one at the other,
The one of us may be slain.

But let's take our swords and our broad bucklèrs,
And gang under yonder tree.
As I hope to be sav'd, the stranger said,
One foot I will not flee.

Then Robin Hood lent the stranger a blow,
'Most scar'd him out of his wit:
Thou never felt blow, the stranger he said,
That shall be better quit.

The stranger he drew out a good broad sword,
And hit Robin on the crown,
That from every haire of bold Robin's head
The blood ran trickling down.

God a mercy,* good fellow! quod Robin Hood then,
And for this that thou hast done,
Tell me, good fellow, what thou art,
Tell me where thou doest wone.†

The stranger then answer'd bold Robin Hood,
Ile tell thee where I did dwell;
In Maxwell‡ town I was bred and born,
My name is young Gamwel.

---

* Gramercy, thanks. *Grand merci*, Fr.
† Dwell.—*Chaucer.* ‡ Maxfield, in one edition.

For killing of my own father's steward,
I am forc'd to this English wood,
And for to seek an uncle of mine,
Some call him Robin Hood.

"But art thou a cousin of Robin Hood then?
The sooner we should have done."
As I hope to be sav'd, the stranger then said,
I am his own sister's son.

But, lord! what kissing and courting was there,
When these two cousins did greet!
And they went all that summer's day,
And Little John did [not] meet.

But when they met with Little John,
He unto them did say,
O master, pray where have you been,
You have tarried so long away?

I met with a stranger, quod Robin Hood,
Full sore he hath beaten me.
Then I'le have a bout with him, quod Little John,
And try if he can beat me.

Oh no, oh no, quoth Robin Hood then,
Little John, it may not be so;
For he is my own dear sister's son,
And cousins I have no mo.

But he shall be a bold yeoman of mine,
My chief man next to thee;
And I Robin Hood, and thou Little John,
And Scalock* he shall be.

* The Roxburgh edition reads Scarlet.

And weel be three of the bravest outlàws
That live in the north country.
If you will hear more of bold Robin Hood,
In the second part it will be.

[PART THE SECOND.*]

Now Robin Hood, Will Scadlock, and Little John
Are walking over the plain,
With a good fat buck, which Will Scadlòck,
With his strong bow had slain.

* This (from an old black-letter copy in Major Pearson's collection) is evidently the genuine second part of the present ballad: although constantly printed as an independent article, under the title of "Robin Hood, Will Scadlock, and Little John: Or, a narrative of their victories obtained against the prince of Aragon and the two giants; and how Will Scadlock married the princess. Tune of Robin Hood: or Hey down, down, a down:" Instead of which, in all former editions, are given the following incoherent stanzas which have all the appearance of being the fragment of a different ballad:—*Ritson.*

THEN bold Robin Hood to the north he would go,
With valour and mickle might,
With sword by his side, which oft had been tri'd,
To fight and recover his right.

The first that he met was a bonny bold Scot,
His servant he said he would be.
No, quoth Robin Hood, it cannot be good,
For thou wilt prove false unto me;

Thou hast not been true to sire nor cuz.
Nay, marry, the Scot, he said,
As true as your heart, Ile never part,
Gude master, be not afraid.

Jog on, jog on, cries Robin Hood,
The day it runs full fast;
For tho' my nephew me a breakfast gave,
I have not yet broke my fast.

Then to yonder lodge let us take our way,
I think it wondrous good,
Where my nephew by my bold yeomèn
Shall be welcom'd unto the green-wood.

With that he took his bugle-horn,
Full well he could it blow;
Streight from the woods came marching down
One hundred tall fellows and mo.

Stand, stand to your arms, crys Will Scadlòck,
Lo! the enemies are within ken.
With that Robin Hood he laugh'd aloud,
Crying, they are my bold yeomèn.

Then Robin turned his face to the east,
Fight on, my merry men stout;
Our cause is good, quod brave Robin Hood,
And we shall not be beaten out.

The battel grows hot on every side,
The Scotchman made great moan:
Quoth Jockey, gude faith, they fight on each side,
Would I were with my wife Joan!

The enemy compast brave Robin about,
'Tis long ere the battel ends;
Ther's neither will yield, nor give up the field,
For both are supplied with friends.

This song it was made in Robin Hood's dayes:
Let's pray unto Jove above,
To give us true peace, that mischief may cease,
And war may give place unto love.

Who, when they arriv'd, and Robin espy'd,
Cry'd, master, what is your will?
We thought you had in danger been,
Your horn did sound so shrill.

Now nay, now nay, quoth Robin Hood,
The danger is past and gone;
I would have you welcome my nephew here,
That has paid me two for one.

In feasting and sporting they pass'd the day,
Till Phœbus sunk into the deep;
Then each one to his quarters hy'd,
His guard there for to keep.

Long had they not walk'd within the green-wood,
But Robin he soon espy'd,
A beautiful damsel all alone,
That on a black palfrey did ride.

Her riding-suit was of a sable hue black,
Cypress over her face,
Through which her rose-like cheeks did blush,
All with a comely grace.

Come tell me the cause, thou pretty one,
Quoth Robin, and tell me aright,
From whence thou comest, and whither thou goest,
All in this mournful plight?

From London I came, the damsel reply'd,
From London upon the Thames,
Which circled is, O grief to tell!
Besieg'd with foreign arms,

By the proud prince of Arragon,
Who swears by his martial hand
To have the princèss to his spouse,
Or else to waste this land;

Except such champions can be found,
That dare fight three to three,
Against the prince, and giants twain,
Most horrid for to see;

Whose grisly looks, and eyes like brands,
Strike terrour where they come,
With serpents hissing on their helms,
Instead of feathered plume.

The princess shall be the victor's prize,
The king hath vow'd and said,
And he that shall the conquest win,
Shall have her to his bride.

Now we are four damsels sent abroad,
To the east, west, north, and south,
To try whose fortune is so good
To find these champions forth.

But all in vain we have sought about,
For none so bold there are
That dare adventure life and blood,
To free a lady fair.

When is the day? quoth Robin Hood,
Tell me this and no more.
On Midsummer next, the dam'sel said,
Which is June the twenty-four.

With that the tears trickled down her cheeks,
And silent was her tongue:
With sighs and sobs she took her leave,
Away her palfrey sprung.

This news struck Robin to the heart,
He fell down on the grass,
His actions and his troubled mind
Shew'd he perplexed was.

Where lies your grief? quoth Will Scadlòck,
O master, tell to me:
If the damsel's eyes have pierc'd your heart,
I'll fetch her back to thee.

Now nay, now nay, quoth Robin Hood,
She doth not cause my smart;
But 'tis the poor distress'd princess,
That wounds me to the heart:

I will go fight the giants all
To set the lady free.
The devil take my soul, quoth Little John,
If I part with thy company.

Must I stay behind? quoth Will Scadlòck,
No, no, that must not be;
I'le make the third man in the fight.
So we shall be three to three.

These words cheer'd Robin to the heart,
Joy shone within his face,
Within his arms he hugg'd them both,
And kindly did imbrace.

Quoth he, we'll put on mothly gray,
And long staves in our hands,
A scrip and bottle by our sides,
As come from the holy land.

So may we pass along the high-way,
None will ask from whence we came,
But take us pilgrims for to be,
Or else some holy men.

Now they are on their journey gone,
As fast as they may speed,
Yet for all haste, ere they arriv'd,
The princess forth was led,

To be deliver'd to the prince,
Who in the list did stand,
Prepar'd to fight, or else receive
His lady by the hand.

With that he walk'd about the lists,
With giants by his side:
Bring forth, said he, you champions,
Or bring me forth my bride.

This is the four and twentieth day,
The day prefixt upon;
Bring forth my bride, or London burns,
I swear by Acaron.*

* Acaron. This termagant prince seems intended for a sort of Mahometan Pagan; but Arragon, at least the *county* of Arragon, was

Then cries the king, and queen likewise,
Both weeping as they speake,
Lo! we have brought our daughter dear,
Whom we are forc'd to forsake.

With that stept out bold Robin Hood,
Crys, my liege, it must not be so:
Such beauty as the fair princess
Is not for a tyrant's mow.

---

never in the hands of the Moors, and there has been a succession of *Christian Kings* from the year 1034. *Alcoran* is a deity formed by metathesis from *Alcoran*, a book. This conversion is much more ancient than the present ballad. Thus, in the old metrical romance of *The sowdon of Babyloyne*, a MS. in the possession of Dr. Farmer:

"When Laban herde of this myschief,
A sory man was he,
He trumped his men to relefe,
For to cease that tyme mente he,
Mersadage kinge of Barbarye
He did carye to his tente,
And beryed him by right of Sarsenye,
With brennynge fire and rich oynemente;
And songe the *dirige* of ALKARON,
That bibill is of here laye;
And wayled his deth everychon,
Seven nyghtis and seven dayes."

Here *Alkaron* is expressly the name of a BOOK (i. e. the *Koran* or *Alcoran*); in the following passage it is that of a GOD:

"Now shall ye here of Laban;
Whan tidynges to him were comen,
Tho was he a fulle sory man,
Whan he herde how his vitaile were nomen,
And howe his men were slayne,
And Gye was go safe hem froo;
He defyed *Mahounde*, and *Apolyne*,
Jubiter, *Astarot*, and *Alcoran* also."

Wynken de Worde printed "A lytell treatyse of the Turkes law called Alcaron, &c." See Herbert, 224. It was a proper name in the east; as "Accaron princeps insulæ Cypri," is mentioned by Roger de Hoveden, 786.—*Ritson.*

The prince he then began to storm,
Cries, fool, fanatick, baboon!*
How dare you stop my valour's prize?
I'll kill thee with a frown.

Thou tyrant Turk, thou infidel,
Thus Robin began to reply,
Thy frowns I scorn; lo! here's my gage,
And thus I thee defie.

And for those two Goliahs there,
That stand on either side,
Here are two little Davids by,
That soon can tame their pride.

Then did the king for armour send,
For lances, swords, and shields;
And thus all three in armour bright,
Came marching to the field.

The trumpets 'gan to sound a charge,
Each singled out his man;
Their arms in pieces soon were hew'd,
Blood sprang from every vein.

The prince he reacht Robin Hood a blow,
He struck with might and main,
Which forc'd him to reel about the field,
As though he had been slain.

God-a-mercy, quoth Robin, for that blow!
The quarrel shall soon be try'd;

* For *fanatick, baboon!* we should probably read '*frantick*' baboon! —*Ritson.*

This stroke shall shew a full divorce
Betwixt thee and thy bride.

So from his shoulders he's cut his head,
Which on the ground did fall,
And grumbling sore at Robin Hood,
To be so dealt withal.

The giants then began to rage
To see their prince lie dead:
Thou's be the next, quoth little John,
Unless thou well guard thy head.

With that his faulchion he whirl'd about,
It was both keen and sharp;
He clove the giant to the belt,
And cut in twain his heart.

Will Scadlock well had play'd his part,
The giant he had brought to his knee;
Quoth Will, the devil can break his fast,
Unless he have you all three.

So with his faulchion he run him through,
A deep and gashly wound;
Who damn'd and foam'd, curst and blasphem'd,
And then fell to the ground.

Now all the lists with shouts were fill'd,
The skies they did resound
Which brought the princess to herself,
Who had fal'n in a swound.

The king and queen, and princess fair,
Came walking to the place,

And gave the champions many thanks,
And did them further grace.

Tell me, quoth the king, whence you are,
That thus disguised came,
Whose valour speaks that noble blood
Doth run through every vein.

A boon, a boon, quoth Robin Hood,
On my knees I beg and crave;
By my crown, quoth the king, I grant,
Ask what, and thou shalt have.

Then pardon I beg for my merry men,
Which are in the green-wood,
For Little John, and Will Scadlock,
And for me bold Robin Hood.

Art thou Robin Hood? then quoth the king,
For the valour you have shewn,
Your pardons I do freely grant,
And welcome every one,

The princess I promis'd the victor's prize,
She cannot have you all three.
She shall chuse, quoth Robin. Saith Little John,
Then little share falls to me.

Then did the princess view all three,
With a comely lovely grace,
And took Will Scadlock by the hand,
Saying, here I make my choice.

With that a noble lord stept forth,
Of Maxfield earl was he,

Who lookt Will Scadlock in the face,
And wept most bitterly.

Quoth he, I had a son like thee,
Whom I lov'd wondrous well,
But he is gone, or rather dead,
His name it is young Gamwell.

Then did Will Scadlock fall on his knees,
Cries, father! father! here,
Here kneels your son, your young Gamwell,
You said you lov'd so dear.

But, lord! what imbracing and kissing was there,
When all these friends were met!
They are gone to the wedding, and so to bedding:
And so I bid you good night.

London: printed by and for W. O., and to be sold at the booksellers'.

" He leaned his back fast unto a thorn,
And his foot against a stone;
And then he fought a long summer's day,
A summer's day so long."

THE JOLLY PINDER OF WAKEFIELD,

WITH ROBIN HOOD, SCARLET, AND JOHN.

From an old black-letter copy, in A. à Wood's collection, compared with two other copies in the British Museum, one in black-letter. It should be sung "To an excellent tune," which has not been recovered.

Several lines of this ballad are quoted in the two old plays of the "Downfall" and "Death of Robert earle of Huntington," 1601, 4to. b. l. but acted many years before. It is also alluded to in Shakspere's "Merry Wives of Windsor, act i, scene 1, and again, in his second part of king Hen. IV, act v, scene 3. In 1557 certain "ballets" are entered on the books of the Stationers' Company "to John Wallye and Mrs. Toye," one of which is entitled "Of Wakefylde and a greene;" meaning apparently the ballad here reprinted.

XIII.

THE JOLLY PINDER OF WAKEFIELD.

In Wakefield there lives a jolly pindèr,*
In Wakefield all on a green,
In Wakefield all on a green;
There is neither knight nor squire, said the pindèr,
Nor baron that is so bold,
Nor baron that is so bold,
Dare make a trespàss to the town of Wakefield,
But his pledge goes to the pinfold, &c.

All this beheard three wighty yeomèn,†
'Twas Robin Hood, Scarlet, and John;‡
With that they espy'd the jolly pindèr,
As he sat under a thorn.

Now turn again, turn again, said the pindèr,
For a wrong way you have gone;
For you have forsaken the king's highway,
And made a path over the corn.

---

* Formerly written pinner, i.e. one who takes care of cattle in the pound. "Pynner or empounder of cattel;" Inclusor.—Howlett's "Abecedarium."—*Douce.*

† In an edition among the Roxburgh ballads, the Editor finds "wight yeomen," instead of witty young men; a far preferable reading; wight, being the Saxon for active, swift, "of hem that ben deliver and wight."—*Conf. Am.* 177 b.

‡ In Shakspere's Henry IV, part ii, the concluding line, before the command "to carry Master Silence to bed," Falstaff hums a scrap taken from this ballad.

O that were a shame, said jolly Robin,
We being three, and thou but one.
The pinder leapt back then thirty good foot,
'Twas thirty good foot and one.

He leaned his back fast unto a thorn,
And his foot against a stone,
And there he fought a long summer's day,
A summer's day so long,
Till that their swords on their broad bucklèrs,
Were broke fast into their hands.

Hold thy hand, hold thy hand, said bold Robin Hood,
And my merry men stand aside;
For this is one of the best pindèrs,*
That with sword ever I tryed.

And wilt thou forsake thy pinder's craft,
And go to the greenwood with me?
Thou shalt have a livery twice in the year,
Th' one greene, 'tither brown shall be.†

Then I'le take my blew blade all in my hand,
And plod to the green-wood with thee.
Hast thou either meat or drink, said Robin Hood,
For my merry men and me?

* This is the reading in one black-letter copy that has come under the Editor's notice, instead of

"For this is one of the best pinders
That ever I tried with sword."

† In the black-letter ballad last alluded to, these lines are certainly an improvement upon the following in Ritson's edition:—

"At Michaelmas next my cov'nant comes out,
When every man gathers his fee."

I have both bread and beef, said the pindèr,
And good ale of the best.
And that is meat good enough, said Robin Hood,
For such unbidden guest.

O wilt thou forsake the pindèr his craft,
And go to the green-wood with me;
Thou shalt have a livery twice in the year,
The one green, the other brown.

If Michaelmas day was come and gone,
And my master had paid me my fee,
Then would I set as little by him,
As my master doth by me.

Hunting Dresses, Fifteenth Century.—Harleian MSS. 4431.

ROBIN HOOD AND THE BISHOP.

Shewing how Robin Hood went to an old woman's house and changed cloaths with her to scape from the bishop; and how he robbed the bishop of all his gold, and made him sing a mass. To the tune of Robin Hood and the Stranger. From an old black-letter copy in the collection of Anthony à Wood.—*Ritson.*

Compared by the Editor with one in the Roxburgh Collection.

XIV.

ROBIN HOOD AND THE BISHOP.

COME, gentlemen all, and listen awhile,
Hey down, down, an a down,
And a story Ile to you unfold;
Ile tell you how Robin Hood served the bishop,
When he robb'd him of his gold.

As it fell out on a sun-shining day,
When Phœbus was in his prime,
Bold Robin Hood, that archer good,
In mirth would spend some time.

And as he walk'd the forrest along,
Some pastime for to spy,
There was he aware of a proud bishòp,
And all his company.

O what shall I do, said Robin Hood then,
If the bishop he doth take me?
No mercy he'l show unto me, I know,
But hangèd I shall be.

Then Robin was stout, and turn'd him about,
And a little house there did he spy;
And to an old wife, to save his life,
He aloud began to cry.

Why, who art thou? said the old womàn,
Come tell it to me for good.
I am an out-law, as many do know,
My name it is Robin Hood:

And yonder's the bishop and all his men,
And if that I taken be,
Then day and night he'l work my spight,
And hangèd I shall be.

If thou be Robin Hood, said the old womàn,
As thou dost seem to be,
I'le for thee provide, and thee I will hide,
From the bishop and his company.

For I remember one Saturday night,
Thou brought me both shoes and hose;
Therefore I'le provide thy person to hide,
And keep thee from thy foes.

Then give me soon thy coat of grey,
And take thou my mantle of green;
Thy spindle and twine unto me resign,
And take thou my arrows so keen.

And when Robin Hood was thus arraid,
He went straight to his company,
With his spindle and twine, he oft lookt behind
For the bishop and his company.

O who is yonder, quoth Little John,
That now comes over the lee?
An arrow at her I will let flie,
So like an old witch looks she.

O hold thy hand, hold thy hand, said Robin Hood then,
And shoot not thy arrows so keen;
I am Robin Hood, thy master good,
And quickly it shall be seen.

The bishop he came to the old woman's house,
And called with furious mood,
Come let me soon see, and bring unto me
That traytor Robin Hood.

The old woman he set on a milk-white steed,
Himselfe on a dapple gray;
And for joy he had got Robin Hood,
He went laughing all the way.

But as they were riding the forrest along,
The bishop he chanc'd for to see
A hundred brave bowmen bold,
Stand under the green-wood tree.

O who is yonder, the bishop then said,
That's ranging within yonder wood?
Marry, says the old woman, I think it to be
A man call'd Robin Hood.

Why, who art thou, the bishop he said,
Which I have here with me?
Why, I am an old woman, thou cuckoldy bishop,
Lift up my leg and see.

Then woe is me, the bishop he said,
That ever I saw this day!
He turn'd him about, but Robin Hood stood,
Call'd to him, and bid him stay.

Then Robin took hold of the bishop's horse,
And ty'd him fast to a tree;
Then Little John smil'd his master upon,
For joy of this company.

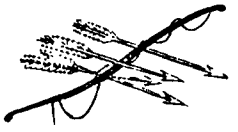
Robin Hood took his mantle from 's back,
And spread it upon the ground,
And out of the bishop's portmantle he
Soon told five hundred pound.

Now let him go, said Robin Hood;
Said Little John, that may not be;
For I vow and protest he shall sing us a mass,
Before that he goe from me.

Then Robin Hood took the bishop by the hand,
And bound him fast to a tree,
And made him sing a mass, God wot,
To him and his yeomandry.

And then they brought him through the wood,
And set him on his dapple gray,
And gave him the tail within his hand,
And bade him for Robin Hood pray.

London: printed by and for W. O., and are to be sold by the booksellers of Pye Corner and London Bridge.



ROBIN HOOD AND THE BUTCHER.

From an old black-letter copy in the collection of Anthony à Wood. The tune is, "Robin Hood and the Beggar." A copy of this Ballad is also in the Royal Collection in the British Museum.

XV.

ROBIN HOOD AND THE BUTCHER.

COME, all you brave gallants, and listen awhile,
With hey down, down, an a down,
That are in this bower within;
For of Robin Hood, that archer good,
A song I intend to sing.

Upon a time it chancèd so,
Bold Robin in the forrest did 'spy,
A jolly butchèr, with a bonny fine mare,
With his flesh to the market did hye.

Good morrow, good fellow, said jolly Robin,
What food hast thou, tell unto me?
Thy trade to me tell, and where thou dost dwell,
For I like well thy company.

The butcher he answer'd jolly Robin,
No matter where I dwell;
For a butcher I am, and to Nottinghàm
I am going, my flesh to sell.

What's the price of thy flesh? said jolly Robin,
Come tell it soon unto me;
And the price of thy mare, be she never so dear,
For a butcher fain would I be.

The price of my flesh, the butcher reply'd,
I soon will tell unto thee;
With my bonny mare, and they are not dear,
Four mark thou must give unto me.

Four mark I will give thee, saith jolly Robin,
Four mark it shall be thy fee;
The money come count, and let me mount,
For a butcher I fain would be.

Now Robin he is to Nottingham gone,
His butcher's trade to begin;
With good intent to the sheriff he went,
And there he took up his inne.

When other butchers did open their meat,
Bold Robin he then begun;
But how for to sell he knew not well,
For a butcher he was but young.

When other butchers no meat could sell
Robin got both gold and fee;
For he sold more meat for one peny
Than others could do for three.

But when he sold his meat so fast,
No butcher by him could thrive;
For he sold more meat for one peny
Than others could do for five.

Which made the butchers of Nottingham
To study as they did stand,
Saying, surely he was some prodigal,
That hath sold his father's land.

The butchers stepp'd to jolly Robin,
Acquainted with him for to be;
Come, brother, one said, we be all of one trade,
Come, will you go dine with me?

Accurst of his heart, said jolly Robin,
That a butcher will deny;
I will go with you, my brethren true,
And as fast as I can hie.

But when to the sheriff's house they came,
To dinner they hied apace,
And Robin Hood he the man must be
Before them all to say grace.

Pray God bless us all, said jolly Robin,
And our meat within this place;
A cup of sack so good will nourish our blood:
And so do I end my grace.

Come fill us more wine, said jolly Robin,
Let us be merry while we do stay;
For wine and good cheer, be it never so dear,
I vow I the reck'ning will pay.

Come, brothers, be merry, said jolly Robin,
Let us drink, and never give ore;
For the shot I will pay, ere I go my way,
If it cost mè five pounds and móre.

This is a mad blade, the butchers then said,
Saies the sheriff, he is some prodigàl,
That some land hath sold for silver and gold,
And now he doth mean to spend all.

Hast thou any horn beasts, the sheriff repli'd,
Good fellow, to sell unto me;
"Yes, that I have, good master sheriff,
I have hundreds two or three,

And a hundred aker of good free land,
If you please it to see:
And Ile make you as good assurance of it,
As ever my father made me."

The sheriff he saddled his good palfrèy,
And, with three hundred pound in gold,
Away he went with bold Robin Hood,
His horned beasts to behold.

Away then the sheriff and Robin did ride,
To the forrest of merry Sherwood,
Then the sheriff did say, God bless us this day,
From a man they call Robin Hood!

But when a little farther they came,
Bold Robin he chancèd to spy
A hundred head of good red deer,
Come tripping the sheriff full nigh.

"How like you my horn'd beasts, good master sheriff?
They be fat and fair for to see."
"I tell thee, good fellow, I would I were gone,
For I like not thy company."

Then Robin set his horn to his mouth,
And blew but blasts three;
Then quickly anon there came Little John,
And all his company.

What is your will, master? then said Little John,
Good master come tell unto me;
"I have brought hither the sheriff of Nottingham
This day to dine with thee."

He is welcome to me, then said Little John,
I hope he will honestly pay;
I know he has gold, if it be but well told,
Will serve us to drink a whole day.

Then Robin took his mantle from his back,
And laid it upon the ground:
And out of the sheriff's portmantle
He told three hundred pound.

Then Robin brought him through the wood,
And set him on his dapple gray;
"O have me commended to your wife at home:"
So Robin went laughing away.

ROBIN HOOD'S RESCUING WILL STUTLY.

From an old black-letter copy in the collection of Anthony à Wood. The full title is: "Robin Hood his rescuing Will Stutly from the sheriff and his men, who had taken him prisoner, and was going to hang him. To the tune of Robin Hood and Queen Katherine." Compared with the Roxburgh copy by the Editor.

XVI.

ROBIN HOOD'S RESCUING WILL STUTLY.

When Robin Hood in the green wood liv'd,
Derry, derry down,
Under the green wood tree,
Tidings there came to him with speed,
Tidings for certainty.
Hey down, derry, derry, down.

That Will Stutly surprised was,
And eke in prison lay;
Three varlets that the sheriff had hired,
Did likely him betray;

Aye, and to-morrow hanged must be,
To-morrow as soon as it is day;
Before they could this victory get,
Two of them would Stutly slay.

When Robin Hood he heard this news,
Lord! it did grieve him sore;
And to his merry men he said,
(Who altogether swore)

That Will Stutly should rescued be,
And be brought back again;
Or else should many a gallant wight
For his sake there be slain.

He cloathed himself in scarlet then,
His men were all in green;
A finer shew, throughout the world,
In no place could be seen.

Good lord! it was a gallant sight
To see them all on a row;
With every man a good broad sword,
And eke a good yew bow.

Forth of the green wood are they gone,
Yea all courageously,
Resolving to bring Stutly home,
Or every man to die.

And when they came to the castle neer,
Whereas Will Stutly lay,
I hold it good, saith Robin Hood,
We here in ambush stay,

And send one forth some news to hear,
To yonder palmer* fair,
That stands under the castle wall,
Some news he may declare.

With that steps forth a brave young man,
Which was of courage bold,
Thus he did say to the old man,
I pray thee, palmer old,

Tell me, if that thou rightly ken,
When must Will Stutly die,
Who is one of bold Robin's men,
And here doth prisoner lie?

Alack! alass! the palmer said,
And for ever wo is me!
Will Stutly hanged will be this day,
On yonder gallows tree.

O had his noble master known,
He would some succour send;
A few of his bold yeomandree
Full soon would fetch him hence.

* A *palmer* was, properly, a pilgrim who had visited the Holy Land, from the palm-branch or cross which he bore as a sign of such visitation: but it is probable that the distinction between *palmers* and other *pilgrims* was never much attended to in this country. (See "Robin Hood and the Stranger," first stanza, p. 73.) The palmer in the text seems to be no more than a common beggar.

Ay, that is true, the young man said;
Ay, that is true, said he;
Or, if they were near this place,
They soon would set him free.

But fare thou well, thou good old man,
Farewell, and thanks to thee;
If Stutly hanged be this day,
Reveng'd his death will be.

No sooner hee was from the palmer gone,
But the gates were open'd wide,
And out of the castle Will Stutly came,
Guarded on every side.

When hee was forth of the castle come,
And saw no help was nigh,
Thus he did say unto the sheriff,
Thus he said gallantly:

Now seeing that I needs must die,
Grant me one boon, said he,
For my noble master nere had a man,
That yet was hang'd on tree.

Give me a sword all in my hand,
And let mee be unbound,
And with thee and thy men Ile fight,
Till I lie dead on the ground.

But this desire he would not grant,
His wishes were in vain;
For the sheriff swore he hanged should be,
And not by the sword be slain.

Do but unbind my hands, he saies,
I will no weapons crave,
And if I hanged be this day,
Damnation let me have.

O no, O no, the sheriff said,
Thou shalt on the gallows die,
Ay, and so shall thy master too,
If ever in me it lie.

O, dastard coward! Stutly cries,
Faint-hearted pesant slave!
If ever my master do thee meet,
Thou shalt thy paiment have.

My noble master thee doth scorn,
And all thy cowardly crew;
Such silly imps unable are
Bold Robin to subdue.

But when he was to the gallows come,
And ready to bid adiew,
Out of a bush leaps Little John,
And goes Will Stutly to:

"I pray thee, Will, before thou die,
Of thy dear friends take leave;
I needs must borrow him a while,
How say you, master shrieve?"

Now, as I live, the sheriff said,
That varlet will I know;
Some sturdy rebell is that same,
Therefore let him not go.

Then Little John most hastily
Away cut Stutly's bands,
And from one of the sheriffs men,
A sword twicht from his hands.

"Here, Will Stutly, take this same,
Thou canst it better sway;
And here defend thyself awhile,
For aid will come straightway."

And there they turned them back to back,
In the midst of them that day,
Till Robin Hood approached near,
With many an archer gay.

With that an arrow from them flew,
I wist from Robin Hood;
Make haste, make haste, the sheriff he said,
Make haste, for it is not good.

The sheriff is gon; his doughty men
Thought it no boot to stay,
But as their master had them taught,
They run full fast away.

O stay, O stay, Will Stutly said,
Take leave ere you depart;
You neere will catch bold Robin Hood,
Unless you dare him meet.

O ill betide you, quoth Robin Hood,
That you so soon are gone;
My sword may in the scabbard rest,
For here our work is done.

I little thought, Will Stutly said,
When I came to this place,
For to have met with Little John,
Or seen my master's face.

Thus Stutly was at liberty set,
And safe brought from his foe:
"O thanks, O thanks to my master,
Since here it was not so.

And once again, my fellows dear,
We shall in the green woods meet,
Where we shall make our bow-strings twang
Musick for us most sweet."
Hey down, &c.

ROBIN HOOD AND THE BEGGAR:

Shewing how Robin Hood and the Beggar fought, and how he changed cloaths with the Beggar, and how he went a begging to Nottingham: and how he saved three brethren from being hang'd for stealing of the king's deer. To the tune of Robin Hood and the Stranger.

From an old black-letter copy in the collection of Anthony à Wood, compared with the Roxburgh copy.

The Editor was unwilling to add any more to the sixteen ballads which composed the first edition of the garland, by the insertion of another version of Robin Hood and the Beggar, which appears in the first volume of Ritson, and which will be found in a subsequent page of this volume.

XVII.

ROBIN HOOD AND THE BEGGAR.

COME light and listen, you gentlemen all,
Hey down, down, an a down,
That mirth do love for to hear,
And a story true Ile tell unto you,
If that you will but draw near.

In elder times, when merriment was,
And archery was holden good,
There was an outlàw as many did know,
Which men called Robin Hood.

Upon a time it chanced so,
Bold Robin was merry dispos'd,
His time to spend he did intend,
Either with friend or foe.

Then he got upon a gallant fine steed,
The which was worth angels* ten,
With a mantle of green, most brave to be seen,
He left all his merry men.

And riding towards Nottingham,
Some pastime for to 'spy,
There was he aware of a jolly beggàr,
As ere he beheld with his eye.

* Pieces of gold coin, value ten shillings.

An old patch'd coat the beggar had on,
Which he daily did use to wear;
And many a bag about him did wag,
Which made Robin to him repair.

God speed, God speed, said Robin Hood,
What countryman? tell unto me.
"I am Yorkshire, sir, but ere you go far,
Some charity give unto me."

Why, what wouldst thou have? said Robin Hood,
I pray thee tell unto me.
No lands nor livings, the beggar he said,
But a penny for charitie.

I have no money, said Robin Hood then,
But a ranger within the wood;
I am an outlaw, as many do know,
My name it is Robin Hood.

But yet I must tell thee, bonny beggar,
That a bout with thee I must try;
Thy coat of gray, lay down I say,
And my mantle of green shall lye by.

Content, content, the beggar he cry'd,
Thy part it will be the worse;
For I hope this bout to give thee the rout,
And then have at thy purse.

The beggar he had a mickle long staffe,
Robin had a nut-brown sword;
So the beggar drew nigh, and at Robin let fly,
But gave him never a word.

Fight on, fight on, said Robin Hood then,
This game well pleaseth me.
For every blow Robin then did give,
The beggar gave buffets three.

And fighting there full hard and sore,
Not far from Nottingham town,
They never fled, till from Robin Hood's head
The blood came trickling down.

O, hold thy hand, said Robin Hood then,
And thou and I will agree.
If that be true, the beggar he said,
Thy mantle come give unto me.

Nay, a change, a change, cried Robin Hood,
Thy bags and coat give me;
And this mantle of mine Ile to thee resign,
My horse and my braverye.

When Robin had got the beggar's cloaths,
He lookèd round about;
Methinks, said he, I seem to be
A beggar brave and stout.*

For now I have a bag for my bread,
So have I another for corn;
I have one for salt, and another for malt,
And one for my little horn.

---

* The epithet in the old statutes that relates to beggars, was "valiant." I believe the earliest instance is in 23 Edw. III. ch. 1, while in the original latin it is "validi."—*Douce.*

And now I will a begging goe,
Some charitie for to find.
And if any more of Robin you'll know,
In the second part it's behind.

[THE SECOND PART.]

Now Robin he is to Nottingham gone,
Hey down, down, an a down,
With his bag hanging down to his knee,
His staff, and his coat, scarce worth a groat,
Yet merrilie passed he.

As Robin he pass'd the streets along,
He heard a pittiful cry;
Three brethren dear, as he did hear,
Condemned were to dye.

Then Robin he highed to the sheriffs,
Some reliefe for to seek;
He skipt, and he leapt, and caper'd full high,
As he went along the street.

But when to the sheriff's doore he came,
He met a gentleman fine and brave,
Thou beggar, said he, come tell unto me
What is it thou wouldest have.

No meat, nor drink, said Robin Hood then,
That I come here to crave;
But to get the lives of young men three,
And that I fain would have.

That cannot be, thou bold beggàr,
Their fact it is so clear;
I tell to thee, they hang'd must be,
For stealing of the king's deer.

But when to the gallows they did come,
There was many a weeping eye:
O, hold your peace, said Robin Hood then,
For certainly they shall not dye.

Then Robin he set his horn to his mouth,
And he blew out blastes three,
Till a hundred bold archers brave
Came kneeling down to his knee.

What is your will, mastèr? they said,
We are here at your command.
Shoot east, shoot west, said Robin Hood then,
And see you spare no man.

Then they shot east, then they shot west,
Their arrows were so keen;
The sheriffe he, and his companie,
No longer must be seen.

Then he stept to those brethren three,
And away he has them ta'ne;
The sheriffe was crost, and many a man lost,
That dead lay on the plain.

And away they went into the merry green wood,
And sung with a merry glee;
Then Robin Hood took these brethren good
To be of his yeomandrie.

London:
Printed for F. Coles, T. Vere, and J. Wright.

Robin Hood's Cap. Throsby's Nottinghamshire.

ROBIN HOOD AND QUEEN KATHERINE.

From an old black-letter copy in a private collection, compared with another in that of Anthony à Wood. The full title is: "Renowned Robin Hood; or, his famous archery truly related in the worthy exploits he acted before queen Katherine, he being an outlaw man; and how he obtained his own and his fellows pardon. To a new tune."

It is scarcely worth observing that there was no queen consort named Katherine before Henry the Fifth's time: but as Henry the Eighth had no less than three wives so called, the name would be sufficiently familiar to our ballad-maker.—*Ritson.* The copy in the Roxburgh Collection, with which this has been compared, is divided into two parts, the second commencing with the 75th stanza, "What is the wager? said the Queen;" and from this copy the editor has made several emendations or corrections.

XVIII.

ROBIN HOOD AND QUEEN KATHERINE.

Gold tane from the kings harbengers,
Downe, a downe, a downe,
As seldome hath beene seene,
Downe, a downe, a downe,
And carried by bold Robin Hood
For a present to the queene,
Downe, a downe, a downe.

If that I live a yeare to an end,
Thus did queene Katherine say,
Bold Robin Hood, I will be thy friend,
And all thy yeomen gay.

The queene is to her chamber gone,
As fast as she can wen;
She calls unto her lovely page,
His name was Richard Patrington.

Come thou hither to mee, thou lovely page.
Come thou hither to mee;
For thou must post to Nottingham,
As fast as thou can dree;

And as thou goest to Nottingham,
Search all the English wood,
Enquire of one good yeoman or another,
That can tell thee of Robin Hood.

Sometimes he went, sometimes he ran,
As fast as he could win;
And when he came to Nottingham,
There he tooke up his inn.

And when he came to Nottingham,
And had tooke up his inne,
He calls for a pottle of Rhenish wine,
And dranke a health to his queene.

There sate a yeoman by his side,
Tell mee, sweet page, tell me,
What is thy businesse and thy cause,
So far in the north countrey?

This is my businesse and the cause,
Sir, I'le tell it you for good,
To enquire of one good yeoman or another,
To tell mee of Robin Hood.

I'le get my horse betimes in the morne,
Be it by break of day,
And I will shew thee bold Robin Hood,
And all his yeomen gay.

When that he came at Robin Hood's place,
He fell down on his knee;
"Queen Katherine she doth greet you well,
She greets you well by me;

She bids you post to fair London court,
Not fearing any thing:
For there shall be a little sport,
And she hath sent you her ring."

Robin Hood tooke his mantle from his back,
It was of the Lincolne greene,
And sent it by this lovely page,
For a present unto the queene.

In summer time, when leaves grow green,
'Twas a seemely sight to see,
How Robin Hood himselfe had drest,
And all his yeomandry.

He clothed his men in Lincolne greene,
And himselfe in scarlet red;
Black hats, white feathers, all alike,
Now bold Robin Hood is rid:

And when he came at London's court,
He fell downe on his knee.
Thou art welcome, Locksly, said the queen,
And all thy good yeomandree.

The king is into Finsbury field,*
Marching in battle ray,†

* Ground near Moorfields, London, famous in old times for the archery practised there. "In the year 1498," says Stow, "all the gardens which had continued time out of minde, without Mooregate, to wit, about and beyond the lordship of Fensberry, were destroyed. And of them was made a plaine field for archers to shoote in." Survay of London, 1598, p. 351. See also p. 77, where it is observed that "about the feast of S. Bartlemew ... the officers of the city ... were challengers of all men in the suburbes, ... before the lord maior, aldermen, and sheriffes, in FENSBERY FIELDE, to shoote the standarde, broade arrow, and flight, for games." There is a tract entitled, "Ayme for Finsburie archers, or an alphabetical table of the names of every marke within the same fields, with the true distances, both

And after follows bold Robin Hood,
And all his yeomen gay.

Come hither, Tepus, said the king,
Bow-bearer after me;
Come measure me out with this line,
How long our mark must be.

[THE SECOND PART.]

What is the wager? said the queene,
That must I now know here.
"Three hundred tun of Rhenish wine,
Three hundred tun of beere;

---

by the map, and dimensuration with the line. Published for the ease of the skilfull, and behoofe of the yoonge beginners in the famous excercise of archerie, by J. J. and E. B. To be sold at the signe of the Swan in Grub-street, by F. Sergeant, 1594. 16mo. Republished by R. F. 1604; and again by James Partridge, 1628. 12mo.

The practice of shooting here is alluded to by Cotton, in his *Virgile travestie*; (*b.* iv.) 1667:

> "And arrows loos'd from Grub-street bow,
> "In FINSBURY, to him are slow;"

and is said to have continued till within the memory of persons now living. These famous archers are also mentioned by Ben Jonson, in *Every man in his humour* (act i, scene 1): "Because I dwell at Hogsden, I shall keep company with none but *the archers of Finsbury*."

† *Battle ray*, Battle array. The same expression occurs in "The tragicall history of Didaco and Violenta," 1567:

> "To traverse forth his grounde, to place
> His troupes *in batayle ray*."

Three hundred of the fattest harts
That run on Dallom lee."
That's a princely wager, said the king,
That needs must I tell thee.

With that bespake one Clifton then,
Full quickly and full soone:
Measure no markes for us, most soveraigne liege,
Wee'l shoot at sun and moone.

"Ful fifteene score your marke shall be,
Ful fifteene score shall stand."
I'll lay my bow, said Clifton then,
I'll cleave the willow wand.

With that the king's archers led about,
While it was three, or none;
With that the ladies began to shout,
"Madam, your game is gone."

A boone, a boone, queen Katherine cries,
I crave it on my bare knee;
Is there any knight of your privy counsèl
Of queen Katherine's part will be?

Come hither to mee, sir Richard Lee,
Thou art a knight full good;
For I do knowe by thy pedigree
Thou sprung'st from Gower's blood.

Come hither to me, thou bishop of Hereford:
For a noble priest was hee.
By my silver miter, said the bishop then,
Ile not bet one peny.

The king hath archers of his own,
Full ready and full right,
And these be strangers every one,
No man knowes what they hight.

What wilt thou bet? said Robin Hood,
Thou seest our game the worse.
By my silver miter, said the bishop then,
All the money within my purse.

What is in thy purse? said Robin Hood,
Throw it downe on the ground.
Fifteen score nobles, said the bishop then;
It's neere an hundred pound.

Robin Hood took his bagge from his side,
And threw it downe on the greene;
William Scadlocke then went smiling away,
"I know who this money must win."

With that the king's archers led about,
While it was three and three;
With that the ladies gave a shout,
"Woodcock, beware thy knee!"

It is three and three, now, said the king,
The next three pay for all.
Robin Hood went and whisper'd the queen,
The king's part shall be but small.

Robin Hood hee led about,
Hee shot it under hand;
And Clifton with a bearing arrow,
Hee clave the willow wand.

And little Midge, the miller's son,
  He shot not much the worse;
He shot within a finger of the prick:
  "Now, bishop, beware thy purse!"

A boone, a boone, queen Katherine cries,
  I crave that on my bare knee,
That you will angry be with none
  That are of my partie.

They shall have forty daies to come,
  And forty daies to goe,
And three times forty to sport and play;
  Then welcome friend or foe.

Thou art welcome, Robin Hood, said the queene,
  And so is Little John,
And so is Midge, the miller's son;
  Thrice welcome every one.

Is this Robin Hood? now said the king;
  For it was told to me
That he was slain in the palace gates,
  So far in the north country.

Is this Robin Hood? quoth the bishop then,
  As I see well to be:
Had I knowne that had been that bold outlàw,
  I would not have bet one peny.

Hee tooke me late one Saturday night,
  And bound me fast to a tree,
And made me sing a masse, God wot,
  To him and his yeomandree.

What, an if I did, saies Robin Hood,
Of that masse I was faine;
For recompence to thee, he saies,
Here's halfe thy gold againe.

Now nay, now nay, saies Little John,
Master, that shall not be;
We must give gifts to the king's officèrs;
That gold will serve thee and mee.

Printed at London, for Francis Grove.

Original Cut of Ballad

ROBIN HOOD AND THE TANNER;

OR, ROBIN HOOD MET WITH HIS MATCH.

A merry and pleasant song relating the gallant and fierce combate fought between Arthur Bland, a tanner of Nottingham, and Robin Hood, the greatest and most noblest archer of England. Tune is, Robin Hood and the Stranger. From an old black-letter copy in the collection of Anthony à Wood.

THERE is an excellent ballad in "Percy's Reliques," vol. ii. p. 91, called "King Edward the Fourth and the Tanner of Tamworth"; in which allusion is made to some of the localities in the Robin Hood ballads, but not sufficient to constitute, as the Editor conceives, a right of admission into this collection. The tale and incidents are totally distinct from this ballad of Robin Hood and the Tanner of Nottingham.

XIX.

ROBIN HOOD AND THE TANNER.

In Nottingham there lives a jolly tannèr,
With a hey down, down, a down, down,
His name is Arthur-a-Bland;*
There is nere a squire in Nottinghamshire
Dare bid bold Arthur stand.

With a long pike-staff upon his shouldèr,
So well he can clear his way;
By two and by three he makes them to flee,
For he hath no list to stay.

And as he went forth, in a summer's morning,
Into the forrest of merry Sherwood,
To view the red deer, that range here and there,
There met he with bold Robin Hood.

* Arthur-a-Bland, the tanner of Nottingham, says one of our ballad commentators, was a wild unsettled lad, and loved the hide better when rough and warm on the bull's back, than in his own tan pit, and in a fair way of becoming soles and uppers for boots and shoes. In his day there was no settled work for a tanner; husbandmen tanned the leather of their own shoes and horse furniture in a way which science would scorn now, but tough withal and wearable; and this, perhaps, induced honest Arthur to think more of Barnesdale Wood and his cousin Little John than of toiling with raw hides in an unsavoury solution of oak bark and ditch water. In this unsettled state of mind, and with a reputation for a broil, he walked into the forest prepared alike for mischief or mirth, careless whether he met with a dun-deer or an armed outlaw. In colours suited to his character the ballad writer has admirably sketched him.

As soon as bold Robin did him espy,
He thought some sport he would make,
Therefore out of hand he bid him to stand,
And thus to him he spake:

Why, what art thou, thou bold fellòw,
That ranges so boldly here?
In sooth, to be brief, thou lookst like a thief,
That comes to steal our king's deer.

For I am a keeper in this forrest,
The king puts me in trust
To look to his deer, that range here and there;
Therefore stay thee I must.

"If thou beest a keeper in this forrest,
And hast such a great command,
Yet thou must have more partakers* in store,
Before thou make me to stand."

"Nay, I have no more partakers in store,
Or any that I do not need;
But I have a staff of another oke graff,†
I know it will do the deed.

For thy sword and thy bow I care not a straw,
Nor all thine arrows to boot;
If I get a knop‡ upon the bare scop,§
Thou canst as well—as shoote."

---

* Assistants, persons to take thy part.

† Oak-branch or sapling.

‡ The knob, the top or end of a stick; thence applied to a blow with a stick.

§ Scalp, pate.

Speak cleanly, good fellow, said jolly Robin,
And give better terms to me;
Else I'le thee correct for thy neglect,
And make thee more mannerly.

Marry gep with a wenion!* quod Arthur-a-Bland,
Art thou such a goodly man?
I care not a fig for thy looking so big,
Mend thou thyself where thou can.

Then Robin Hood he unbuckled his belt,
And laid down his bow so long;
He took up a staff of another oke graff,
That was both stiff and strong.

---

* *Marry gep with a wenion.* [Mr. Ritson has left this exclamation as a query, nor can we satisfactorily explain it. *Marry* is the corruption of the oath "By St. Mary;" of *gep*, we know not the meaning: it may be a contraction of *go up*, or *get up*, which appears not unlikely, as *Marry come up* has been a common exclamation, and continues yet in use; and both phrases are equivalent to Away! Out with you! still familiar terms. *Wenion*, or *wanion* as it is more commonly written, is not to be found in any of the old dictionaries, and its exact meaning is uncertain: it seems to be derived either from the Anglo-Saxon *wanung*, detriment, or *wanian*, to deplore, to decrease, to fall away, and to be equivalent to harm, evil or sorrow; and the whole phrase to resolve itself into a hearty curse.—

"With a wannion." A kind of execration. It occurs in several old plays:—

"Look how thou stirrest now; come away, or
I'll fetch thee with a *wannion.—Pericles.*

"Where'er he puts his head with a *wannion* a cuckold is,
If his horns be forth, the devil's companion."—*B. Jonson's Devil is an Ass.*

"Is here any work for Grace, *with a wannion* to her."
Davenport's City Nightcap

I'le yield to thy weapon, said jolly Robin,
Since thou wilt not yield to mine;
For I have a staff of another oke graff,
Not half a foot longer then thine.

But let me measure, said jolly Robin,
Before we begin our fray;
For I'le not have mine to be longer than thine,
For that will be counted foul play.

I pass not for length, bold Arthur reply'd,
My staff is of oke so free;
Eight foot and a half, it will knock down a calf,
And I hope it will knock down thee.

Then Robin could no longer forbear,
He gave him such a knock,
Quickly and soon the blood came down,
Before it was ten a clock.

Then Arthur he soon recover'd himself,
And gave him such a knock on the crown,
That from every side of bold Robin Hood's head,
The blood came trickling down.

Then Robin raged like a wild boar,
As soon as he saw his own blood:
Then Bland was in hast he laid on so fast,
As though he had been cleaving of wood.

And about, and about, and about they went,
Like two wild bores in a chase;
Striving to aim each other to maim,
Leg, arm, or any other place.

And knock for knock they lustily dealt,
Which held for two hours and more;
That all the wood rang at every bang,
They ply'd their work so sore.

Hold thy hand, hold thy hand, said Robin Hood,
And let thy quarrel fall;
For here we may thrash our bones all to mesh,
And get no coyn at all:

And in the forrest of merry Sherwood
Hereafter thou shalt be free.
"God-a-mercy for nought, my freedom I bought,
I may thank my staff, and not thee."

What tradesman art thou? said jolly Robin,
Good fellow, I prethee me show:
And also me tell, in what place thou dost dwell?
For both of these fain would I know.

I am a tanner, bold Arthur reply'd,
In Nottingham long have I wrought;
And if thou'lt come there, I vow and swear,
I will tan thy hide for nought.

God-a-mercy, good fellow, said jolly Robin,
Since thou art so kind and free;
And if thou wilt tan my hide for nought,
I will do as much for thee.

And if thou'lt forsake thy tanner's trade,
And live in the green wood with me,
My name's Robin Hood, I swear by the rood,
I will give thee both gold and fee.

If thou be Robin Hood, bold Arthur reply'd,
As I think well thou art,
Then here's my hand, my name's Arthur-a-Bland,
We two will never depart.*

But tell me, O tell me, where is Little John?
Of him fain would I hear;
For we are alide by the mother's side,
And he is my kinsman dear.

Then Robin Hood blew on the beaugle horn,
He blew full lowd and shrill;
And quickly anon appear'd Little John,
Come tripping down a green hill;

O what is the matter? then said Little John,
Master, I pray you tell:
Why do you stand with your staff in your hand,
I fear all is not well.

"O man I do stand, and he makes me to stand,
The tanner that stands thee beside;
He is a bonny blade, and master of his trade,
For soundly he hath tann'd my hide."

He is to be commended, then said Little John,
If such a feat he can do;
If he be so stout, we will have a bout,
And he shall tan my hide too.

Hold thy hand, hold thy hand, said Robin Hood,
For as I do understand,

* Part *from* each other, separate.

He's a yeoman good of thine own blood,
For his name is Arthur-a-Bland.

Then Little John threw his staff away,
As far as he could it fling,
And ran out of hand to Arthur-a-Bland,
And about his neck did cling.

With loving respect, there was no neglect,
They were neither nice nor coy,
Each other did face with a lovely grace,
And both did weep for joy.

Then Robin Hood took them both by the hands,
And danc'd round about the oke tree:
"For three merry men, and three merry men,
And three merry men we be:

And ever hereafter as long as we live,
We three will be as one;
The wood it shall ring, and the old wife sing,
Of Robin Hood, Arthur, and John."

Fragment of Robin Hood's Chair Thoresby's Nottinghamshire

ROBIN HOOD AND THE CURTALL FRYER.

From an old black-letter copy in the collection of Anthony à Wood: corrected by a much earlier one in the Pepysian library, printed by H. Gosson, about the year 1610; compared with a later one in the same collection. The full title is: "The famous battell betweene Robin Hood and the Curtall Fryer. To a new Northerne tune."

Compared by the Editor with the Roxburgh ballads.

"The Curtall Fryer," Dr. Stukeley says, "is *cordelier*, from the cord or rope which they wore round their waist, to whip themselves with. They were," adds he, "of the Franciscan order." Our fryer, however, is undoubtedly so called from his "curtall dogs," or curs, as we now say. (*Courtault*, F.) In fact, he is no fryer at all, but a monk of Fountain's Abbey, which was of the Cistercian order.—*Ritson.*

Mr. Douce, in his copy of Robin Hood, says also, that the explanation of Dr. Stukeley is very unsatisfactory; that of Staveley is much more probable, who in chap. xxv of his "Romish Horseleech," asserts, that in some countries where the Franciscan Friars, conformably to the injunctions of their founder, wore short habits, the order was presently contemned and derided, and men called them Curtailed Friars.

XX.

ROBIN HOOD AND THE CURTALL FRYER.

In summer time, when leaves grow green,
And flowers are fresh and gay,
Robin Hood and his merry men
Were disposed to play.

Then some would leape, and some would runne,
And some would use artillery;
"Which of you can a good bow draw,
A good archèr to be?

Which of you can kill a bucke,
Or who can kill a doe;
Or who can kill a hart of Greece*
Five hundreth foot him fro?"

* This means, perhaps, no more than a fat hart, for the sake of a quibble between Greece and *grease*.

Will Scadlocke he did kill a bucke,
And Midge he kild a doe;
And Little John kild a hart of Greece,
Five hundreth foot him fro.

God's blessing on thy heart, said Robin Hood,
That shot such a shot for me;
I would ride my horse a hundred miles,
To find one could match thee.

This caused Will Scadlocke to laugh,
He laught full heartily:
"There lives a curtall fryer in Fountaines Abbey
Will beate both him and thee.

The curtall fryer in Fountaines Abbey
Well can a strong bow draw,
He will beat you and your yeomèn,
Set them all on a row."

Robin Hoode tooke a solemne oath,
It was by Mary free,
That he would neither eate nor drinke,
Till the fryer he did see.

Robin Hood put on his harnesse good,
And on his head a cap of steel,
Broad sword and buckler by his side,
And they became him weele.

He tooke his bow into his hand,
It was made of a trusty tree,
With a sheafe of arrowes at his belt,
And to Fountaine Dale went he.

And comming unto Fountaine Dale,
No farther would he ride;
There was he ware of the curtall fryer,
Walking by the water side.

The fryer had on a harnesse good,
And on his head a cap of steel,
Broad sword and buckler by his side,
And they became him weele.

Robin Hood lighted off his horse,
And tyed him to a thorne:
"Carry me over the water, thou curtall fryer,
Or else thy life's forlorne."

The fryer tooke Robin Hood on his backe,
Deepe water he did bestride,
And spake neither good word nor bad,
Till he came at the other side.

Lightly leapt Robin offe the fryer's backe;
The fryer said to him againe,
Carry me over this water, thou fine fellow,
Or it shall breed thy paine.

Robin Hood took the fryer on his backe,
Deepe water he did bestride,
And spake neither good word nor bad,
Till he came at the other side.

Lightly leapt the fryer off Robin Hood's backe,
Robin Hood said to him againe,
Carry me over this water, thou curtall fryer,
Or it shall breede thy pain.

The fryer tooke Robin on's backe againe,
And stept in to the knee;
Till he came at the middle streame,
Neither good nor bad spake he;

And coming to the middle streame,
There he threw Robin in:
"And chuse thee, chuse thee, fine fellow,
Whether thou wilt sink or swim."

Robin Hood swam to a bush of broome,
The fryer to a wigger wand;
Bold Robin Hood is gone to shore,
And took his bow in his hand.

One of his best arrowes under his belt
To the fryer he let fly;
The curtall fryer with his steel buckler
Did put that arrow by.

"Shoot on, shoot on, thou fine fellow,
Shoot as thou hast begun,
If thou shoot here a summer's day,
Thy marke I will not shun."

Robin Hood shot passing well,
Till all his arrows were gane;
They tooke their swords and steele bucklers,
They fought with might and maine,

From ten o'th' clock that very day,
Till four i'th' afternoon;
Then Robin Hood came to his knees,
Of the fryer to beg a boone.

"A boone, a boone, thou curtall fryer,
I beg it on my knee;
Give me leave to set my horne to my mouth,
And to blow blasts three."

That I will do, said the curtall fryer,
Of thy blasts I have no doubt;
I hope thou'lt blow so passing well,
Till both thy eyes fall out.

Robin Hood set his horne to his mouth,
He blew out blasts three;
Halfe a hundreth yeomen, with bowes bent,
Came raking over the lee.

Whose men are these, said the fryer,
They come so hastily?
Those are mine, said Robin Hood;
Fryer, what is that to thee?

A boone, a boone, said the curtall fryer,
The like I gave to thee;
Give me leave to set my fist to my mouth,
And to whute whutes three.

That will I doe, said Robin Hood,
Or else I were to blame;
Three whutes in a fryer's fist
Would make me glad and faine.

The fryer set his fist to his mouth,
And whuted whutes three:
Half a hundred good band-dogs
Came running over the lee.

"Here is for every man a dog,
And I myselfe for thee."
Nay, by my faith, said Robin Hood,
Fryer, that may not be.

Two dogs at once to Robin Hood did goe,
The one behind, the other before,
Robin Hood's mantle of Lincolne greene
Off from his backe they tore.

And whether his men shot east or west,
Or they shot north or south,
The curtall dogs, so taught they were,
They caught th' arrows in their mouth.

Take up thy dogs, said Little John,
Fryer, at my bidding be.
Whose man art thou, said the curtall fryer,
Comes here to prate with me?

"I am Little John, Robin Hood's man,
Fryer, I will not lie;
If thou take not up thy dogs soone,
I'le take up them and thee."

Little John had a bow in his hand,
He shot with might and main;
Soon halfe a score of the fryer's dogs
Lay dead upon the plain.

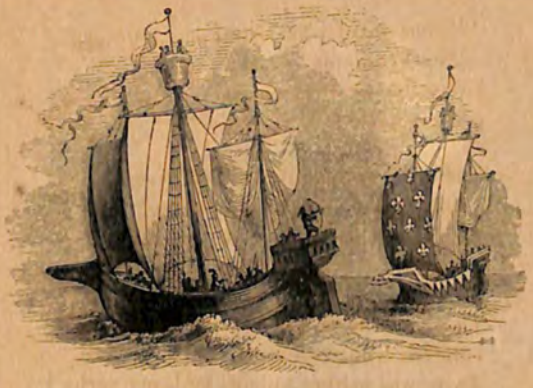
Hold thy hand, good fellow, said the curtal fryer,
Thy master and I will agree;
And we will have new orders taken,
With all hast that may be.

"If thou wilt forsake fair Fountaine's dale,
And Fountaine's Abbey free,
Every Sunday throwout the yeere,
A noble shall be thy fee:

And every holiday through the yeere,
Changed shall thy garment be,
If thou wilt goe to faire Nottingham,
And there remaine with me."

This curtal fryer had kept Fountaine's Dale
Seven long yeeres and more,
There was neither knight, lord, nor earle,
Could make him yeeld before.

Fountain's Abbey.



THE NOBLE FISHER-MAN;

OR, ROBIN HOOD'S PREFERMENT:

Shewing how he won a prize on the sea, and how he gave one halfe to his dame, and the other to the building of almes-houses. The tune is, In summer time, etc.

From three old black-letter copies; one in the collection of Anthony à Wood, another in the British Museum, and the third in a private collection. This is one of the ballads contained in Mr. Peck's MS. alluded to in the Editor's preface, vol. i, p. xxvii, etc. Mr. Peck has rendered it into more modern language and added three or four stanzas; but has certainly not improved the version. He calls it a piscatory song, and entitles it "Simon over the Lee."

XXI.

THE NOBLE FISHER-MAN.

In summer time, when leaves grow green,
When they doe grow both green and long,—
Of a bold outlaw, call'd Robin Hood,
It is of him I do sing this song,—

When the lilly leaf, and the eglantine,*
Doth bud and spring with a merry cheere,
This outlaw was weary of the wood side,
And chasing of the fallow deere.

"The fisher-men brave more mony have
Than any merchants two or three;
Therefore I will to Scarborough go,
That I a fisherman brave may be."

This outlaw called his merry men all,
As they sate under the green-wood tree:
"If any of you have gold to spend,
I pray you heartily spend it with me."

Now, quoth Robin Hood, Ile to Scarborough go,
It seems to be a very faire day.
He took up his inne at a widdow woman's house,
Hard by upon the water gray:

* In the first edition of Ritson the word "elephant" is used; which is evidently a corruption. In two early copies with which the Editor has compared this ballad, he finds "eglantine" and "cowslip sweet" substituted; both preferable, and he has chosen eglantine.

Who asked of him, where wert thou borne?
Or tell to me where dost thou fare?
I am a poor fisherman, said he then,
This day intrapped all in care.

"What is thy name, thou fine fellow,
I pray thee heartily tell it to me?"
"In my own country, where I was borne,
Men call me Simon over the Lee."

Simon, Simon, said the good wife,
I wish thou mayest well brook* thy name.
The out-law was ware of her courtesie,
And rejoyced he had got such a dame.

"Simon, wilt thou be my man?
And good round wages Ile give thee;
I have as good a ship of my own,
As any sails upon the sea.

Anchors and planks thou shalt not want,
Masts and ropes that are so long."
And if you thus do furnish me,
Said Simon, nothing shall goe wrong.

They pluckt up anchor, and away did saylo,
More of a day than two or three;
When others cast in their baited hooks,
The bare lines into the sea cast he.

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* "I wish thou mayest well brook thy name." On this line Mr. Peck subjoins the following note:—"Mayst thou be as fortunate, and prove as good a fisherman as thy name-sake, Simon Peter. She wishes thus for her own sake, intending to hire him."

It will be long, said the master then,
Ere this great lubber do thrive on the sea;
I'le assure you he shall have no share of our fish,
For in truth he is no part worthy.

O woe is me! said Simon then,
This day that ever I came here!
I wish I were in Plompton parke,
In chasing of the fallow deere.

For every clowne laughs me to scorne,
And by me sets nothing at all;
If I had them in Plompton park,
I would set as little by them all.

They pluckt up anchor, and away did sayle,
More of a day than two or three:
But Simon espyed a ship of warre,
That sayled towards them most valorously.

O woe is me! said the master then,
This day that ever I was borne!
For all our fish we have got to-day,
Is every bit lost and forlorne.

For your French robbers on the sea,
They will not spare of us one man,
But carry us to the coast of France,
And lay us in the prison strong.

But Simon said, doe not feare them,
Neither, master, take you no care;
Give me my bent bow in my hand,
And never a Frenchman will I spare.

"Hold thy peace, thou long lubbèr,
For thou art nought but brags and boast;
If I should cast thee over-board,
There's but a simple lubber lost."

Simon grew angry at these words,
And so angry then was he,
That he took his bent bow in his hand,
And in the ship-hatch goeth he.

Master, tye me to the mast, saith he,
That at my mark I may stand fair,
And give me my bent bow in my hand,
And never a Frenchman will I spare.

He drew his arrow to the head,
And drewe it with all his might and maine,
And straightway, in the twinkling of an eye,
To the Frenchman's heart the arrow's gane.

The Frenchman fell down on the ship hatch,
And under the hatches down below;
Another Frenchman, that him espy'd,
The dead corpse into the sea doth throw.

O master, loose me from the mast, he said,
And for them all take you no care;
For give me my bent bow in my hand,
And never a Frenchman will I spare.

Then streight they boarded the French ship,
They lyeing all dead in their sight;
They found within that ship of warre,
Twelve thousand pound of mony bright.

The one halfe of the ship, said Simon then,
Ile give to my dame and her children small;
The other halfe of the ship Ile bestow
On you that are my fellowes all.

But now bespake the master then,
For so, Simon, it shall not be,
For you have won it with your own hand,
And the owner of it you shall bee.

"It shall be so, as I have said;
And, with this gold, for the opprest
An habitation I will build,
Where they shall live in peace and rest."

Robin Hood's Bay, near Whitby, Yorkshire.

Original Illustration to the Ballad.

ROBIN HOOD AND THE SHEPHERD.

Shewing how Robin Hood, Little John, and the Shepherd fought a sore combate.

The shepherd fought for twenty pound, and Robin for bottle and bag,
But the shepherd stout, gave them the rout, so sore they could not wag.

Tune is, Robin Hood and Queen Katherine.

From two old black-letter copies, one of them in the collection of Anthony à Wood, the other in that of Thomas Pearson, Esq., which now forms the Roxburgh collection in the British Museum. The fine cut at the head of this page stands at the head of the former.

XXII.

ROBIN HOOD AND THE SHEPHERD.

All gentlemen, and yeomen good,
Down, a down, a down, a down,
I wish you to draw near;
For a story of gallant bold Robin Hood
Unto you I will declare.
Down a, etc.

As Robin Hood walkt the forrest along,
Some pastime for to spie,
There he was aware of a jolly shephèrd,
That on the ground did lie.

Arise, arise, cried jolly Robin,
And now come let me see
What's in thy bag, and bottle; I say,
Come tell it unto me.

"What's that to thee? thou proud fellòw,
Tell me as I do stand;
What hast thou to do with my bag and bottle?
Let me see thy command."

"My sword, which hangeth by my side,
Is my command I know;
Come, let me taste of thy bottle,
Or it may breed thy woe."

"The devil a drop, thou proud fellow,
Of my bottle thou shalt see,
Until thy valour here be tried,
Whether thou wilt fight or flee."

What shall we fight for? cries Robin Hood,
Come tell it unto me;
Here is twenty pound in good red gold,
Win it, and take it thee.

The shepherd stood all in amaze,
And knew not what to say:
"I have no money, thou proud fellow,
But bag and bottle I'll lay."

"I am content, thou shepherd swain,
Fling them down on the ground;
But it will breed thee mickle pain,
To win my twenty pound."

"Come draw thy sword, thou proud fellow,
Thou standest too long to prate;
This hook of mine shall let thee know,
A coward I do hate."

So they fell to it, full hard and sore,
It was on a summer's day,
From ten till four in the afternoon
The shepherd held him play.

Robin's buckler proved his chief'st defence,
And saved him many a bang,
For every blow the shepherd gave
Made Robin's sword cry twang.

Many a sturdie blow the shepherd gave,
And that bold Robin found,
Till the blood ran trickling from his head,
Then he fell to the ground.

"Arise, arise, thou proud fellow,
And thou shalt have fair play,
If thou wilt yield, before thou go,
That I have won the day."

A boon, a boon, cry'd bold Robin,
If that a man thou be,
Then let me take my beugle horn,
And blow out blasts three.

Then said the shepherd to bold Robin,
To that I will agree;
For if thou shouldst blow till to-morrow morn,
I scorn one foot to flee.

Then Robin he set his horn to his mouth,
And he blew with might and main,
Until he espied Little John
Come tripping over the plain.

"O who is yonder, thou proud fellow,
That comes down yonder hill?"
"Yonder is John, bold Robin Hood's man,
Shall fight with thee thy fill."

What is the matter? said Little John,
Master, come tell unto me.
My case is bad, cries Robin Hood,
For the shepherd hath conquer'd me.

I am glad of that, cries Little John:
Shepherd, turn thou to me;
For a bout with thee I mean to have,
Either come fight or flee.

"With all my heart, thou proud fellòw,
For it never shall be said
That a shepherd's hook at thy sturdy look
Will one jot be dismaied."

So they fell to it, full hard and sore,
Striving for victorie.
I will know, says John, ere we give o'er,
Whether thou wilt fight or flee.

The shepherd gave John a sturdie blow,
With his hook under the chin.
Beshrew thy heart, said Little John,
Thou basely dost begin.

Nay, that is nothing, said the shephèrd,
Either yield to me the daie,
Or I will bang thy back and sides,
Before thou goest thy way.

What, dost thou think, thou proud fellow,
That thou canst conquer me?
Nay, thou shalt know, before thou go,
I'll fight before I'll flee.

Again the shepherd laid on him,
Just as he first begun.
Hold thy hand, cry'd bold Robin,
I will yield the wager won.

With all my heart, said Little John,
To that I will agree;
For he is the flower of shepherd swains,
The like I did never see.

Thus have you heard of Robin Hood,
Also of Little John;
How a shepherd swain did conquer them;
The like was never known.

London:
Printed for John Andrews, at the White Lion in Pie Corner.

ROBIN HOOD'S GOLDEN PRIZE.

"He met two priests upon the way,
And forced them with him to pray;
For gold they prayed, and gold they had,
Enough to make bold Robin glad!
His share came to four hundred pound,
That then was told upon the ground.
Now mark, and you shall hear the jest,
You never heard the like exprest.

Tune is, Robin Hood was a tall young man, &c."

This ballad (given from an old black-letter copy in the collection of Anthony à Wood) was entered, amongst others, in the Stationers' book, by Francis Coule, 13th June, 1631; and by Francis Grove, 2nd June, 1656.

Compared with the copy in the Roxburgh collection.

XXIII.

ROBIN HOOD'S GOLDEN PRIZE.

I HAVE heard talk of bold Robin Hood,
Derry, derry down,
And of brave Little John,
Of fryer Tuck, and William Scarlet,
Loxley, and maid Marion.

But such a tale as this before
I think there was never none;
For Robin Hood disguised himself,
And to the green wood is gone.

Like to a fryer bold Robin Hood
Was accoutred in his array;
With hood, gown, beads, and crucifix,
He past upon the way.

He had not gone miles two or three,
But it was his chance to spy
Two lusty priests, clad all in black,
Come riding gallantly.

Benedicite, then said Robin Hood,
Some pitty on me take;
Cross you my hand with a silver groat,
For our dear ladie's sake.

For I have been wand'ring all this day,
And nothing could I get;
Not so much as one poor cup of drink,
Nor bit of bread to eat.

Now, by our holy dame*, the priests reply'd,
We never a penny have;
For we this morning have been robb'd,
And could no money save.

I am afraid, said Robin Hood,
That you both do tell a lie;
And now before you do go hence,
I am resolv'd to try.

When as the priests heard him say so,
Then they rode away amain;
But Robin Hood took to his heels,
And soon overtook them again.

Then Robin Hood laid hold of them both,
And pull'd them down from their horse:
O spare us, fryer! the priests cry'd out,
On us have some remorse!

You said you had no money, quoth he,
Wherefore, without delay,
We three will fall down on our knees,
And for money we will pray.

* *Our holy dame.* The virgin Mary (so called); unless, for "*our holy dame*," we should read *our halidome*, which may mean our holyness, honesty, chastity: *haligdome, sanctimonia*, "Lye's Saxon Dictionary."

The priests they could not him gainsay,
But down they kneel'd with speed:
Send us, O send us, then quoth they,
Some money to serve our need.

The priests did pray with a mournful cheer,
Sometimes their hands did wring;
Sometimes they wept, and cried aloud,
Whilst Robin did merrily sing.

When they had been praying an hour's space,
The priests did still lament;
Then quoth bold Robin, now let us see
What money heaven hath sent.

We will now be sharers all alike
Of the money that we have;
And there is never a one of us
That his fellow shall deceive.

The priests their hands in their pockets put,
But money could find none:
We'll search ourselves, said Robin Hood,
Each other, one by one.

Then Robin took pains to search them both,
And he found good store of gold,
Five hundred peeces presently
Upon the grass was told.

Here is a brave show, said Robin Hood,
Such store of gold to see,
And you shall each one have a part,
Cause you pray'd so heartily.

He gave them fifty pounds a-peece,
And the rest for himself did keep:
The priests durst not speak one word,
But they sighed wondrous deep.

With that the priests rose up from their knees,
Thinking to have parted so:
Nay, stay, says Robin Hood, one thing more
I have to say ere you do go.

You shall be sworn, said bold Robin Hood,
Upon this holy grass,
That you will never tell lies again,
Which way soever you pass.

The second oath that you here must take,
That all the days of your lives,
You shall never tempt maids to sin,
Nor lye with other men's wives.

The last oath you shall take, is this,
Be charitable to the poor;
Say, you have met with a holy fryar,
And I desire no more.

He set them on their horses again,
And away they then did ride;
And he return'd to the merry green-wood,
With great joy, mirth, and pride.
Hey down, derry down.

Robin Hood's Stable. Thrcsby's Nottinghamshire.

ROBIN HOOD'S CHASE:

Or, a merry progress between Robin Hood and King Henry. Shewing how Robin Hood led the king his chase from London to London; and when he had taken his leave of the queen, he returned to merry Sherwood. To the tune of Robin Hood and the Beggar.

From an old black-letter copy in the collection of Anthony à Wood, compared with the Roxburgh copy.

XXIV.

ROBIN HOOD'S CHASE.

COME, you gallants all, to you I do call,
With hey down, down, an a down,
That now are in this place;
For a song I will sing of Henry the king,
How he did Robin Hood chase.

Queen Katherine she a match did make,
As plainly doth appear,
For three hundred tun of good red wine,
And three hundred tun of beere.

But yet her archers she had to seek,
With their bows and arrows so good;
But her mind it was bent with a good intent,
To send for bold Robin Hood.

But when bold Robin he came there,
Queen Katherine she did say,
Thou art welcome, Locksley, said the queen,
And all thy yeomen gay.

For a match of shooting I have made,
And thou on my part, Robin, must be.
" If I miss the mark, be it light or dark,
Then hanged I will be."

But when the game came to be play'd,
Bold Robin then drew nigh,
With his mantle of green, most brave to be seen,
He let his arrows fly.

And when the game it ended was,
Bold Robin won it with a grace;
But after the king was angry with him,
And vow'd he would him chace.

What though his pardon granted was,
While he with him did stay;
Yet after the king was vex'd at him,
When he was gone his way.

Soon after the king from the court did hye,
In a furious angry mood,
And did often enquire both far and near
After bold Robin Hood.

And when the king to Nottingham came,
Bold Robin was in the wood:
O, come now, said he, and let me see
Who can find me bold Robin Hood.

But when that bold Robin he did hear
The king had him in chase,
Then said Little John, 'tis time to be gone,
And go to some other place.

Then away they went from merry Sherwood,
And into Yorkshire did hye;
And the king did follow, with a whoop and a hallo,
But could not come him nigh.

Yet jolly Robin he passed along,
He went to Newcastle town;
And there stayed he hours two or three,
For he then to Barwick was gone.

When the king did see how Robin did flee,
He was vexed wondrous sore;
With a whoop and a hallo he vow'd him to follow,
And take him, or never give o'er.

Come now let's away, then cries Little John,
Let any man follow that dare;
To Carlisle we'll hie, with our company,
And so then to Lancestèr.

From Lancaster then to Chester they went,
And so did king Henry;
But Robin went away, for he durst not stay,
For fear of some treachery.

Says Robin, let us for London go,
To see our noble queen's face,
It may be she wants our company,
Which makes the king so us chase.

When Robin he came queene Katherine before,
He fell low upon his knee:
" If it please your grace, I am come to this place
For to speak with king Henry."

Queen Katherine answered bold Robin again,
The king is gone to merry Sherwood:
When he went away, to me he did say,
He would go seek Robin Hood.

" Then fare you well, my gracious queen,
For to Sherwood I will hye apace;
For fain would I see what he would with me,
If I could but meet with his grace."

When as king Henry he came home,
Full weary, and vexed in mind,
And that he did hear, Robin had been there,
He blamed dame Fortune unkind.

You're welcome home, queen Katherine cryed,
Henry, my soveraign liege;
Bold Robin Hood, that archer good,
Your person hath been to seek.

But when king Henry did hear,
That Robin had been him to seeke,
This answer he gave, He's a cunning knave,
For I have sought him this whole three week.

A boon! a boon! queen Katherine cry'd,
I beg it here of your grace,
To pardon his life, and seek no more strife:
And so endeth Robin Hood's chase.

London:
Printed for F. Coles, J. Vere, J. Wright, and J. Clarke.

LITTLE JOHN AND THE FOUR BEGGARS.

FROM an old black-letter copy in the collection of Anthony à Wood: the full title being, "A new merry song of Robin Hood and Little John, shewing how Little John went a begging, and how he fought with the four beggers. The tune is Robin Hood and the Begger:" compared, by the editor, with the Roxburgh copy, which has for its head piece, a Beggar leading a Dog.

XXV.

LITTLE JOHN AND THE FOUR BEGGARS.

ALL you that delight to spend some time,
With a hey down, down, a down, down,
A merry song for to sing,
Unto me draw near, and you shall hear
How Little John went a begging.

As Robin Hood walked the forest along,
And all his yeomandree,
Sayes Robin, some of you must a begging go,*
And, Little John, it must be thee.

Sayes John, if I must a begging go,
I will have a palmer's weed,
With a staff and a coat, and bags of all sort,
The better then I shall speed.

Come, give me now a bag for my bread,
And another for my cheese,
And one for a penny, when I get any,
That nothing I may leese.

Now Little John is a begging gone,
Seeking for some relief;
But of all the beggers he met on the way,
Little John he was the chief.

But as he was walking himself alone,
Four beggers he chanced to spy,
Some deaf, and some blind, and some came behind;
Says John, here's brave company.

Good-morrow, said John, my brethren dear,
Good fortune I had you to see;
Which way do you go? pray let me know,
For I want some company.

---

* It is not at all improbable, but that as high as Robin Hood and his men carried it, they were now and then put to their shifts, and sometimes forced to beg in good earnest.—*Peck's MSS.*

O! what is here to do? then said Little John:
Why ring all these bells? said he;
What dog is a hanging? come, let us be ganging,
That we the truth may see.

Here is no dog a hanging, then one of them said,
Good fellow, we tell unto thee;
But here is one dead, will give us cheese and bread,
And it may be one single penny.*

We have brethren in London, another he said,
So have we in Coventry,
In Barwick and Dover, and all the world over,
But ne'er a crookt carril† like thee.

Therefore stand thou back, thou crooked carèl,
And take that knock on the crown.
Nay, said Little John, Ile not be gone,
For a bout will I have with you round.

---

* It was the custom in popish times to give bread and money to all manner of persons, without distinction, who came to assist at the funeral of a deceased neighbour; and this in order to engage them to pray the more heartily for the soul of the defunct. And it is yet usual among those of a lower or middle rank in the north parts of England, to send the baker, when any of the family dies, in their names, to distribute at every house in the parish, as many penny loaves as there are persons, men, women and children, in each family; likewise generally a small plumb-cake. Rich men's funerals are now otherwise managed. There is an abundance of persons on horse, a crowd of coaches and pretended mourners, a deal of pomp and pageantry almost without end; all which does neither the poor nor themselves any good at all; but rarely any dole, in which I think (though I am no papist), the money were far better bestowed. The word dole is derived from the Dutch, *daylen*—minister. Whence the English to deal or give out a thing.—*Peck.*

† Carl, old fellow.

Now have at you all, then said Little John,
If you be so full of your blows;
Fight on all four, and nere give ore,
Whether you be friends or foes.

John nipped the dumb, and made him to rore;
And the blind that he could not see,
And he that a cripple had been seven years,
He made run faster than he.

And flinging them all against the wall,
With many a sturdie bang,
It made John sing, to hear the gold ring,
Which against the walls cryed twang.

Then he got out of the begger's cloak
Three hundred pound in gold;
Good fortune had I, then said Little John,
Such a good sight to behold.

But what found he in a begger's bag
But three hundred pound and three?
"If I drink water while this doth last,
Then an evil death may I dye.*

* There is an old book called "The tunning of Elynor Rummin, the famous ale-wife of England, by John Skelton," two sheets and a half, 4to., London, 1624. In the title-page is the picture of an old ill-favored woman holding in her hand a black pot of ale, and underneath these verses:—

"When Skelton wore the laurel crown,
My ale put all the ale-wifes down."—*Ath. Oxon.* vol. i, p 23.

I have not seen the book of Elynor Rummin's, but a friend tells me, it is only a merry tale of some jovial gossips got together and pawning all they could rap and rend, to purchase her good ale, near

And my begging trade I will now give ore,
My fortune it hath bin so good;
Therefore Ile not stay, but I will away,
To the forrest of merry Sherwood."

And when to the forrest of Sherwood he came,
He quickly there did see
His master good, bold Robin Hood,
And all his company.

What news? What news? then said Robin Hood,
Come, Little John, tell unto me;

Guildford, in Surrey. These good women remind me of the proverb, "Gossips and Frogs may drink and talk." Robin Hood and his men were much of the same temper with these tattling gossips; for whatever they could lay their hands on, it was presently turned into good liquor, and away it went, as the old song says, "Merrily down the red lane." Peggy Dowker, of Chesterfield, was of late years as famous for good ale as Elynor Rummin. I cannot help thinking, but the learned Dr. King had her in his eye, when he wrote his instructions how to brew and bottle:—

"Oh! Peggy, Peggy, when thou goest to brew,
Consider well what you're about to do;
Be very wise, very sedately think,
That what you're going now to make is *drink;*
Consider who must drink that drink, and then,
What 'tis to have the praise of *honest* men;
For surely, Peggy, while that drink does last,
'Tis Peggy will be *toasted* or *disgrac'd.*
Then, if thy ale in *glass* thou would'st confine,
To make its sparkling rays in beauty shine,
Let thy clean bottle be entirely dry,
Lest a white substance to the surface fly,
And, floating there, disturb the curious eye.
But this great maxim must be understood,
"Be sure, nay very sure, thy *cork* be good!"
Then future ages shall of Peggy tell,
That nymph that *brew'd* and *bottled* ale so well."
Bishop King's works, Mully of Mountown.

—*Peck's MSS.*

How hast thou sped with thy begger's trade?
For that I fain would see.

No news but good, said Little John,
With begging full well I have sped;
Six hundred and three I have here for thee,
In silver and gold so red.

Then Robin took Little John by the hand,
And danced about the oak tree:
"If we drink water while this doth last,
Then an ill death may we die."

So to conclude my merry new song,
All you that delight it to sing;
'Tis of Robin Hood, that archer good,
And how Little John went a begging.

London:
Printed for W. Thackeray, T. Passenger, and W. Whitwood.

Robin Hood's Hill near Gloucester.

Robin Hood's Stride—near Youlgrave, Derbyshire.

ROBIN HOOD'S DELIGHT:

Or, a merry combat fought between Robin Hood, Little John, and Will Scarelock, and three stout keepers in Sheerwood Forrest.

"Robin was valiant and stout,
So was Scarelock and John in the field,
But these keepers stout did give them rout,
And make them all for to yield.
But after the battel ended was,
Bold Robin did make them amends,
For claret and sack they did not lack,
So drank themselves good friends."

To the tune of Robin Hood and Queen Katherine; or, Robin Hood and the Shepherd.—*Ritson.*

Dr. Pepusch, among other very curious articles of ancient English music, was possessed of a MS. folio, (supposed to

be still extant), which, at p. 15, contained a tune entitled "Robin Hood." See Ward's "Lives of the Professors of Gresham College," 1740, (an interleaved copy, corrected and augmented by the author, in the British Museum). "Robene Hude" is likewise the name of a dance in Wedderburn's "Complainte of Scotland," printed in 1549. The tune is preserved by Oswald, in his "Caledonian Pocket Companion."

From an old black-letter copy in the collection of Anthony à Wood.

XXIV.

ROBIN HOOD'S DELIGHT.

THERE'S some will talk of lords and knights,
Doun, a doun, a doun,
And some of yeomen good;
But I will tell you of Will Scarlock,
Little John, and Robin Hood.
Doun, a doun, a doun, a doun.

They were outlaws, 'tis well known,
And men of a noble blood;
And many a time was their valour shown
In the forest of merry Sheerwood.

Upon a time it chanced so,
As Robin would have it be,
They all three would a walking go,
The pastime for to see.

And as they walked the forest along,
Upon a Midsummer day,
There were they aware of three keepèrs,
Clad all in green aray.

With brave long faucheons by their sides,
And forrest-bills in hand,
They call'd aloud to those bold outlàws,
And charged them to stand.

Why, who are you, cry'd bold Robin,
That speak so boldly here?
"We three belong to King Henry,
And are keepers of his deer."

The devil you are! sayes Robin Hood,
I am sure that it is not so;
We be the keepers of this forrèst,
And that you soon shall know.

Come, your coats of green lay on the ground,
And so will we all three,
And take your swords and bucklers round,
And try the victory.

We be content, the keepers said,
We be three, and you no less,
Then why should we be of you afraid,
As we never did transgress?

"Why, if you be three keepers in this forrèst,
Then we be three rangers good,
And will make you know before you do go,
You meet with bold Robin Hood."

"We be content, thou bold outlàw,
Our valour here to try,
And will make you know, before we do go,
We will fight before we will fly.

Then, come draw your swords, you bold outlàws,
No longer stand to prate,
But let us try it out with blows,
For cowards we do hate.

Here is one of us for Will Scarlock,
And another for Little John,
And I myself for Robin Hood,
Because he is stout and strong."

So they fell to it hard and sore,
It was on a Midsummer's day;
From eight of the clock till two and past,
They all shewed gallant play.

There Robin, and Will, and Little John,
They fought most manfully,
Till all their winde was spent and gone,
Then Robin aloud did cry:

O hold, O hold, cries bold Robin,
I see you be stout men;
Let me blow one blast on my bugle horn,
Then Ile fight with you again.

"That bargain's to make, bold Robin Hood,
Therefore we it deny;
Thy blast upon the bugle horn
Cannot make us fight or fly.

Therefore fall on, or else be gone,
And yield to us the day:
It never shall be said that we are afraid
Of thee, nor thy yeomen gay."

If that be so, cries bold Robin,
Let me but know your names,
And in the forrest of merry Sheerwood,
I shall extol your fames.

And with our names, one of them said,
What hast thou here to do?
Except that thou wilt fight it out,
Our names thou shalt not know.

We will fight no more, sayes bold Robin,
You be men of valour stout;
Come and go with me to Nottingham,
And there we will fight it out.

With a but of sack we will bang it about,
To see who wins the day;
And for the cost make you no doubt,
I have gold enough to pay.

And ever hereafter so long as we live,
We all will brethren be;
For I love these men with heart and hand,
That will fight and never flee.

So, away they went to Nottingham,
With sack to make amends;
For three days they the wine did chase,
And drank themselves good friends.

ROBIN HOOD AND THE BEGGAR.

IN TWO PARTS.

THE ensuing fourteen ballads were occasionally inserted amongst the foregoing, in the editions of the Garlands enlarged from sixteen ballads to twenty, and at last to twenty-seven. Most of them appear also in Mr. Ritson's collection. The oldest amongst them is probably the following, being another, and a totally different, tale or encounter between Robin Hood and the Beggar, than that which appears in p. 166 of this volume.

Mr. Ritson's prefatory remarks upon the ballad are as follow:—

"This poem, a north country (or, perhaps, Scottish) composition of some antiquity, is given from a modern copy printed at Newcastle, where the Editor accidentally picked

it up: no other having, to his knowledge, been ever seen or heard of. The corruptions of the press being equally numerous and minute, some of the most trifling have been corrected without notice. But it may be proper to mention, that each line of the printed copy is here thrown into two; a step which, though absolutely necessary from the narrowness of the page, is sufficiently justified by the frequent recurrence of the double rhyme. The division of stanzas was conceived to be a still further improvement. The original title is, 'A pretty dialogue betwixt Robin Hood and a Beggar.'"

Mr. Motherwell, in his "Minstrelsy Ancient and Modern," 4to. Glasgow, 1827, also claims this ballad as of Scottish origin.

"Robin Hood and his fellow, Litell John," he says, "were popular with the minstrels of Scotland as they were with those of England. Our early poets and historians never tired of alluding to songs current in their own times, relative to these waithmen and their merry men. Even to this day there are fragments of songs regarding them, traditionally extant in Scotland, which have not yet found their way into any printed collection of ballads, commemorative of these celebrated outlaws. Were they carefully gathered they would form an interesting addition to 'Ritson's Robin Hood.' In that collection the ballad of 'Robin Hood and the Beggar' is evidently the production of a Scottish minstrel, pretty early stall copies of which were printed both at Aberdeen and Glasgow."

Mr. Finlay likewise, in his "Scottish Historical and Romantic Ballads," 2 vols. 8vo. Edinburgh, 1808, attests to the early and equal popularity of Robin Hood in Scotland, in connexion with that of Wallace, the renowned asserter

of Scottish independence. In the introduction to the fragmentary poem of "The Gude Wallace," Robin Hood is thus alluded to:

> "Its hold up your hand, kind sir, he said,
> And let me see if your money be good;
> And if it be true and right, says he,
> Ye'll may be get the down come* of Robin Hood."

"This, if genuine," adds Mr. Finlay, "is the earliest mention of this celebrated outlaw, whose actions were as famous in Scottish as in English tradition."

The Editor has printed this ballad from one unknown to Ritson, in Wood's study, in the Ashmolean Museum, bearing the *Aberdeen* imprint, and from which he has not only restored several lines, wanting in Ritson, but made various important corrections. The title-page to this copy is as follows:—

"THE HISTORY OF ROBIN HOOD AND THE BEGGAR, IN TWO PARTS.

"Part 1.—Shewing how Robin Hood, in attempting to rob a Beggar near Barnesdale, was shamefully defeated, and left for dead, till taken up by three of his men. Part 2.—How the Beggar blinded two of his men, with a bag of meal, who were sent to kill him or bring him back."

Then follows a rude wood-cut of Robin Hood shooting with a bow and arrow. And appended is this imprint, but without date:

"Aberdeen: printed and sold for A. Keith."

---

* Fall, overthrow.

XXV.

ROBIN HOOD AND THE BEGGAR.

LYTH and listen, gentlemen,
That's come of high born blood,
I'll tell you of a brave booting
That befel Robin Hood.

Robin Hood upon a day,
He went forth alone,
And as he came from Barnesdale
Into fair evening,

He met a beggar on the way,
Who sturdily could gang;
He had a pike-staff in his hand
That was baith stark and strang;

A clouted cloak about him was,
That held him frae the cold,
The thinnest bit of it, I guess,
Was more then twenty fold.

His meal-pock hang about his neck,
Into a leathern fang,
Well fasten'd with a broad buckle,
That was baith stark and strang.

He had three hats upon his head,
Together stickèd fast,

He car'd neither for wind nor weet,
In lands where'er he past.

Good Robin coost him in his way,
To see what he might be,
If any beggar had monèy,
He thought some part had he.

Tarry, tarry, good Robin says,
Tarry, and speak with me.
He heard him as he heard him not,
And fast on his way can hie.

It be's not so, says good Robin,
Nay, thou must tarry still.
By my troth, said the bold beggar,
Of that I have no will.

It is far to my lodging house,
And it is growing late,
If they have supt e'er I come in
I will look wondrous blate.*

Now, by my truth, says good Robin,
I see well by thy fare,
If thou chear well to thy suppèr,
Of mine thou takes no care,

Who wants my dinner all this day,
And wots not where to lie,
And should I to the tavern go,
I want monèy to buy.

* Sheepish, or foolish, as we should now say.

Sir, thou must lend me some mouèy
Till we two meet again.
The beggar answer'd cankerdly,
I have no money to lend:

Thou art as young a man as I,
And seems to be as sweir;*
If thou fast till thou get from me,
Thou shalt eat none this year.

Now, by my truth, says good Robìn,
Since we are 'sembled so,
If thou have but a small farthing,
I'll have it e'er thou go.

Therefore, lay down thy clouted cloak,
And do no longer stand,
And loose the strings of all thy pocks,
I'll ripe them with my hand.

And now to thee I make a vow,
If thou make any din,
I shall see if a broad arròw,
Can pierce a beggar's skin.

The beggar smil'd, and answer made,
Far better let me be;
Think not that I will be afraid,
For thy nip† crooked tree;

* Lazy, indolent.

† *Nip* (in Scotch), paring, shred, little bit: *q. d.* your paltry bit of a stick or bird-bolt.

Or that I fear thee any whit,
For thy curn* nips of sticks,
I know no use for them so meet
As to be pudding-pricks.†

Here I defy thee to do me ill,
For all thy boisterous fare,
Thou'st get nothing from me but ill,
Would'st thou seek evermair.

Good Robin bent his noble bow,
He was an angery man,
And in it set a broad arrôw;
Yet erst was drawn a span,

The beggar, with his noble tree,
Reach'd him so round a rout,
That his bow and his broad arrôw
In flinders‡ flew about.

Good Robin bound§ him to his brand,
But that prov'd likewise vain,
The beggar lighted on his hand
With his pike-staff again:

I wot he might not draw a sword
For forty days and mair.
Good Robin could not speak a word,
His heart was never so sair.

He could not fight, he could not flee,
He wist not what to do;

---

* An indefinite quantity.—*Scotticism.*
† Skewers that fasten the pudding-bag.
‡ Splinters.
§ Betook.

The beggar with his noble tree
Laid lusty flaps him to.

He paid good Robin back and side,
And beft him up and down,
And with his pike-staff still laid on hard,
Till he fell in a swoon.

Fy, stand up, man, the beggar said,
'Tis shame to go to rest;
Stay still, till thou get my monèy,
I think it were the best:

And syne go to the tavern house,
And buy both wine and ale;
Hereat thy friends will crack full crouse,
Thou hast been at a dale.

Good Robin answer'd never a word,
But lay still as a stane;
His cheeks were white as any clay,
And closed were his eyen.

The beggar thought him dead but fail,
And boldly bown'd away.—
I would you had been at the dale,
And gotten part of the play.

[THE SECOND PART.]

Now three of Robin's men, by chance,
Came walking by the way,

And found their master in a trance,
On ground where he did lay.

Up have they taken good Robin,
Making a piteous beir,*
Yet saw they no man there at whom
They might the matter speir.

They lookèd him all round about,
But wounds on him saw none,
Yet at his mouth came bocking out†
The blood of a good vein.

Cold water they have taken syne,
And cast into his face;
Then he began to lift his eyne,
And spake within short space;

Tell us, dear master, said his men,
How with you stands the case?
Good Robin sigh'd e'er he began
To tell of his disgrace.

"I have been watchman in this wood
Near hand this forty year,
Yet I was never so hard bestead
As you have found me here;

A beggar with a clouted cloak,
In whom I fear'd no ill,
Hath with his pike-staff claw'd my back,
I fear 'twill never be well.

* Noise. † *Bock*—vomit.

See, where he goes o'er yonder hill,
With hat upon his head;
If e'er you lov'd your master well,
Go now revenge this deed;

And bring him back again to me,
If it lie in your might,
That I may see, before I die,
Him punisht in my sight:

And if you may not bring him back,
Let him not go loose on;
For to us all it were great shame
If he escap't again."

"One of us shall with you remain,
Because you're ill at ease,
The other two shall bring him back,
To use him as you please."

Now, by my troth, says good Robin,
I trow there's enough said;
If he get scouth* to wield his tree,
I fear you'll both be paid.

"Be ye not fear'd, our good master,
That we two can be dung†
With any blutter‡ base beggar,
That has nought but a rung.

---

* Liberty. † Beaten, overcome.

‡ *Bluter.* Mr. Ritson queries the meaning of this word. It is blutter, a rumbling noise.—*Jameson.*

His staff shall stand him in no stead,
That you shall shortly see,
But back again he shall be led,
And fast bound shall he be,
To see if ye will have him slain,
Or hangèd on a tree."

"But cast you slily in his way,
Before he be aware,
And on his pike-staff first hands lay,
You'll speed the better far."

Now leave we Robin with his man,
Again to play the child,
And learn himself to stand and gang
By haulds,* for all his eild.†

Now pass we to the bold beggàr,
That rakèd‡ o'er the hill,
Who never mended his pace no more,
Nor he had done no ill.

The young men knew the country well,
So soon where he would be;§
And they have taken another way,
Was nearer by miles three.

They rudely ran with all their might,
Spared neither dub nor mire,
They started neither at laigh nor hight,
No travel made them tire,

---

* Holds, holding places, supports. † Age. ‡ Walked apace.
§ Wanting in the original, and restored from the Aberdeen copy.

Till they before the beggar wan,
And coost them in his way;
A little wood lay in a glen,
And there they both did stay;

They stood up closely by a tree,
In ilk side of the gate,
Until the beggar came them to,
That thought not of such fate:

And as he was betwixt them past,
They leapt upon him baith;
The one his pike-staff gripped fast,
They feared for its scaith.

The other he held in his sight
A drawen dirk to his breast,
And said, false carl, quit thy staff,
Or I shall be thy priest.

His pike-staff they have taken him frae,
And stuck't in the green,
He was full loath to let gae,
If better might have been.

The beggar was the fear'dest man
Of one that ever might be,
To win away no way he can,
Nor help him with his tree.

He wist not wherefore he was tane,
Nor how many was there;
He thought his life days had been gane,
He grew into despair;

Grant me my life, the beggar said,
For him that died on tree,
And take away that ugly knife,
Or then for fear I'll die.

I griev'd you never in all my life,
Nor late nor yet by ayre,
Ye have great sin, if ye would slay
A silly poor beggàr.

Thou lies, false lown, they said again,
By all that may be sworn;
Thou hast near slain the gentlest man
That ever yet was born;

And back again thou shalt be led,
And fast bound shalt thou be,
To see if he will have thee slain,
Or hangèd on a tree.

The beggar then thought all was wrong,
They were set for his wrack,
He saw nothing appearing then,
But ill upon worse back.

Were he out of their hands, he thought,
And had again his tree,
He should not be had back for nought;
With such as he did see.

Then he bethought him on a wile,
If it could take effect,
How he the young men might beguile,
And give them a begeck.

Thus for to do them shame or ill,
His beastly breast was bent,
He found the wind grew something shril,
To further his intent.

He said, Brave gentlemen, be good,
And let the poor man be;
When ye have taken a beggar's blood,
It helps you not a flea.

It was but in my own defence,
If he hath gotten skaith;
But I will make a recompense,
Much better for you baith.

If ye will set me safe and free,
And do me no dangèr,
An hundred pounds I will you give,
And much more good silvèr.

That I have gather'd this many years,
Under this clouted cloak,
And hid up privately,
In bottom of my pock.

The young men to a council yeed,
And let the beggar gae;
They wist full well he had no speed
From them to run away.

They thought they would the money take,
Come after what so may;
And then they would not bring him back,
But in that place him slay.

By that good Robin would not know
That they had gotten coin,
It would content him for to show
That there they had him slain.

They said, False carl, soon have done,
And tell forth thy monèy,
For the ill turn that thou hast done
'Tis but a simple fee;

And yet we will not have thee back,
Come after what so may,
If thou will do that which thou spake,
And make us present pay.

O then he loos'd his clouted cloak,
And spread it on the ground,
And thereon laid he many a pock,
Betwixt them and the wind.

He took a great bag from his hase,
It was near full of meal,
Two pecks in it at least there was,
And more I wot full well.

Upon his cloak he laid it down,
The mouth he open'd wide,
To turn the same he made him bown,
The young men ready spy'd;

In every hand he took a nook
Of that great leathern meal,
And with a fling the meal he shook
Into their faces hail:

Wherewith he blinded them so close,
A stime they could not see;
And then in heart he did rejoice,
And clapt his lusty tree.

He thought if he had done them wrong,
In mealing of their cloaths,
For to strick off the meal again
With his pike-staff he goes.

Or any of them could red their eyne,
Or could a glimm'ring see,
Ilk one of them a dozen had
Well laid on with the tree.

The young men were right swift of foot,
And boldly ran away,
The beggar could them no more hit,
For all the haste he may.

What ails this haste? the beggar said,
May ye not tarry still,
Until your money be received?
I'll pay you with good will.

The shaking of my pocks, I fear,
Hath blown into your eyne;
But I have a good pike-staff here
Can ripe them out full clean.

The young men answer'd never a word,
They were dumb as a stane;
In the thick wood the beggar fled,
E'er they riped their eyne:

And syne the night became so late,
To seek him was in vain:
But judge ye, if they lookèd blate,
When they came home again.

Good Robin spear'd how they had sped,
They answer'd him, Full ill.
That cannot be, good Robin says,
Ye have been at the mill.

The mill it is a meatrif place,
They may lick what they please,
Most like ye have been at that art,
Who would look to your cloaths.

They hang'd their heads, they dropèd down,
A word they could not speak.
Robin said, Because I fell a-swoon,
I think you'll do the like.

Tell on the matter, less or more,
And tell me where and how,
Ye have done with the bold beggàr
I sent you for right now.

And when they told him to an end,
As I have said before,
How that the beggar did them blind,
What misters process more!

And how he lin'd their shoulders broad
With his great trenchen tree;*

* These two lines are restored from the Aberdeen ballad.

And how in the thick wood he fled,
E'er they a stime could see;

And how they scarcely could win home,
Their bones were beft so sore;
Good Robin cry'd, Fy! out! for shame!
We're sham'd for evermore.

Altho' good Robin would full fain
Of his wrong revengèd be,
He smil'd to see his merry young men
Had gotten a taste of the tree.

FINIS.

ROBIN HOOD RESCUING THE WIDOW'S THREE SONS FROM THE SHERIFF,

WHEN GOING TO BE EXECUTED.

This ballad, from a York edition of "Robin Hood's Garland," is probably one of the oldest extant of which he is the subject. In the more common editions is a modernised copy, in which the "silly old woman" is converted into "a gay lady;" but even this is more ancient than many of the pieces here inserted, and is entitled by its merit to a place, says Mr. Ritson, in my appendix.

The circumstance of Robin's changing clothes with the palmer, is possibly taken from an old romance, entitled "The noble hystory of the moost excellent and myghty prynce and hygh renowned knyght, Ponthus of Galyce, and of lytell Brytayne." Emprynted at London in Flete-

strete, at the sygne of the sonne, by Wynken de Worde, in the yere of our lorde Gode 1511, 4to. bl. sig. L 6. "And, as he (Ponthus) rode, he met with a poore palmer, beggynge his brede, the which had his gowne all clouted and an olde pylled hatte, so he alyght, and sayd to the palmer, frende, we shall make a chaunge of all our garmentes, for ye shall have my gowne and I shall have yours and your hatte. A, syr, sayd the palmer, ye bourde you with me. In good fayth, sayd Ponthus, I do not; so he dyspoyled hym and clad hym with all his rayment, and he put upon hym the poore mannes gowne, his gyrdell, his hosyn, his shone, his hatte and his burden."

There is an allusion, also, to this ballad in Anthony Munday's play of "The Downfall of Robert Earl of Huntington."—*Collier's Old Plays*, p. 41.

XXVIII.

ROBIN HOOD RESCUING THE WIDOW'S THREE SONS FROM THE SHERIFF.

THERE are twelve months in all the year,
As I hear many say,
But the merriest month in all the year
Is the merry month of May.

Now Robin Hood is to Nottingham gone,
With a link a down, and a day,

And there he met a silly* old woman,
Was weeping on the way.

"What news? what news? thou silly old woman,
What news hast thou for me?"
Said she, there's three squires in Nottingham town,
To-day are condemned to die.

Oh, have they parishes burnt? he said,
Or have they ministers slain,
Or have they robbèd any virgin,
Or with other men's wives have lain?

"They have no parishes burnt, good sir,
Nor yet have ministers slain,
Nor have they robbèd any virgin,
Nor with other men's wives have lain."

Oh, what have they done? said Robin Hood,
I pray thee tell to me.
"It's for slaying of the king's fallow deer,
Bearing their long bows with thee."

Dost thou not mind, old woman, he said,
Since thou made me sup and dine?
By the truth of my body, quoth bold Robin Hood,
You could not tell it in better time.

---

* This word is here used in a good sense, and does not mean that the woman was foolish. Its true meaning may be best gathered from its application to holy men, who were by their nature unsuspicious; it indicates a combination of virtue and simplicity. See Skinner, Jamieson, and Richardson's Dict.

Now Robin Hood is to Nottingham gone,
With a link, a down, and a day,
And there he met with a silly old palmer,
Was walking along the highway.

"What news? what news? thou silly old man,
What news, I do thee pray?"
Said he, three squires in Nottingham town,
Are condemn'd to die this day.

"Come change thy apparel with me, old man,
Come change thy apparel for mine;
Here is forty shillings in good silver,
Go drink it in beer or wine."

Oh, thine apparel is good, he said,
And mine is ragged and torn;
Wherever you go, wherever you ride,
Laugh ne'er an old man to scorn.

"Come change thy apparel with me, old churl,
Come change thy apparel with mine;
Here are twenty pieces of good broad gold,
Go feast thy brethren with wine."

Then he put on the old man's hat,
It stood full high on the crown:
"The first bold bargain that I come at,
It shall make thee come down."

Then he put on the old man's cloak,
Was patch'd black, blew, and red;
He thought it no shame, all the day long,
To wear the bags of bread.

Then he put on the old man's breeks,
Was patch'd from ballup to side:
By the truth of my body, bold Robin can say,
This man lov'd little pride.

Then he put on the old man's hose,
Were patch'd from knee to wrist:*
By the truth of my body, said bold Robin Hood,
I'd laugh if I had any list.

Then he put on the old man's shoes,
Were patch'd both beneath and aboon;
Then Robin Hood swore a solemn oath,
It's good habit that makes a man.

Now Robin Hood is to Nottingham gone,
With a link a down, and a down,
And there he met with the proud sheriff,
Was walking along the town.

Oh Christ you save, oh, sheriff, he said,
Oh Christ you save and see,†
And what will you give to a silly old man
To-day will your hangman be?

Some suits, some suits, the sheriff he said,
Some suits I'll give to thee:
Some suits, some suits, and pence thirteen,
To-day 's a hangman's fee.

---

* This substitution of the wrist for the ancle is quite illegitimate, and is used solely for the rhyme. The wrist, is that joint which wrests or twists, i. e. the junction of the hand and arm, and the term is inapplicable to any other.

† Regard, protect.

Then Robin he turns him round about,
And jumps from stock to stone:
By the truth of my body, the sheriffe he said,
That's well jumpt, thou nimble old man.

I was ne'er a hangman in all my life,
Nor yet intend to trade;
But curst be he, said bold Robin,
That first a hangman was made.

I've a bag for meal, and a bag for malt,
And a bag for barley and corn;
A bag for bread, and a bag for beef,
And a bag for my little small horn.

I have a horn in my pocket,
I got it from Robin Hood,
And still when I set it to my mouth,
For thee it blows little good.

"Oh, wind thy horn, thou proud fellow,
Of thee I have no doubt:
I wish that thou give such a blast,
Till both thy eyes fall out."

The first loud blast that he did blow,
He blew both loud and shrill;
A hundred and fifty of Robin Hood's men
Came riding over the hill.

The next loud blast that he did give,
He blew both loud and amain,
And quickly sixty of Robin Hood's men
Came shining over the plain.

Oh, who are those, the sheriff he said,
Come tripping over the lee?
They're my attendants, brave Robin did say,
They'll pay a visit to thee.

They took the gallows from the slack,
They set it in the glen,
They hang'd the proud sheriff on that,
And releas'd their own three men.

Criminals taken to Execution (15th Century). Harleian MS. 4374.

St. Ann's Well, near Nottingham, a traditionary resort of Robin Hood.

ROBIN HOOD RESCUING THE THREE SQUIRES FROM NOTTINGHAM GALLOWS.

This song, and its tune, as the editor is informed by his ingenious friend, Edward Williams, the Welsh bard, are well known in South Wales, by the name of *Marchog glas*, *i. e.* Green knight. Though apparently ancient, it is not known to exist in black letter, nor has any better authority been met with than the common collection of Aldermary-church-yard.—*Ritson.*

XXIX.

ROBIN HOOD RESCUING THE THREE SQUIRES.

Bold Robin Hood ranging the forrest all round,
The forrest all round ranged he;
O there did he meet with a gay lady,
She came weeping along the highway.

Why weep you, why weep you? bold Robin he said,
What, weep you for gold or fee?
Or do you weep for your maidenhead,
That is taken from your body?

I weep not for gold, the lady reply'd,
Neither do I weep for fee;
Nor do I weep for my maidenhead,
That is taken from my body.

What weep you for then? said jolly Robin,
I prithee come tell unto me.
"Oh! I do weep for my three sons,
For they are all condemned to die."

What church have they robb'd? said jolly Robin,
Or parish-priest have they slain?
What maids have they forc'd against their will?
Or with other men's wives have lain?

No church have they robb'd, this lady reply'd,
Nor parish-priest have they slain;
No maids have they forced against their will,
Nor with other men's wives have lain.

What have they done then? said jolly Robin,
Come tell me most speedily.
"Oh! it is for killing the king's fallow deer,
That they are all condemn'd to die."

Get you home, get you home, said jolly Robin,
Get you home most speedily,
And I will unto fair Nottingham go,
For the sake of the squires all three."

Then bold Robin Hood for Nottingham goes,
For Nottingham town goes he,
O there did he meet with a poor beggar-man,
He came creeping along the highway.

"What news, what news, thou old beggar-man?
What news, come tell unto me."
"O there's weeping and wailing in Nottingham town,
For the death of the squires all three."

This beggar-man had a coat on his back,
'Twas neither green, yellow, nor red;
Bold Robin Hood thought 'twas no disgrace
To be in the beggar-man's stead.

"Come, pull off thy coat, thou old beggar-man,
And thou shalt put on mine;
And forty good shillings I'll give thee to boot,
Besides brandy, good beer, ale and wine."

Bold Robin Hood then unto Nottingham came,
Unto Nottingham town came he;
O there did he meet with great master sheriff,
And likewise the squires all three.

One boon, one boon, said jolly Robin,
One boon I beg on my knee;
That, as for the death of these three squires,
Their hangman I may be.

Soon granted, soon granted, says master sheriff,
Soon granted unto thee;
And thou shalt have all their gay cloathing,
Aye, and all their white money.

"Oh, I will have none of their gay cloathing,
Nor none of their white money,
But I'll have three blasts on my bugle-horn,
That their souls to heaven may flee."

Then Robin Hood mounted the gallows so high,
Where he blew loud and shrill,
Till an hundred and ten of Robin Hood's men
Came marching down the green hill.

Whose men are these? says master sheriff,
Whose men are they? tell unto me.
"O they are mine, but none of thine,
And are come for the squires all three."

O take them, O take them, says great master sheriff,
O take them along with thee;
For there's never a man in fair Nottingham
Can do the like of thee.

The Marriage Ceremony interrupted.

ROBIN HOOD AND ALLIN A DALE.

Or, a pleasant relation how a young gentleman, being in love with a young damsel, she was taken from him to be an old knight's bride: and how Robin Hood, pittying the young man's case, took her from the old knight, when they were going to be marryed, and restored her to her own love again. To a pleasant northern tune, *Robin Hood in the green-wood stood.*

"Bold Robin Hood he did the young man right,
And took the damsel from the doting knight."

From an old black-letter copy in Major Pearson's collection. —*Ritson.*

XXX.

ROBIN HOOD AND ALLIN A DALE.

COME listen to me, you gallants so free,
All you that love mirth for to hear,
And I will tell you of a bold outlàw,
That lived in Nottinghamshire.

As Robin Hood in the forest stood,
All under the green-wood tree,
There he was aware of a brave young man,
As fine as fine might be;

The youngster was cloathed in scarlet red,
In scarlet fine and gay;
And he did frisk it over the plain,
And chanted a round-de-lay.

As Robin Hood next morning stood
Amongst the leaves so gay,
There did he espy the same young man,
Come drooping along the way.

The scarlet he wore the day before
It was clean cast away;
And at every step he fetcht a sigh,
"Alack and a well a day!"

Then stepped forth brave Little John,
And Midge the miller's son,
Which made the young man bend his bow,
When as he see them come.

Stand off, stand off, the young man said,
What is your will with me?
"You must come before our master straight,
Under yon green-wood tree."

And when he came bold Robin before,
Robin askt him courteously,
O, hast thou any money to spare
For my merry men and me?

I have no money, the young man said,
But five shillings and a ring;
And that I have kept this seven long years,
To have it at my wedding.

Yesterday I should have married a maid,
But she from me was tane,
And chosen to be an old knight's delight,
Whereby my poor heart is slain.

What is thy name? then said Robin Hood,
Come tell me, without any fail.
By the faith of my body, then said the young man,
My name it is Allin a Dale.

What wilt thou give me, said Robin Hood,
In ready gold or fee,
To help thee to thy true love again,
And deliver her unto thee?

I have no money, then quoth the young man,
No ready gold nor fee,
But I will swear upon a book
Thy true servant for to be.

"How many miles is it to thy true love?
Come tell me without guile."
By the faith of my body, then said the young man,
It is but five little mile,

Then Robin he hasted over the plain,
He did neither stint nor lin,
Until he came unto the church,
Where Allin should keep his wedding.

What hast thou here? the bishop then said,
I prithee now tell unto me.
I am a bold harper, quoth Robin Hood,
And the best in the north country.

O welcome, O welcome, the bishop he said,
That musick best pleaseth me.
You shall have no musick, quoth Robin Hood,
Till the bride and the bridegroom I see.

With that came in a wealthy knight,
Which was both grave and old,
And after him a finikin lass,
Did shine like the glistering gold.

This is not a fit match, quod bold Robin Hood,
That you do seem to make here,
For since we are come into the church,
The bride shall chuse her own dear.

Then Robin Hood put his horn to his mouth,
And blew blasts two or three;
When four and twenty bowmen bold
Came leaping over the lee.

And when they came into the church-yard,
Marching all on a row,
The first man was Allin a Dale,
To give bold Robin his bow.

This is thy true love, Robin he said,
Young Allin, as I hear say;
And you shall be married at this same time,
Before we depart away.

That shall not be, the bishop he said,
For thy word shall not stand;
They shall be three times askt in the church,
As the law is of our land.

Robin Hood pull'd off the bishop's coat,
And put it upon Little John;
By the faith of my body, then Robin said,
This cloth doth make thee a man.

When Little John went into the quire,
The people began to laugh;
He askt them seven times into church,
Lest three times should not be enough.

Who gives me this maid? said Little John,
Quoth Robin Hood, that do I;
And he that takes her from Allin a Dale,
Full dearly he shall her buy.

And thus having ended this merry wedding,
The bride lookt like a queen;
And so they return'd to the merry green-wood,
Amongst the leaves so green.

ROBIN HOOD AND THE TINKER.

From an old black-letter copy in the library of Anthony à Wood. The full title is,

> "A new song to drive away cold winter,
> Between Robin Hood and the jovial tinker:
> How Robin by a wile,
> The Tinker he did cheat;
> But at the length as you shall hear
> The Tinker did him beat,
> Whereby the same they did then so agree
> They after liv'd in love and unity.
>
> To the tune of, *In Summer time.*"

Compared with a ballad in the Roxburgh collection. The number of names (see p. 271) inserted in the imprint, would seem to imply that this ballad was very popular.

XXXI.

ROBIN HOOD AND THE TINKER.

In summer time, when leaves grow green,
Down, a down, a down.
And birds singing on every tree,
Hey down, a down, a down.
Robin Hood went to Nottingham,
Down, a down, a down.
As fast as hee could dree.*
Hey down, a down, a down.

And as hee came to Nottingham,
A tinker he did meet,
And seeing him a lusty blade,
He did him kindly greet.

Where dost thou live? quoth Robin Hood,
I pray thee now me tell:
Sad news I hear there is abroad,
I fear all is not well.

What is that news? the tinker said,
Tell me without delay:
I am a tinker by my trade,
And do live in Banburay.

* *Dree* properly signifies to endure or suffer, and Jamieson in his dictionary explains the Anglo-Saxon *dreog-an*, from which *dree* is derived, as radically the same with *drag-an*, to draw, to drag along. Here it is metaphorically used, in reference to the labour of travelling, and is explained by Mr. Ritson as *hye*, which means to hasten or move quickly.

As for the news, quoth Robin Hood,
It is but as I hear,
Two tinkers they were set i'th' stocks,
For drinking ale and beer.

If that be all, the tinker said,
As I may say to you,
Your news is not worth a ——,
Since that they all be true.

For drinking of good ale and beer,
You will not lose your part.
No, by my faith, quoth Robin Hood,
I love it with all my heart.

What news abroad? quoth Robin Hood,
Tell me what thou dost hear:
Seeing thou goest from town to town,
Some news thou need not fear.

All the news I have, the tinker said,
I hear it is for good,
It is to seek a bold outlàw,
Which they call Robin Hood.

I have a warrant from the king,
To take him where I can;
If you can tell me where he is,
I will make you a man.

The king would give a hundred pound,
That he could but him see;
And if we can but now him get,
It will serve thee and me.

Let me see that warrant, said Robin Hood,
  Ile see if it be right;
And I will do the best I can
  For to take him this night.

That will I not, the tinker said,
  None with it will I trust;
And where he is if you'll not tell,
  Take him by force I must.

But Robin Hood perceiving well
  How then the game would go,
"If you would go to Nottingham,
  We shall find him I know."

The tinker had a crab-tree staff,
  Which was both good and strong,
Robin he had a good strong blade;
  So they went both along.

And when they came to Nottingham,
  There they both tooke an inn;
And there they call'd for ale and wine,
  To drink it was no sin.

But ale and wine they drank so fast,
  That the tinker he forgot
What thing he was about to do;
  It fell so to his lot,

That while the tinker fell asleep,
  Robin made then haste away,
And left the tinker in the lurch,
  For the great shot to pay.

But when the tinker wakened,
And saw that he was gone,
He call'd then even for his host,
And thus he made his moan: ..

I had a warrant from the king,
Which might have done me good,
That is to take a bold outlàw,
Some call him Robin Hood:

But now my warrant and money's gone,
Nothing I have to pay;
But he that promis'd to be my friend,
He is gone and fled away.

That friend you tell on, said the host,
They call him Robin Hood;
And when that first he met with you,
He meant you little good.

"Had I but known it had been he,
When that I had him here,
Th' one of us 'should have tri'd our strength,
Which should have paid full dear.

In the mean time I will away,
No longer here Ile bide,
But I will go and seek him out,
Whatever do me betide.

But one thing I would gladly know,
What here I have to pay?
Ten shillings just, then said the host.
"Ile pay without delay;

Or else take here my working-bag,
And my good hammer too;
And if that I but light on the knave,
I will then soon pay you."

The only way, then said the host,
And not to stand in fear,
Is to seek him among the parks,
Killing of the king's deer.

The tinker he then went with speed,
And made then no delay,
Till he had found bold Robin Hood,
That they might have a fray.

And last he spy'd him in a park,
Hunting then of the deer;
What knave is that, quoth Robin Hood,
That doth come me so near?

No knave, no knave, the tinker said,
And that you soon shall know;
Whether of us hath done most wrong,
My crab-tree staff shall show.

Then Robin drew his gallant blade,
Made then of trusty steel;
But the tinker he laid on so fast,
That he made Robin reel.

Then Robin's anger did arise,
He fought right manfully,
Until he had made the tinker
Almost then fit to fly.

With that they had a bout again,
They ply'd their weapons fast;
The tinker thresh'd his bones so sore,
He made him yeeld at last.

A boon, a boon, Robin he cries,
If thou will grant it me;
Before I do it, the tinker said,
Ile hang thee on this tree.

But the tinker looking him about,
Robin his horn did blow;
Then came unto him Little John,
And William Scadlock too.

What is the matter, quoth Little John,
You sit on th' highway side?
"Here is a tinker that stands by,
That hath paid well my hide."

That tinker then, said Little John,
Fain that blade I would see,
And I would try what I could do,
If he'l do as much for me.

But Robin he then wish'd them both
They should the quarrel cease,
That henceforth we may be as one,
And ever live in peace.

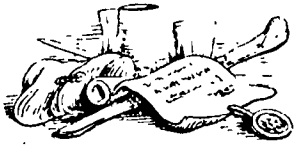
And for the jovial tinker's part,
A hundred pounds Ile give
In th' year for to maintain him on,
As long as he doth live.

In manhood he is a mettle-man,
And a metal-man by trade;
Never thought I that any man
Should have made me so afraid.

And if he will be one of us,
We will take all one fare;
And whatsoever we do get,
He shall have his full share.

So the tinker was content
With them to go along,
And with them a part to take:
And so I end my song.
Hey down, &c.

Printed for F. Coles, J. Vere, J. Wright, J. Clarke,
W. Thackeray, and T. Passenger.



Archery in Finsbury Fields. (See p. 175.)

ROBIN HOOD AND THE RANGER;

OR, TRUE FRIENDSHIP AFTER A FIERCE FIGHT.

No ancient copy of this ballad having been met with, it is given from an edition of "Robin Hood's Garland," printed some years since at York. The tune is *Arthur a Bland*. —*Ritson*.

XXXII.

ROBIN HOOD AND THE RANGER.

When Phœbus had melted the 'sickles of ice,
With a hey down, &c.
And likewise the mountains of snow,
Bold Robin Hood he would ramble away,
To frolick abroad with his bow.

He left all his merry men waiting behind,
Whilst through the green vallies he pass'd,
Where he did behold a forester bold,
Who cry'd out, Friend, whither so fast?

I am going, quoth Robin, to kill a fat buck,
For me and my merry men all;
Besides, ere I go, I'll have a fat doe,
Or else it shall cost me a fall.

You'd best have a care, said the forester then,
For these are his majesty's deer;
Before you shall shoot, the thing I'll dispute,
For I am head forester here.

These thirteen long summers, quoth Robin, I'm sure,
My arrows I here have let fly,
Where freely I range; methinks it is strange,
You should have more power than I.

This forest, quoth Robin, I think is my own,
And so are the nimble deer too;
Therefore I declare, and solemnly swear,
I'll not be affronted by you.

The forester he had a long quarter staff,
Likewise a broad sword by his side;
Without more ado, he presently drew,
Declaring the truth should be try'd.

Bold Robin Hood had a sword of the best,
Thus, ere he would take any wrong,
His courage was flush, he'd venture a brush,
And thus they fell to it ding dong.

The very first blow that the forester gave,
He made his broad weapon cry twang;
'Twas over the head, he fell down for dead,
O that was a damnable bang!

But Robin he soon recover'd himself,
And bravely fell to it again;
The very next stroke their weapons they broke,
Yet never a man there was slain.

At quarter staff then they resolvèd to play,
Because they would have t'other bout;
And brave Robin Hood right valiantly stood,
Unwilling he was to give out.

Bold Robin he gave him very hard blows,
The other return'd them as fast;
At every stroke their jackets did smoke;
Three hours the combat did last.

At length in a rage the forester grew,
And cudgell'd bold Robin so sore,
That he could not stand, so shaking his hand,
He cry'd, let us freely give o'er.

Thou art a brave fellow, I needs must confess,
I never knew any so good;
Thou art fitting to be a yeoman for me,
And range in the merry green-wood.

I'll give thee this ring as a token of love,
For bravely thou hast acted thy part;
That man that can fight, in him I delight,
And love him with all my whole heart.

Robin Hood set his bugle horn to his mouth,
A blast then he merrily blows;
His yeomen did hear, and strait did appear,
A hundred with trusty long bows.

Now Little John came at the head of them all,
Cloth'd in a rich mantle of green;
And likewise the rest were gloriously drest,
A delicate sight to be seen!

Lo! these are my yeomen, said bold Robin Hood,
And thou shalt be one of the train;
A mantle and bow, and quiver also,
I give them whom I entertain.

The forester willingly enter'd the list,
They were such a beautiful sight;
Then with a long bow they shot a fat doe,
And made a rich supper that night.

What singing and dancing was in the green wood,
For joy of another new mate!
With might and delight they spent all the night,
And liv'd at a plentiful rate.

The forester ne'er was so merry before,
As then he was with these brave souls,
Who never would fail, in wine, beer, or ale,
To take off their cherishing bowls.

Then Robin Hood gave him a mantle of green,
Broad arrows and curious long bow:
This done, the next day, so gallant and gay,
He marchèd them all in a row.

Quoth he, my brave yeomen, be true to your trust,
And then we may range the woods wide.
They all did declare, and solemnly swear,
They would conquer, or die by his side.

Shooting at Butts Fourteenth Century.
From the Louttrell Psalter.

ROBIN HOOD AND THE BISHOP OF HEREFORD.

THIS excellent ballad, given from the common edition of Aldermary church-yard (compared with the York copy), is supposed to be modern: the story, however, seems alluded to in the ballad of "Renowned Robin Hood." The full title is "The bishop of Hereford's entertainment by Robin Hood and Little John, &c. in merry Barnsdale."—*Ritson.*

XXXIII.

ROBIN HOOD AND THE BISHOP OF HEREFORD.

SOME they will talk of bold Robin Hood,
And some of barons bold;
But I'll tell you how he serv'd the bishop of Hereford,
When he robb'd him of his gold.

As it befel in merry Barnsdale,
All under the green-wood tree,
The bishop of Hereford was to come by,
With all his company.

Come, kill me a ven'son, said bold Robin Hood,
Come, kill me a good fat deer,
The bishop of Hereford is to dine with me to-day,
And he shall pay well for his cheer.

We'll kill a fat ven'son, said bold Robin Hood,
And dress it by the highway side;
And we will watch the bishop narrowly,
Lest some other way he should ride.

Robin Hood dress'd himself in shepherd's attire,
With six of his men alsò;
And, when the bishop of Hereford came by,
They about the fire did go.

O what is the matter? then said the bishòp,
Or for whom do you make this a-do?
Or why do you kill the king's ven'son,
When your company is so few?

We are shephèrds, said bold Robin Hood,
And we keep sheep all the year,
And we are disposed to be merry this day,
And to kill of the king's fat deer.

You are brave fellows! said the bishòp,
And the king of your doings shall know:
Therefore make haste, and come along with me,
For before the king you shall go.

O pardon, O pardon, said bold Robin Hood,
O pardon, I thee pray!
For it becomes not your lordship's coat
To take so many lives away.

No pardon, no pardon, said the bishop,
No pardon I thee owe;
Therefore make haste, and come along with me,
For before the king you shall go.

Then Robin set his back 'gainst a tree,
And his foot against a thorn,
And from underneath his shepherd's coat
He pull'd out a bugle horn.

He put the little end to his mouth,
And a loud blast did he blow,
Till threescore and ten of bold Robin's men
Came running all on a row:

All making obeysance to bold Robin Hood,
'Twas a comely sight for to see.
What is the matter, master, said Little John,
That you blow so hastilie?

"O here is the bishop of Hereford,
And no pardon we shall have."
Cut off his head, master, said Little John,
And throw him into his grave.

O pardon, O pardon, said the bishop,
O pardon, I thee pray;
For if I had known it had been you,
I'd have gone some other way.

No pardon, no pardon, said bold Robin Hood,
  No pardon I thee owe;
Therefore make haste, and come along with me,
  For to merry Barnsdale you shall go.

Then Robin he took the bishop by the hand,
  And led him to merry Barnsdale;
He made him to stay and sup with him that night,
  And to drink wine, beer, and ale.

Call in a reckoning, said the bishop,
  For methinks it grows wond'rous high.
Lend me your purse, master, said Little John,
  And I'll tell you bye and bye.

Then Little John took the bishop's cloak,
  And spread it upon the ground,
And out of the bishop's portmantua
  He told three hundred pound.

Here's money enough, master, said Little John,
  And a comely sight 'tis to see;
It makes me in charity with the bishop,
  Tho' he heartily loveth not me.

Robin Hood took the bishop by the hand,
  And he caused the music to play;
And he made the [old] bishop to dance in his boots,
  And glad he could so get away.

THE KING'S DISGUISE, AND FRIENDSHIP WITH ROBIN HOOD.

Taken by Mr. Ritson from the common collection of Aldermary-church-yard, and now compared with one in the York edition.

XXXIV.

THE KING'S DISGUISE, AND FRIENDSHIP WITH ROBIN HOOD.

KING Richard hearing of the pranks
  Of Robin Hood and his men,
He much admir'd, and more desir'd,
  To see both him and them.

Then with a dozen of his lords,
To Nottingham he rode;
When he came there, he made good cheer,
And took up his abode.

He having stayèd there some time,
But had no hopes to speed,
He and his lords, with one accord,
All put on monks' weeds.

From Fountain's-abbey they did ride,
Down to Barnesdale;
Where Robin Hood preparèd stood
All company to assail.

The king was higher than the rest,
And Robin thought, he had
An abbot been whom he had seen,
To rob him he was glad.

He took the king's horse by the head,
Abbot, says he, abide;
I am bound to sue such knaves as you,
That live in pomp and pride.

But we are messengers from the king,
The king himself did say;
Near to this place his royal grace
To speak with thee does stay.

God save the king, said Robin Hood,
And all that wish him well;
He that denies his sovereignty,
I wish he was in hell.

Thyself thou cursedst, said the king,
For thou a traitor art.
" Nay, but that you are his messenger,
I swear you lie in heart;

For I never yet hurt any man
That honest is and true;
But those who give their minds to live
Upon other men's due.

I never hurt the husbandmen,
That use to till the ground:
Nor spill their blood who range the wood,
To follow hawk or hound.

My chiefest spite to clergy is,
Who in these days bear sway;
With fryars and monks, and their fine spunks,
I make my chiefest prey.

But I am glad, says Robin Hood,
That I have met you here;
Before we end, you shall, my friend,
Taste of our green-wood cheer."

The king he then did marvel much,
And so did all his men;
They thought with fear, what kind of cheer,
Robin would provide for them.

Robin took the king's horse by the head,
And led him to his tent:
Thou shouldst not be so us'd, quoth he,
But that my king thee sent.

Nay, more than that, quoth Robin Hood,
For good king Richard's sake,
If you had as much gold as ever I told,
I would not one penny take.

Then Robin set his horn to his mouth,
And a loud blast he did blow,
Till a hundred and ten of Robin Hood's men,
Came marching all of a row.

And when they came bold Robin before,
Each man did bend his knee:
O, thought the king, 'tis a gallant thing,
And a seemly sight to see.

Within himself the king did say,
These men of Robin Hood's
More humble be than mine to me;
So the court may learn of the woods.

So then they all to dinner went,
Upon a carpet green;
Black, yellow, red, finely mingled,
Most curious to be seen.

Venison and fowls were plenty there,
With fish out of the river:
King Richard swore, on sea or shore,
He never was feasted better.

Then Robin takes a cann of ale:
"Come, let us now begin;
And every man shall have his cann:
Here's a health unto the king."

The king himself drank to the king,
So round about it went;
Two barrels of ale, both stout and stale,
To pledge that health was spent.

And, after that, a bowl of wine
In his hand took Robin Hood;
Until I die, I'll drink wine, said he,
While I live in the green-wood.

Bend all your bows, said Robin Hood,
And with the grey goose-wing,
Such sport now show, as you would do
In the presence of the king.

They shewed such brave archery,
By cleaving sticks and wands,
That the king did say, such men as they
Live not in many lands.

Well, Robin Hood, then says the king,
If I could thy pardon get,
To serve the king in every thing
Wouldst thou thy mind firm set?

Yes, with all my heart, bold Robin said,
So they flung off their hoods,
To serve the king in every thing,
They swore they would spend their bloods.

For a clergyman was first my bane,
Which makes me hate them all,
But if you will be so kind to me,
Love them again I shall.

The king no longer could forbear,
For he was mov'd with ruth,
Robin, said he, I'll now tell thee
The very naked truth.

"I am the king, thy sovereign king,
That appears before you all."
When Robin saw that it was he,
Strait then he down did fall.

Stand up again, then said the king,
I'll thee thy pardon give;
Stand up, my friend; who can contend,
When I give leave to live?

So they are all gone to Nottingham,
All shouting as they came:
But when the people them did see,
They thought the king was slain;

And for that cause th' outlaws were come,
To rule all as they list;
And them to shun, which way to run,
The people did not wist.

The plowman left the plow in the field,
The smith ran from his shop;
Old folks also, that scarce could go,
Over their sticks did hop.

The king did soon let them understand
He had been in the green-wood,
And from that day, for evermore,
He'd forgiven Robin Hood.

Then when the people they did hear,
And that the truth was known,
They all did sing, God save the king!
Hang care, the town's our own!

What's that Robin Hood? then said the sheriff,
That varlet I do hate;
Both me and mine he caus'd to dine,
And serv'd us all with one plate.

Ho, ho, said Robin Hood, I know what you mean,
Come, take your gold again;
Be friends with me, and I with thee,
And so with every man.

Now, master sheriff, you are paid,
And since you are beginner,
And well as you give me my due,
For you ne'er paid for that dinner.

But if that it should please the king,
So much your house to grace,
To sup with you, for, to speak true,
I know you ne'er was base.

The sheriff could not that gainsay,
For a trick was put upon him;
A supper was drest, the king was a guest,
But he thought 'twould have outdone him.

They are all gone to London court,
Robin Hood, with all his train;
He once was there a noble peer,
And now he's there again.

Many such pranks brave Robin play'd,
While he liv'd in the green-wood:
Now, my friend, attend, and hear an end
Of honest Robin Hood.

ROBIN HOOD AND THE GOLDEN ARROW.

Taken from the same authority as the preceding, and compared with the York edition.

XXXV.

ROBIN HOOD AND THE GOLDEN ARROW.

When as the sheriff of Nottingham
  Was come with mickle grief,
He talk'd no good of Robin Hood,
  That strong and sturdy thief.
    Fal la dal de.

So unto London road he past,
  His losses to unfold
To king Richard, who did regard
  The tale that he had told.

Why, quoth the king, what shall I do?
Art thou not sheriff for me?
The law is in force, to take its course
Of them that injure thee.

Go get thee gone, and by thyself
Devise some tricking game,
For to enthral yon rebels all;
Go take thy course with them.

So away the sheriff he return'd,
And by the way he thought
Of th' words of the king, and how the thing
To pass might well be brought.

For within his mind he imaginèd,
That when such matches were,
Those outlaws stout, without all doubt,
Would be the bowmen there.

So an arrow with a golden head,
And shaft of silver-white,
Who on the day should bear away
For his own proper right.

Tidings came to bold Robin Hood,
Under the green-wood tree:
"Come prepare you then, my merry men,
We'll go yon sport to see."

With that stept forth a brave young man,
David of Doncastèr,
Master, said he, be rul'd by me,
From the green-wood we'll not stir.

To tell the truth, I'm well inform'd,
Yon match it is a wile;
The sheriff, I wiss, devises this
Us archers to beguile.

Thou smells of a coward, said Robin Hood,
Thy words do not please me;
Come on't what will, I'll try my skill,
At yon brave archery.

O then bespoke brave Little John,
Come let us thither gang;
Come, listen to me, how it shall be,
That we need not be kenn'd.

Our mantles all of Lincoln-green
Behind us we will leave;
We'll dress us all so several,
They shall not us perceive.

One shall wear white, another red,
One yellow, another blue;
Thus in disguise, to the exercise
We'll gang, whate'er ensue.

Forth from the green-wood they are gone,
With hearts all firm and stout,
Resolving then with the sheriff's men
To have a hearty bout.

So themselves they mixèd with the rest,
To prevent all suspicion;
For if they should together hold
They thought it no discretion.

So the sheriff looked round about,
Amongst eight hundred men,
But could not see the sight that he
Had long suspected then.

Some said, if Robin Hood was here,
And all his men to boot,
Sure none of them could pass these men,
So bravely they do shoot.

Ay, quoth the sheriff, and scratch'd his head,
I thought he would have been here;
I thought he would, but tho' he's bold,
He durst not now appear.

O that word griev'd Robin Hood to the heart,
He vexèd in his blood;
Ere long, thought he, thou shalt well see
That here was Robin Hood.

Some cried, Blue jacket! another cried, Brown!
And a third cried, brave Yellow!
But the fourth man said, Yon man in Red
In this place has no fellow.

For that was Robin Hood himself,
For he was cloath'd in red;
At every shot the prize he got,
For he was both sure and dead.

So the arrow with the golden head,
And shaft of silver-white,
Brave Robin Hood won, and bore with him,
For his own proper right.

These outlaws there, that very day,
To shun all kinds of doubt,
By three or four, no less nor more,
As they went in came out;

Until they all assembled were
Under the green-wood shade,
Where they report, in pleasant sport,
What brave pastime they made.

Says Robin Hood, all my care is,
How that yon sheriff may
Know certainly that it was I,
That bore his arrow away.

Says Little John, my counsel good
Did take effect before,
So therefore now, if you'll allow,
I will advise once more.

Speak on, speak on, said Robin Hood,
Thy wit's both quick and sound,
I know no man among us can
For wit like thee be found.

This I advise, said Little John,
That a letter shall be penn'd,
And when it is done, to Nottingham
You to the sheriff shall send.

That is well advis'd, said Robin Hood,
But how must it be sent?
" Pugh! when you please, 'tis done with ease;
Master, be you content.

I'll stick it on my arrow's head,
And shoot it into the town;
The mark will show where it must go,
Whenever it lights down."

The project it was well perform'd,
The sheriff that letter had,
Which when he read, he scratch'd his head,
And rav'd like one that's mad.

So we'll leave him chafing in his grease,
Which will do him no good:
Now, my friends, attend, and hear the end
Of honest Robin Hood.

ROBIN HOOD AND LITTLE JOHN:

Being an account of their first meeting, their fierce encounter, and conquest. To which is added, their friendly agreement; and how he came to be called Little John. Tune of *Arthur a Bland.*

This ballad is named in a schedule of such things under an agreement between W. Thackeray and others in 1689, (Coll. Pepys, vol. v.), but is here given as corrected from a copy in the "Collection of Old Ballads," 1723. See preface, p. xiii. xiv., &c. for an account of Little John, also in the "Collection of Old Ballads," vol. i. p. 75.

XXXVI.

ROBIN HOOD AND LITTLE JOHN.

When Robin Hood was about twenty years old,
With a hey down, down, and a down;
He happen'd to meet with Little John,
A jolly brisk blade, right fit for the trade,
For he was a lusty young man.

Tho' he was call'd Little, his limbs they were large,
And his stature was seven foot high;
Wherever he came, they quak'd at his name,
For soon he would make them to fly.

How they came acquainted, I'll tell you in brief,
If you would but listen awhile;
For this very jest, among all the rest,
I think it may cause you to smile.

For Robin Hood said to his jolly bowmèn,
Pray tarry you here in this grove;
And see that you all observe well my call,
While thorough the forest I rove.

We have had no sport for these fourteen long days,
Therefore now abroad will I go;
Now should I be beat, and cannot retreat,
My horn I will presently blow.

Then did he shake hands with his merry men all,
And bid them at present good bye:
Then, as near the brook his journey he took,
A stranger he chanc'd to espy.

They happen'd to meet on a long narrow bridge,
And neither of them would give way;
Quoth bold Robin Hood, and sturdily stood,
I'll shew you right Nottingham play.

With that from his quiver an arrow he drew,
A broad arrow with a goose-wing.
The stranger replied, I'll liquor thy hide,
If thou offer to touch the string.

Quoth bold Robin Hood, thou dost prate like an ass,
For were I to bend but my bow,
I could send a dart quite thro' thy proud heart,
Before thou couldst strike me one blow.

Thou talk'st like a coward, the stranger reply'd;
Well arm'd with a long bow you stand,
To shoot at my breast, while I, I protest,
Have nought but a staff in my hand.

The name of a coward, quoth Robin, I scorn,
Therefore my long bow I'll lay by;
And now, for thy sake, a staff will I take,
The truth of thy manhood to try.

Then Robin Hood stept to a thicket of trees,
And chose him a staff of brown oak;
Now this being done, away he did run
To the stranger, and merrily spoke:

Lo! see my staff is lusty and tough,
Now here on this bridge we will play;
Whoever falls in, the other shall win
The battle, and so we'll away.

With all my whole heart, the stranger reply'd,
I scorn in the least to give out;
This said, they fell to't without more dispute,
And their staffs they did flourish about.

At first Robin he gave the stranger a bang,
So hard that he made his bones ring:
The stranger he said, this must be repaid,
I'll give you as good as you bring.

So long as I am able to handle a staff,
To die in your debt, friend, I scorn.
Then to it each goes, and follow'd their blows,
As if they'd been threshing of corn.

The stranger gave Robin a crack on the crown,
Which caused the blood to appear;
Then Robin enrag'd, more fiercely engag'd,
And follow'd his blows more severe.

So thick and so fast did he lay it on him,
With a passionate fury and ire;
At every stroke he made him to smoke,
As if he had been all on fire.

O then into fury the stranger he grew,
And gave him a damnable look,
And with it a blow that laid him full low,
And tumbled him into the brook

I prithee, good fellow, O where art thou now?
The stranger, in laughter, he cry'd.
Quoth bold Robin Hood, good faith, in the flood,
And floating along with the tide.

I needs must acknowledge thou art a brave soul,
With thee I'll no longer contend;
For needs must I say, thou hast got the day,
Our battle shall be at an end.

Then unto the bank he did presently wade,
And pull'd himself out by a thorn;
Which done, at the last, he blew a loud blast
Straitway on his fine bugle-horn:

The echo of which through the valleys did fly,
At which his stout bowmen appear'd,
All clothed in green, most gay to be seen,
So up to their master they steer'd.

O, what's the matter? quoth William Stutely;
Good master, you are wet to the skin.
No matter, quoth he, the lad which you see
In fighting hath tumbled me in.

He shall not go scot-free, the others reply'd;
So strait they were seizing him there,
To duck him likewise: but Robin Hood cries,
He is a stout fellow; forbear.

There's no one shall wrong thee, friend, be not afraid;
These bowmen upon me do wait;
There's threescore and nine; if thou wilt be mine,
Thou shalt have my livery strait,

And other accoutrements fitting also:
Speak up, jolly blade, never fear.
I'll teach you also the use of the bow,
To shoot at the fat fallow deer.

O, here is my hand, the stranger reply'd,
I'll serve you with all my whole heart;
My name is John Little, a man of good mettle:
Ne'er doubt it, for I'll play my part.

His name shall be alter'd, quoth William Stutely,
And I will his godfather be;
Prepare then a feast, and none of the least,
For we will be merry, quoth he.

They presently fetch'd him a brace of fat does,
With humming strong liquor likewise;
They lov'd what was good; so, in the green-wood,
This pretty sweet babe they baptize.

He was, I must tell you, but seven foot high,
And, may be, an ell in the waist;
A sweet pretty lad: much feasting they had:
Bold Robin the christ'ning grac'd,

With all his bowmèn, who stood in a ring,
And were of the Nottingham breed;
Brave Stutely came then, with seven yeomèn,
And did in this manner proceed:

This infant was called John Little, quoth he;
His name shall be changed anon:
The words we'll transpose; so wherever he goes,
His name shall be call'd Little John.

They all with a shout made the elements ring;
So soon as the office was o'er,
To feasting they went, with true merriment,
And tippled strong liquor gillore.

Then Robin he took the pretty sweet babe,
And cloth'd him from top to toe,
In garments of green, most gay to be seen,
And gave him a curious long bow.

"Thou shalt be an archer as well as the best,
And range in the green-wood with us;
Where we'll not want gold nor silver, behold,
While bishops have aught in their purse.

"We live here like 'squires, or lords of renown,
Without e'er a foot of free land;
We feast on good cheer, with wine, ale, and beer,
And ev'ry thing at our command."

Then music and dancing did finish the day;
At length, when the sun waxed low,
Then all the whole train the grove did refrain,
And unto their caves they did go.

And so ever after, as long as he liv'd,
Altho' he was proper and tall,
Yet, nevertheless, the truth to express,
Still Little John they do him call.

Robin Hood's Penny stone, near Halifax, Yorkshire

A Fac-simile from the Original Edition.

ROBIN HOOD AND MAID MARIAN.

This ballad is given from an old black-letter copy in the collection of Anthony à Wood. Its full title is "A famous battle between Robin Hood and maid Marian; declaring their love, life, and liberty. Tune, *Robin Hood reviv'd.*"—*Ritson.*

This ballad is evidently founded upon incidents in the play of "The Downfall of Robert Earl of Huntington."

XXXVII.

ROBIN HOOD AND MAID MARIAN.

A BONNY fine-maid of a noble degree,
With a hey down, down, a down, down,
Maid Marian call'd by name,
Did live in the North, of excellent worth,
For she was a gallant dame.

For favour and face, and beauty most rare,
Queen Hellen she did excell:
For Marian then was prais'd of all men
That did in the country dwell.

'Twas neither Rosamond nor Jane Shore,
Whose beauty was clear and bright,
That could surpass this country lass,
Beloved of lord and knight.

The earl of Huntington, nobly born,
That came of noble blood,
To Marian went, with a good intent,
By the name of Robin Hood.

With kisses sweet their red lips meet,
For she and the earl did agree;
In every place, they kindly embrace,
With love and sweet unity.

But fortune bearing these lovers a spight,
That soon they were forc'd to part:
To the merry green-wood then went Robin Hood,
With a sad and sorrowfull heart.

And Marian, poor soul, was troubled in mind,
For the absence of her friend;
With finger in eye, she often did cry,
And his person did much comend.

Perplexed and vexed, and troubled in mind,
She drest herself like a page,
And ranged the wood, to find Robin Hood,
The bravest of men in that age.

With quiver and bow, sword, buckler, and all,
Thus armed was Marian most bold,
Still wandering about, to find Robin out,
Whose person was better than gold.

But Robin Hood, he, himself had disguis'd,
And Marian was strangely attir'd,
That they prov'd foes, and so fell to blowes,
Whose vallour bold Robin admir'd.

They drew out their swords, to cutting they went,
At least an hour or more,
That the blood ran apace from bold Robin's face,
And Marian was wounded sore.

O hold thy hand, hold thy hand, said Robin Hood,
And thou shalt be one of my string,
To range in the wood, with bold Robin Hood,
To hear the sweet nightingall sing.

When Marian did hear the voice of her love,
Her self she did quickly discover,
And with kisses sweet she did him greet,
Like to a most loyall lover.

When bold Robin Hood his Marian did see,
Good lord, what clipping was there!
With kind embraces, and jobbing of faces,
Providing of gallant cheer.

For Little John took his bow in his hand,
And wand'ring in the wood,
To kill the deer, and make good chear,
For Marian and Robin Hood.

Copied from the Original Edition

THE SECOND PART.

A stately banquet they had full soon,
All in a shaded bower,
Where venison sweet they had to eat,
And were merry that present hour.

Great flaggons of wine were set on the board,
And merrily they drunk round
Their boules of sack, to strengthen the back,
Whilst their knees did touch the ground.

First Robin Hood began a health
To Marian his onely dear;
And his yeomen all, both comly and tall,
Did quickly bring up the rear:

For in a brave vent* they tost off the bouls,
Whilst thus they did remain;
And every cup, as they drunk up,
They filled with speed again.

At last they ended their merryment,
And went to walk in the wood,
Where Little John, and maid Marian,
Attended on bold Robin Hood.

In sollid content together they liv'd,
With all their yeomen gay;
They liv'd by their hands, without any lands,
And so they did many a day.

But now to conclude, an end I will make,
In time as I think it good;
For the people that dwell in the north can tell
Of Marian and bold Robin Hood.

* Probably *brave venie*, merry vein, jovial humour, is meant.

Robin Hood's Hill, near Castleton, Derbyshire.

ROBIN HOOD AND THE VALIANT KNIGHT.

Together with an account of his death and burial, &c. Tune of *Robin Hood and the fifteen foresters.* From the common garland of Aldermary-church-yard; corrected by the York copy.

XXXVIII.

ROBIN HOOD AND THE VALIANT KNIGHT.

When Robin Hood, and his merry men all,
Derry down, down,
Had reigned many years,
The king was then told, that they had been bold
To his bishops and noble peers.
Hey down, derry, derry down.

Therefore they called a council of state,
To know what was best to be done,
For to quell their pride, or else they reply'd
The land would be over-run.

Having consulted a whole summer's day,
At length it was agreed,
That one should be sent to try the event,
And fetch him away with speed.

Therefore a trusty and most worthy knight
The king was pleased to call,
Sir William by name; when to him he came,
He told him his pleasure all.

" Go you from hence to bold Robin Hood,
And bid him, without more ado,
Surrender himself, or else the proud elf
Shall suffer with all his crew.

Take here a hundred bowmen brave,
All chosen men of great might,
Of excellent art to take thy part,
In glittering armour most bright."

Then said the knight, my sovereign liege,
By me they shall be led;
I'll venture my blood against bold Robin Hood,
And bring him alive or dead.

One hundred men were chosen straight,
As proper as e'er men saw:
On Midsummer-day they march'd away,
To conquer that brave outlaw.

With long yew bows, and shining spears,
They march'd with mickle pride,
And never delay'd, nor halted, nor stay'd
Till they came to the green-wood side.

Said he to his archers, tarry here,
Your bows make ready all,
That if need should be, you may follow me,
And see you observe my call.

I'll go first in person, he cry'd,
With the letters of my good king,
Well sign'd and seal'd, and if he will yield,
We need not draw one string.

He wander'd about till at length he came
To the tent of Robin Hood;
The letter he shows; bold Robin arose,
And there on his guard he stood.

They'd have me surrender, quoth bold Robin Hood,
And lie at their mercy then;
But tell them from me, that never shall be,
While I have full seven score men.

Sir William the knight, both hardy and bold,
He offer'd to seize him there,
Which William Locksley by fortune did see,
And bid him that trick to forbear.

Then Robin Hood set his horn to his mouth,
And blew a blast or twain,
And so did the knight, at which there in sight
The archers came all amain.

Sir William with care he drew up his men,
And plac'd them in battle array;
Bold Robin, we find, he was not behind:
Now this was a bloody fray.

The archers on both sides bent their bows,
And the clouds of arrows flew;
The very first flight, that honour'd knight
Did there bid the world adieu.

Yet nevertheless their fight did last
From morning till almost noon;
Both parties were stout and loth to give out,
This was on the last day of June.

At length they left off: one party they went
To London with right good will;
And Robin Hood he to the green-wood tree,
And there he was taken ill.

He sent for a monk, to let him blood,
Who took his life away:
Now this being done, his archers they run,
It was not a time to stay.

Some got on board, and cross'd the seas,
To Flanders, France, and Spain,
And others to Rome, for fear of their doom,
But soon return'd again.

This account of Robin Hood's death differs from all other reports, particularly from that contained in the next ensuing ballad, which is not only more ancient, but accords with others that appear much more authentic, if authenticity is now attainable.

Mr. Douce, in his copy in the Bodleian library, has added the following note.

"In the Bishop of Dromore's celebrated manuscript of Ancient Poetry, from which a great part of his collections was printed, is a fragment of a ballad, which makes Robin Hood to have been treacherously let blood by his aunt the prioress of Kirklees."

The following Lament is taken from Collier's edition of the play of *The Death of Robert Earl of Huntington*:—

"Weep, weep, ye woodmen wail,
Your hands with sorrow wring;
Your master, Robin Hood, lies dead,
Therefore sigh as you sing.
Here lie his primer and his beads,
His bent bow and his arrows keen;
His good sword and his holy cross,
Now cast on flowers fresh and green.
And as they fall shed tears and say,
Well, well-a-day, well-a, well-a-day;
Thus cast ye flowers and sing,
And on to Wakefield take your way."

ROBIN HOOD'S DEATH AND BURIAL:

Shewing how he was taken ill, and how he went to his cousin at Kirkley-hall, who let him blood, which was the cause of his death. Tune of *Robin Hood's last farewel*, &c.

This very old and curious piece is preserved solely in the editions of "Robin Hood's Garland," printed at York, where it is made to conclude with some foolish lines, (adopted from the London copy of the preceding ballad), in order to introduce the epitaph. It is here given from a collation of two different copies, containing numerous variations.

XXXIX.

ROBIN HOOD'S DEATH AND BURIAL.

When Robin Hood and Little John,
Down a down, a down, a down,
Went o'er yon bank of broom,
Said Robin Hood to Little John,
We have shot for many a pound:
Hey down, a down, a down.

But I am not able to shoot one shot more,
My arrows will not flee;
But I have a cousin lives down below,
Please God, she will bleed me.

Now Robin is to fair Kirkley gone,
As fast as he can wen;
But before he came there, as we do hear,
He was taken very ill.

And when that he came to fair Kirkley-hall,
He knock'd all at the ring,
But none was so ready as his cousin herself
For to let bold Robin in.

Will you please to sit down, cousin Robin, she said,
And drink some beer with me?
"No, I will neither eat nor drink,
Till I am blooded by thee."

Well, I have a room, cousin Robin, she said,
Which you did never see,
And if you please to walk therein,
You blooded by me shall be.

She took him by the lily-white hand,
And let him to a private room,
And there she blooded bold Robin Hood,
Whilst one drop of blood would run.

She blooded him in the vein of the arm,
And lock'd him up in the room,
There did he bleed all the live-long day,
Untill the next day at noon.

He then bethought him of a casement door,
Thinking for to be gone,
He was so weak he could not leap,
Nor he could not get down.

He then bethought him of his bugle-horn,
Which hung low down to his knee,
He set his horn unto his mouth,
And blew out weak blasts three.

Then Little John, when hearing him,
As he sat under the tree,
"I fear my master is near dead,
He blows so wearily."

Then Little John to fair Kirkley is gone,
As fast as he can dree;
But when he came to Kirkley-hall,
He broke locks two or three:

Untill he came bold Robin to,
Then he fell on his knee;
A boon, a boon, cries Little John,
Master, I beg of thee.

What is that boon, quoth Robin Hood,
Little John, thou begs of me?
"It is to burn fair Kirkley-hall,
And all their nunnery."

Now nay, now nay, quoth Robin Hood,
That boon I'll not grant thee;
I never hurt woman in all my life,
Nor man in woman's company.

I never hurt fair maid in all my time,
Nor at my end shall it be;
But give me my bent bow in my hand,
And a broad arrow I'll let flee;
And where this arrow is taken up,
There shall my grave digg'd be.

Lay me a green sod under my head,
And another at my feet;*
And lay my bent bow by my side,
Which was my music sweet;
And make my grave of gravel and green,
Which is most right and meet.

Let me have length and breadth enough,
With a green sod under my head;

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* With verdant sods most neatly put,
Sweet as the green-wood tree.

That they may say, when I am dead,
Here lies bold Robin Hood.

These words they readily promis'd him,
Which did bold Robin please:
And there they buried bold Robin Hood,
Near to the fair Kirklèys.

ADAM BELL, CLYM OF THE CLOUGH, AND WYLLYAM OF CLOUDESLE.

It is singular, that Mr. Ritson should have omitted the insertion of this popular legend in his collection, having previously published it in his "Pieces of Ancient Popular Poetry," 1791. It is undoubtedly entitled to a place in the cycle of "Robin Hood Ballads," whether these yeomen were contemporaries, or not, with Robin Hood and his companions. They were three noted outlaws, whose skill in archery rendered them as famous in the north of England, as Robin Hood and his fellows were in the midland counties. At what exact period they lived no where appears. The writer of the ballad on "Robin Hood's Birth, &c." p. 112 of this volume, makes them contemporary with Robin

Hood's father, in order, it would seem, to give him the honour of beating them, viz.:—

"The father of Robin a forrester was,
And he shot in a lusty long bow
Two north-country miles and an inch at a shot,
As the pindar of Wakefield doth know.

For he brought Adam Bell, and Clim of the Clough,
And William of Clowdesle,
To shoot with our forrester for forty mark,
And the forrester beat them all three."

This seems to prove, that they were commonly thought to have lived before the popular hero of Sherwood.

"Our northern archers were not unknown to their southern countrymen: their excellence at the long-bow is often alluded to by our ancient poets. Shakspere in his comedy of 'Much ado about Nothing,' act i, makes Benedick confirm his resolves of not yielding to love, by this protestation, "If I do, hang me in a bottle like a cat, and shoot at me, and he that hits me, let him be clapt on the shoulder, and called Adam:'—meaning Adam Bell, as Theobald rightly observes, who refers to one or two other passages in our old poets, wherein he is mentioned. The Oxford editor has also well conjectured, that 'Abraham Cupid' in 'Romeo and Juliet,' act ii, s. 1, should be 'Adam Cupid,' in allusion to our archer. Ben Jonson has mentioned Clym o' the Clough in his 'Alchemist,' act i, sc. 2. And Sir William Davenant, in a mock poem of his, called 'The long Vacation in London,' describes the attorneys and proctors, as making matches to meet in Finsbury Fields.

"With loynes in canvas bow-case tyde:
Where arrowes stick with mickle pride;
Like ghosts of Adam Bell and Clymme;
Sol sits for fear they'l shoot at him."—*Works*, 1673, fol. p. 291.

"I have only to add further concerning the principal hero of this ballad, that the BELLS were noted rogues in the north so late as the time of Queen Elizabeth. See in 'Rymer's Fœdera,' a letter from William Howard to some of the officers of State, wherein he mentions them."—*Percy's Reliques*, vol. i, p. 158-9.

The following are Mr. Ritson's remarks upon this legend:

"This very ancient, curious, and popular performance, apparently composed for the purpose of being sung in public to the harp, is extant in an old quarto, in black-letter, without date, 'Imprinted at London, in Lothburye, by Wyllyam Copland,' and preserved among Mr. Garrick's Old Plays, now in the British Museum, whence it is here given. This copy was made use of by Dr. Percy, who has published the poem in his 'Reliques of Ancient English Poetry,' with some corrections fortunately supplyed by another in his folio MS. which may possibly account for the many different readings between that publication and the present. No earlier edition than Copland's is known. It was reprinted in 1605 by James Roberts, along with 'The second part,' a very inferior and servile production, of which there was, likewise, an edition in 1616, with considerable variations. Both these are in the Bodleian library.

"As there is no other memorial of these celebrated archers than the following legend, to which all the passages cited, from different authors, by the learned editor already mentioned, are evident allusions, any inquiry as to the time or reality of their existence must be little else than the sport of imagination. The passages referred to are, however, unquestionable proofs of the great popularity of the poem, which in fact has gone through numberless editions; chiefly, it must be confessed, in the character of a penny-history.

"The 'Englishe wood' mentioned in v. 16, &c. is Englewood or Inglewood, an extensive forest in Cumberland, which was sixteen miles in length, and reached from Carlisle to Penrith. A similar observation has been already made by Dr. Percy, who adds, that 'Engle or Ingle-wood signifies wood for firing.' But, with submission to so good a judge, it should rather seem, in the present instance, to design a wood or forest in which extraordinary fires were made on particular occasions; a conjecture which will appear the more plausible, when it is considered that the identical spot on which Penrith beacon now stands, and where a beacon has stood for ages, was formerly within the limits of this very forest; and that Ingleborough, one of 'the highest hills between Scotland and Trent,' has obtained this name from the fires anciently lighted in the beacon erected on its flat top, where the foundation is still visible.

"'Clym of the Clough' is properly explained by the above ingenious editor to mean Clem or Clement of the Valley. 'Cloudesle,'

of which the etymology has not been hitherto attempted, may be thought to signify a rocky pasture; from clud, rupes, and leag, pascuum. See 'Lye's Saxon Dictionary.'"—*Pieces of Ancient Poetry.*

XL.

ADAM BELL, CLYM OF THE CLOUGH, AND WYLLYAM OF CLOUDESLE.

Mery it was in grene forest,
Amonge the leues grene,
Wher that men walke east and west,
With bowes and arrowes kene,
To ryse the dere out of theyr denne,
Such sightes has ofte bene sene,
As by thre yemen of the north countrey,
By them it is I meane:
The one of them hight Adam Bel,
The other Clym of the Clough,
The thyrd was William of Cloudesly,
An archer good ynough.
They were outlawed for venyson,
These yemen everechone;
They swore them brethren upon a day,
To Englysshe-wood for to gone.
Now lith and lysten, gentylmen,
That of myrthes loveth to here:
Two of them were single men,
The third had a wedded fere;

Wyllyam was the wedded man,
Muche more then was hys care,
He sayde to hys brethren upon a day,
To Carelel he would fare.
For to speke with fayre Alse hys wife,
And with hys chyldren thre.
By my trouth, sayde Adam Bel,
Not by the counsell of me;
For if ye go to Caerlel, brother,
And from thys wylde wode wende,
If the justice mai you take,
Your lyfe were at an ende.
If that I come not to morowe, brother,
By pryme to you agayne,
Truste not els but that I am take,
Or else that I am slayne.
He toke hys leaue of his brethren two,
And to Carlel he is gon,
There he knocked at hys owne windowe,
Shortlye and anone.
Where be you, fayre Alyce my wyfe?
And my chyldren three?
Lyghtly let in thyne owne husbande,
Wyllyam of Cloudeslè.
Alas! then sayde fayre Alyce,
And syghed wonderous sore,
Thys place hath ben besette for you,
Thys half yere and more.
Now am I here, sayde Cloudeslè,
I woulde that I in were;—
Now feche us meate and drynke ynoughe,
And let us make good chere.

She fetched him meat and drynke plenty,
Lyke a true wedded wyfe,
And pleased hym wyth that she had,
Whome she loued as her lyfe.
There lay an old wyfe in that place,
A lytle besyde the fyre,
Whych Wyllyam had found of cherytye
More then seuen yere;
Up she rose and walked full styll,
Euel mote she spede therefoore,
For she had not set no fote on ground
In seuen yere before.
She went vnto the justice hall,
As fast as she could hye;
Thys nyght is come vnto this town
Wyllyam of Cloudeslè.
Thereof the iustice was full fayne,
And so was the shirife also;
Thou shalt not trauaile hether, dame, for nought,
Thy meed thou shalt haue or thou go.
They gaue to her a ryght good goune,
Of scarlet it was as I heard sayne,
She toke the gyft and home she wente,
And couched her downe agayne.
They rysed the towne of mery Carlel,
In all the hast that they can,
And came thronging to Wyllyames house,
As fast as they myght gone.
Theyr they besette that good yeman,
Round about on euery syde,
Wyllyam hearde great noyse of folkes,
That heyther ward they hyed.

Alyce opened a shot wyndow,
And loked all about,
She was ware of the justice and shirife bothe,
Wyth a full great route.
Alas! treason! cry'd Aleyce,
Euer wo may thou be!
Go into my chambre, my husband, she sayd,
Swete Wyllyam of Cloudeslè.
He toke hys sweard and hys bucler,
Hys bow and hys chyldren thre,
And wente into hys strongest chamber,
Where he thought surest to be.
Fayre Alice folowed him as a lover true,
With a pollaxe in her hande;
He shal be dead that here cometh in
Thys dore whyle I may stand.
Cloudeslè bent a wel good bowe,
That was of trusty tre,
He smot the justise on the brest,
That hys arrowe brest in thre.
God's curse on his hartt, saide William,
Thys day thy cote dyd on,
If it had ben no better then myne,
It had gone nere thy bone.
Yelde the, Cloudeslè, sayd the justise,
And thy bowe and thy arrowes the fro.
Gods curse on hys hart, sayde fair Alce,
That my husband councelleth so.
Set fyre on the house, saide the sherife,
Syth it wyll no better be,
And brenne we therin William, he saide,
Hys wyfe and chyldren thre.

They fyred the house in many a place,
The fyre flew up on hye;
Alas! then cryed fayr Alice,
I se we here shall dy.
William openyd hys backe wyndow,
That was in hys chambre on hye,
And wyth schetes let hys wyfe downe,
And hys chyldren thre.
Have here my treasure, sayde William,
My wyfe and my chyldren thre,
For Christes loue do them no harme,
But wreke you all on me.
Wyllyam shot so wonderous well,
Tyll hys arrowes were all ygo,
And the fyre so fast upon hym fell,
That hys bowstryng brent in two.
The spercles brent and fell hym on,
Good Wyllyam of Cloudeslè!
But than wax he a wofull man,
And sayde, thys is a cowardes death to me.
Leuer I had, sayde Wyllyam,
With my sworde in the route to renne,
Then here among myne ennemyes wode,
Thus cruelly to bren.
He toke hys sweard and hys buckler,
And among them all he ran,
Where the people were most in prece,
He smot downe many a man.
There myght no man stand hys stroke,
So fersly on them he ran;
Then they threw wyndowes and dores on him,
And so toke that good yemàn.

There they hym bounde both hand and fote,
And in depe dongeon hym cast;
Now, Cloudeslè, sayd the hye justice,
Thou shalt be hanged in hast.
One vow shal I make, sayde the sherife,
A payre of newe galowes shall I for the make.
And the gates of Caerlel shal be shutte,
There shall no man come in therat.
Then shall not helpe Clim of the Cloughe,
Nor yet shall Adam Bell,
Though they came with a thousand mo,
Nor all the deuels in hell.
Early in the mornyng the justice uprose,
To the gates first gan he gon,
And commaundede to be shut full cloce
Lightilè everychone.
Then went he to the market place,
As fast as he coulde hye,
A payre of new gallous there did he up set,
Besyde the pyllory.
A lytle boy stod them amonge,
And asked what meaned that gallow tre;
They sayde, to hange a good yeamàn,
Called Wyllyam of Cloudeslè.
That lytle boye was the towne swyne heard,
And kept fayre Alyce swyne,
Oft he had seene Cloudeslè in the wodde,
And geuen hym there to dyne.
He went out att a creues in the wall,
And lightly to the wood dyd gone;
There met he with these wight yonge men,
Shortly and anone.

Alas! then sayde that lytle boye,
Ye tary here all to longe;
Cloudeslè is taken and dampned to death,
All readye for to honge.
Alas! then sayde good Adam Bell,
That ever we see thys daye!
He might her with us have dwelled,
So ofte as we dyd him praye!
He myght have taryed in grene foreste,
Under the shadowes sheene,
And have kepte bothe hym and us in reaste,
Out of trouble and teene!
Adam bent a ryght good bow,
A great hart sone had he slayne,
Take that, chylde, he sayde to thy dynner,
And bryng me myne arrowe agayne.
Now go we hence, sayed these wight yong men,
Tary we no lenger here;
We shall hym borowe, by gods grace,
Though we bye it full dere.
To Caerlel went these good yemèn.
On a mery mornyng of Maye.
Here is a fyt of Cloudeslè,
And another is for to saye.

THE SECOND FIT.

And when they came to mery Caerlell,
In a fayre mornyng tyde,
They founde the gates shut them vntyll,
Round about on euery syde.
Alas! than sayd good Adam Bell,
That euer we were made men!
These gates be shut so wonderous wel,
That we may not come here in.
Then spake him Clym of the Clough,
Wyth a wyle we wyl vs in bryng;
Let vs saye we be messengers,
Streyght come nowe from our king.
Adam said, I haue a letter written wel,
Now let us wysely werke,
We wyl saye we haue the kinges seales,

I holde the portter no clerke.
Then Adam Bell bete on the gate,
With strokes great and strong,
The porter herde suche noyse therat,
And to the gate he throng.
Who is there nowe, sayde the porter,
That maketh all thys knocking?
We be tow messengers, sayde Clim of the Clough,
Be come ryght from our kyng.
We haue a letter, sayd Adam Bel,
To the justice we must it bryng;
Let vs in, our messag to do,
That we were agayne to our kyng.
Here commeth none in, sayd the porter,
Be hym that dyed vpon a tre,
Tyll a false thefe be hanged,
Called Wyllyam of Cloudeslè.
Then spake the good yeman Clym of the Clough,
And swore by Mary fre,
And if that we stande longe wythout,
Lyke a thefe hanged shalt thou be.
Lo here we haue the kynges seale;
What! lordeyne, art thou wode?
The porter went it had ben so,
And lyghtly dyd of hys hode.
Welcome be my lordes seale, he saide,
For that ye shall come in.
He opened the gate full shortlye,
An euyl openyng for him.
Now are we in, sayde Adam Bell,
Thereof we are full faine,
But Christ knows, that harowed hell,

How we shall com out agayne.
Had we the keys, said Clim of the Clough,
Ryght wel then shoulde we spede;
Then might we come out wel ynough,
When we se tyme and nede.
They called the porter to counsell,
And wrange hys necke in two,
And caste him in a depe dongeòn,
And toke hys keys him fro.
Now am I porter, sayde Adam Bel,
Se brother the keys haue we here,
The worst porter to merry Caerlel,
That ye had thys hundred yere:
And now wyll we our bowes bend,
Into the towne wyll we go,
For to delyuer our dere brother,
That lyueth in care and wo.
And thereupon they bent theyr bowes,
And loked theyr stringes were round,
The market place in mery Caerlel,
They beset that stound;
And as they loked them besyde,
A paire of new galowes ther thei see,
And the justice with a quest of squyers,
That had judged Cloudeslè there hanged to be:
And Cloudeslè hymselfe lay redy in a carte,
Faste both fote and hand,
And a stronge rop about hys necke,
All readye for to hange.
The justice called to him a ladde,
Cloudeslè's clothes should he haue,
To take the measure of that yeman,

And therafter to make hys graue.
I have seen as great a mearveile, saide Cloudeslè,
As betwyene thys and pryme,
He that maketh thys graue for me,
Himselfe may lye therin.
Thou speakest proudli, saide the justice,
I shall the hange with my hande:
Full wel herd hys brethren two,
There styll as they dyd stande.
Then Cloudeslè cast hys eyen asyde,
And saw hys to brethren stand,
At a corner of the market place,
With theyr good bows bent in ther hand,
Redy the justice for to chaunce.
I se comfort, sayd Cloudeslè,
Yet hope I well to fare;
If I might haue my handes at wyll,
Ryght lytle wolde I care.
Then spake good Adam Bell,
To Clym of the Clough so free,
Brother, se ye marke the justyce wel,
Lo yonder ye may him see;
And at the shyrife shote I wyll,
Strongly with arrowe kene,
A better shote in mery Caerlel
Thys seuen yere was not sene.
They lowsed their arrowes both at once,
Of no man had they dread,
The one hyt the justice, the other the sheryfe,
That both theyr sides gan blede.
All men voyded that them stode nye,
When the justice fell downe to the grounde,

And the sherife fell nyghe hym by,
Eyther had his deathes wounde.
All the citezens fast gan flye,
They durst no longer abyde,
They lyghtly then loused Cloudeslè,
Where he with ropes lay tyde.
Wyllyam sterte to an officer of the towne,
Hys axe out of hys hande he wronge,
On eche syde he smote them downe,
Hym thought he taryed all to long.
Wyllyam sayde to hys brethren two,
Thys daye let us lyue and dye,
If euer you have nede as I haue now,
The same shall you fynde by me.
They shot so well in that tyde,
For theyr stringes were of silke full sure,
That they kept the stretes on euery side!
That batayle dyd longe endure.
They fought together as brethren tru,
Lyke hardy men and bolde,
Many a man to the ground they thrue,
And many a herte made colde.
But when their arrowes were all gon,
Men preced to them full fast,
They drew theyr swordes then anone,
And theyr bowes from them cast
They went lyghtlye on theyr way,
Wyth swordes and buclers round,
By that it was myd of the day.
They made mani a wound.
There was an out-horne in Caerlel blowen,
And the belles backward did ryng;

Many a woman sayd alas!
And many theyr handes dyd wryng.
The mayre of Caerlel forth com was,
And with hym a ful great route,
These yemen dred him full sore,
For of theyr lyues they stode in great doute.
The mayre came armed a full great pace,
With a pollaxe in hys hande,
Many a strong man with him was,
There in thąt stowre to stande.
The mayre smot at Cloudeslè with his bil,
Hys bucler he brust in two,
Full many a yeman with great euyll,
Alas! treason! they cryed for wo.
Kepe we the gates fast they bad,
That these traytours thereout not go.
But al for nought was that they wrought,
For so fast they downe were layde,
Tyll they all thre, that so manfulli fought,
Were gotten without abraide.
Haue here your keys, sayd Adam Bel,
Myne office I here forsake,
Yf you do by my councèll,
A new porter do ye make.
He threw theyr keys at theyr heads,
And bad them euell to thryue,
And all that letteth any good yeman
To come and comfort hys wyfe.
Thus be these good yemen gon to the wod,
And lyghtly as lefe on lynde,
They lough and be mery in theyr mode,
Theyr ennemyes were ferre behynd.

When they came to Englyshe-wode,
Under the trusty tre,
They found bowes full good,
And arrowes full great plentye.
So God me help, sayd Adam Bell,
And Clym of the Clough so fre,
I would we were in mery Caerlel,
Before that fayre meyny.
They set them downe and made good chere,
And eate and drynke full well.
Here is a fet of these wyght yong men,
An other I wyll you tell.

THE THIRD FIT.

As they sat in Englyshe-wood,
Under theyr trusty tre,
They thought they herd a woman wepe,
But her they mought not se.
Sore then syghed the fayre Alyce,
And sayde, alas! that euer I sawe thys daye!
For now is my dere husband slayne,
Alas! and wel a way!
Myght I have spoken wyth hys dere brethren,
Or with eyther of them twayne,
To let them know what him befell
My hart were put out of payne!
Cloudeslè walked a lytle besyde,
And loked vnder the grenewood linde,
He was ware of hys wife and chyldren thre,

Full wo in hart and mynde.
Welcome, wife, then sayde Wyllyam,
Under this trusti tre;
I had wende yesterday, by swete saynt John,
Thou shulde me never have se.
Now well is me, she sayde, that ye be here,
My hart is out of wo.
Dame, he sayde, be mery and glad,
And thanke my brethren two.
Hereof to speake, sayd Adam Bell,
I wis it is no bote;
The meat that we must supp withall
It runneth yet fast on fote.
Then went they down into a launde,
These noble archares all thre,
Eche of them slew a hart of greece,
The best they could there se.
Haue here the best, Alyce my wyfe,
Sayde Wyllyam of Cloudeslè,
By cause ye so bouldly stod by me,
When I was slayne full nye.
Then went they to supper,
Wyth suche meat as they had,
And thanked God of ther fortune,
They were both mery and glad.
And when they had supped well,
Certayne without any leace,
Cloudeslè sayd, we wyll to our kyng,
To get vs a charter of peace;
Alyce shal be at our soiournyng,
In a nunry here besyde,
My tow sonnes shall wyth her go,

And ther they shall abyde:
Myne eldest son shall go wyth me,
For hym haue I no care,
And he shall you breng worde agayn
How that we do fare.
Thus be these yemen to London gone,
As fast as they might hye,
Tyll they came to the kynges pallace,
Where they would nedes be.
And whan they came to the kynges courte,
Unto the pallace gate,
Of no man wold they aske no leave,
But boldly went in therat;
They preced prestly into the hall,
Of no man had they dreade,
The porter came after and dyd them call,
And with them began to chyde.
The ussher sayed, yemen, what wold ye haue?
I pray you tell me;
You myght thus make offycers shent:
Good syrs, of whence be ye?
Syr, we be outlawes of the forest,
Certayne without any leace,
And hether we be come to our kyng,
To get vs a charter of peace.
And whan they came before the kyng,
As it was the lawe of the lande,
They kneled downe without lettyng,
And eche helde vp his hand.
They sayed, lord, we beseche the here,
That ye wyll graunt vs grace,
For we haue slaine your fat fallow der,

In many a sondry place.
What be your names? then said our king,
Anone that you tell me.
They sayd, Adam Bel, Clim of the Clough,
And Wyllyam of Cloudeslè.
Be ye those theues, then sayd our kyng,
That men haue tolde of to me?
Here to God I make a vowe,
Ye shal be hanged al thre;
Ye shal be dead without mercy,
As I am kynge of this lande.
He commanded his officers everichone
Fast on them to lay hand.
There they toke these good yemen,
And arested them all thre.
So may I thryue, sayd Adam Bell,
Thys game lyketh not me.
But, good lorde, we beseche you now,
That you graunt vs grace,
Insomuche as we be to you comen,
Or els that we may fro you passe,
With such weapons as we haue here,
Tyll we be out of your place;
And yf we lyue this hundreth yere,
We wyll aske you no grace.
Ye speake proudly, sayd the kynge,
Ye shall be hanged all thre.
That were great pitye, then sayd the quene,
If any grace myght be.
My lorde, whan I came fyrst into this lande,
To be your wedded wyfe.
The fyrst bowne that I wold aske,

Ye would graunt it me belyfe;
And I asked neuer none tyll now,
Therefore, good lorde, graunt it me.
Now aske it, madam, sayd the kynge,
And graunted shall it be.
Then, good my lord, I you beseche,
These yemen graunt ye me.
Madame, ye myght have asked a bowne,
That shuld have ben worth them all thre:
Ye myght have asked towres and townes,
Parkes and forestes plenty.
None soe pleasaunt to mi pay, she said,
Nor none so lefe to me.
Madame, sith it is your desyre,
Your askyng graunted shal be;
But I had leuer have geuen you
Good market townes thre.
The quene was a glad woman,
And sayd, lord, gramarcy,
I dare undertake for them,
That true men shal they be.
But, good lord, speke som mery word,
That comfort they may se.
I graunt you grace, then said our king,
Wasshe, felos, and to meate go ye.
They had not setten but a whyle,
Certayne without lesynge,
There came messengers out of the north,
With letters to our kynge:
And whan they came before the kynge,
They kneled downe vpon theyr kne,
And sayd, lord, your offycers grete you wel,

Of Caerlel in the north cuntrè.
How fare my justice, sayd the kyng,
And my sherife also?
Syr, they be slayne, without leasynge,
And many an officer mo.
Who hath them slayne? sayd the kyng.
Anone thou tell me.
Adam Bel, and Clime of the Clough,
And Wyllyam of Cloudeslè.
Alas! for rewth! then sayd our kynge,
My hart is wonderous sore,
I had leuer than a thousand pounde,
I had knowne of thys before;
For I have graunted them grace,
And that forthynketh me,
But had I knowne all thys before,
They had been hanged all thre.
The kyng opened the letter anone,
Hymselfe he red it thro,
And founde how these thre outlawes had slaine
Thre hundred men and mo;
Fyrst the justice and the sheryfe,
And the mayre of Caerlel towne,
Of all the constables and catchipolles
Alyue were left not one;
The baylyes and the bedyls both,
And the sergeauntes of the law,
And forty fosters of the fe,
These outlawes had yslaw;
And broke his parks, and slaine his dere,
Ouer all they chose the best,
So perelous out lawes as they were,

Walked not by easte nor west.
When the kynge this letter had red,
In hys harte he syghed sore,
Take vp the table anone he bad,
For I may eate no more.
The kyng called hys best archars,
To the buttes wyth hym to go;
I wyll se these felowes shote, he sayd,
In the north haue wrought this wo.
The kynges bowmen buske them blyue,
And the quenes archers also,
So dyd these thre wyght yemèn,
With them they thought to go.
There twyse or thryse they shote about,
For to assay theyr hande,
There was no shote these yemen shot,
That any prycke myght them stand.
Then spake Wyllyam of Cloudeslè,
By him that for me dyed,
I hold hym neuer no good archar
That shuteth at buttes so wyde.
Wherat? then sayd our kyng,
I pray thee tell me.
At such a but, syr, he sayd,
As men vse in my countree.
Wyllyam went into a fyeld,
And his to brethren with him,
There they set vp two hasell roddes,
Twenty score paces betwene.
I hold him an archar, said Cloudeslè,
That yonder wande cleueth in two.
Here is none suche, sayd the kyng,

Nor none that can so do.
I shall assaye, syr, sayd Cloudeslè,
Or that I farther go.
Cloudeslè, with a bearyng arow,
Claue the wand in to.
Thou art the best archer, then said the king,
Forsothe that euer I se.
And yet for your loue, said Wylliam,
I wyll do more maystry:
I haue a sonne is seuen yere olde,
He is to me full deare,
I wyll hym tye to a stake,
All shall se that be here,
And lay an apele upon hys head,
And go syxe score paces hym fro,
And I myselfe, with a brode arow,
Shall cleue the apple in two.
Now haste the, then sayd the kyng,
By him that dyed on a tre,
But yf thou do not as thou hast sayde,
Hanged shalt thou be.
And thou touche his head or gowne,
In syght that men may se,
By all the sayntes that be in heaven,
I shall hange you all thre.
That I haue promised, said William,
I wyl it neuer forsake,
And there euen before the kynge,
In the earth he droue a stake,
And bound therto his eldest sonne,
And bad hym stande styll therat,
And turned the childes face fro him,

Because he shuld not sterte;
An apple vpon his head he set,
And then his bow he bent,
Syxe score paces they were out met,
And thether Cloudeslè went;
There he drew out a fayr brode arrowe,
Hys bowe was great and longe,
He set that arrowe in his bowe,
That was both styffe and stronge;
He prayed the people that was there,
That they would styll stande,
For he that shooteth for such a wager,
Behoueth a stedfast hand.
Much people prayed for Cloudeslè,
That hys lyfe saued myght be,
And whan he made hym redy to shote,
There was many a weping eye.
Thus Cloudeslè clefte the apple in two,
That many a man myght se;
Ouer God's forbode, sayde the kinge,
That thou shote at me!*
I geve the xviii. pence a day,
And my bowe shalt thou beare,

* This seems to be the story of William Tell, founder of the liberties of Switzerland, who was condemned by Gessler, the Austrian governor, to shoot an apple from the head of his son; which he did like Cloudeslè, at the distance of one hundred and thirty paces, without touching the child. He soon afterwards shot the governor. This happened in the year 1307. His instrument was a cross-bow, which is still preserved in the armoury at Zurich. Saxo Grammaticus, howeves, tells a similar story of Toke and Harold, at a much earlier period, p. 184.

And ouer all the north countre,
I make the chyfe rydere.
And I geve the xvii. pence a day, said the quene,
By God and by my fay,
Come feche thy payment when thou wylt,
No man shall say the nay,
Wyllyam, I make the a gentelman,
Of clothyng and of fe,
And thi two brethren yemen of my chambre,
For they are so semely to se;
Your sonne, for he is tendre of age,
Of my wyne seller shall he be,
And whan he commeth to mannes estate,
Better auaunced shall he be.
And, Wylliam, bring me your wife, said the quene,
Me longeth her sore to se,
She shal be my chefe gentelwoman,
To gouerne my nursery.
The yemen thanketh them full curteously,
And sayde, to some bysshop wyl we wend,
Of all the synnes that we have done
To be assoyled at his hand.
So forth be gone these good yemen,
As fast as they myght hye,
And after came and dwelled wyth the kynge,
And dyed good men all thre.
Thus endeth the liues of these good yemen,
God send them eternall blysse!
And all that with hande bowe shoteth,
That of heauen may neuer mysse!

Further notice of this metrical history is made at p. 40, vol. i. *Notes and Illustrations.*

ROBIN HOOD AND THE TANNER'S DAUGHTER.

THE following two ballads have been transmitted to the Editor by Mr. J. Payne Collier, the well-known Shakesperian commentator, with that kindness and liberality which this gentleman always extends to those who apply to him for assistance in the elucidation or extension of literary pursuits. The source from which they are derived is thus explained by Mr. Collier in his "New particulars regarding the works of Shakespeare, in a letter to the Rev. A. Dyce," 8vo. 1836.

"In my letter to my friend Amyot, published some few months ago, I quoted more than once from a volume of MS. ballads collected, as I conjecture, about the date of the protectorate, when old broadsides were becoming scarce, and new ones far from abundant, as the Puritans set their faces against anything like popular amusements. I apprehend that most of those in the volume were copied from printed originals, many of which are now lost, whilst others are yet

preserved in public and private collections. There is not one that has not merit of some kind or other, and, several are beautiful specimens of that species of composition: comparatively few are included in modern reprints. I hope, some day or other, to be able to venture upon the expense of printing the volume entire; but at present I find so few who take an interest in such productions, or indeed in any productions that are at all antiquarian, that I cannot afford to incur the risk."

Under the foregoing circumstances the Editor cannot but feel Mr. Collier's liberality doubly gratifying, being thereby enabled to add, very unexpectedly, two more ballads to the Robin Hood cycle. The MS. collection consists of thirty; two, Mr. Collier says, intimately connected with Shakespeare. One of which, with the title of "The Tragedie of Othello the Moore," Mr. Collier has printed entire.

The punctuation of these two ballads is that of the MS., as well as the spelling.

XLI.

ROBINHOOD AND THE TANNER'S DAUGHTER.

As Robinhood sat by a tree,
He espied a prettie may,
And when she chanced him to see,
She turnd her head away.

O feare me not, thou prettie mayde,
And doe not flie from mee,
I am the kindest man, he said,
That ever eye did see.

Then to her he did doffe his cap,
And to her lowted low,
To meete with thee I hold it good hap,
If thou wilt not say noe.

Then he put his hand around her waste,
Soe small, so tight, and trim,
And after sought her lip to taste,
And she to kissed him.

Where dost thou dwell, my prettie maide,
I prithee tell to mee?
I am a tanner's daughter, she said,
John Hobbes of Barneslee.

And whither goest thou, pretty maide,
Shall I be thy true love?
If thou art not afeard, she said,
My true love thou shalt prove.

What should I feare? then he replied,
I am thy true love now.
I have two brethren, and their pride
Would scorn such one as thou.

That will we try, quoth Robinhood,
I was not made their scorne;
Ile shed my blood to doe the good,
As sure as they were borne.

My brothers are proude and fierce and strong.
I am, said he, the same,
And if they offer thee to wrong,
Theyle finde Ile play their game.

Thorough the free forrest I can run,
The king may not controll,
They are but barking tanners sons,
To me they shall pay toll.

And if not mine be sheepe and kine,
I have cattle on my land,
On venison eche day I may dine,
Whiles they have none in hand.

These wordes had Robinhood scarce spoke,
When they two men did see,
Come riding till their horses smoke:
My brothers both, cried shee.

Each had a good sword by his side,
And furiouslie they rode
To where they Robinhood espied,
That with the maiden stood.

Flee hence, flee hence, away with speede!
Cried she to Robinhood,
For if thou stay thoult surely bleede,
I could not see thy blood.

With us, false maiden, come away,
And leave that outlawe bolde,
Why fledst thou from thy home this day,
And left thy father olde?

Robin stept backe but paces five,
Unto a sturdie tree,
Ile fight whiles I am left alive;
Stay, thou sweete maide, with mee.

He stood before, she stoode behinde,
The brothers two drewe nie;
Our sister now to us resign,
Or thou full sure shalt die.

Then cried the maide, my brethren deare,
With ye Ile freely wend,
But harm not this young forrester,
Noe ill doth he pretend.

Stand up, sweete maide, I plight my troth,
Fall thou not on thy knee;
Ile force thy cruell brothers both,
To bend the knee to thee.

Stand thou behinde this sturdie oke,
I soone will quell their pride;
Thoult see my sword with furie smoke,
And in their hearts blood died.

He set his backe against a tree,
His foote against a stone;
The first blow that he gave so free,
Cleft one man to the bone.

The tanners bold they fought right well,
And it was one to two;
But Robin did them both refell,
All in the damsells viewe.

The red blood ran from Robins brow,
All downe unto his knee;
O holde your handes, my brethren now,
I will goe backe with yee.

Stand backe, stand backe, my pretty maide.
Stand backe and let me fight;
By sweete St. James be no afraide,
But I will it requite.

Then Robin did his sword uplift,
And let it fall againe;
The oldest brothers head it cleft,
Right through unto his braine.

O hold thy hand, bolde forrester,
Or ill may thee betide;
Slay not my youngest brother here,
He is my fathers pride.

Away, for I would scorne to owe,
My life to the, false maide!
The youngest cried, and aim'd a blow
That lit on Robins head.

Then Robin leand against the tree,
His life nie gone did seeme;
His eyes did swim, he could not see
The maiden start betweene.

It was not long ere Robinhood
Could welde his sword so bright;
Upon his feete he firmly stood,
And did renew the fight;

Untill the tanner scarce could heave
His weapon in the aire;
But Robin would not him bereave
Of life, and left him there.

Then to the greenewood did he fly,
And with him went the maide;
For him she vowd that she would dye,
He'd live for her, he said.

FINIS. T. FLEMING.

XLII.

ROBINHOOD AND THE PEDDLERS.

Will you heare a tale of Robinhood,
  Will Scarlett, and Little John?
Now listen awhile, it will make you smile,
  As before it hath many a one.

They were archers three, of hie degree,
  As good as ever drewe bowe;
Their arrowes were long and their armes were strong,
  As most had cause to knowe.

But one sommers day, as they toke their way
  Through the forrest of greene Sherwood,
To kill the kings deare, you shall presently heare
  What befell these archers good.

They were ware on the roade of three peddlers with loade,
For each one had his packe,
Full of all wares for countrie faires,
Trust up upon his backe.

A good oke staffe, a yard and a halfe,
Each one had in his hande;
And they were all boune to Nottingham toune,
As you shall understand.

Yonder I see bolde peddlers three,
Said Robin to Scarlett and John;
Wele search their packes upon their backes
Before that they begone.

Holla, good fellowes! quod Robin Hood,
Whether is it ye doe goe;
Now stay and rest, for that is the best,
Tis well you should doe so.

Noe rest we neede, on our roade we speede,
Till to Nottingham we get.
Thou tellst a lowde lye, said Robin, for I
Can see that ye swinke and swet.

The peddlers three crosst over the lee,
They did not list to fight.
I charge ye tarrie, quod Robin, for marry,
This is my owne land by right.

This is my mannor and this is my parke,
I would have ye for to knowe;
Ye are bolde outlawes, I see by cause
Ye are so prest to goe.

The peddlers three turned round to see,
Who it might be they herd;
Then again went on as they list to be gone,
And never answered word.

Then tooke Robinhood an arrow so good,
Which he did never lacke,
And drewe his bowe, and the swift arrowe
Went through the last peddlers packe.

For him it was well on the packe it fell,
Or his life had found an end;
And it pierct the skin of his backe within,
Though the packe did stand his friend.

Then downe they flung their packes each one,
And stayde till Robin came.
Quod Robin, I saide ye had better stayde;
Good sooth, ye were to blame.

And who art thou? by S. Crispin, I vowe,
Ile quickly cracke thy head!
Cried Robin, come on, all three, or one;
It is not so soone done as said.

My name, by the roode, is Robinhood;
And this is Scarlett and John;
It is three to three, ye may plainelie see,
Soe now, brave fellowes, laye on.

The first peddlers blowe brake Robins bowe,
That he had in his hand;
And Scarlett and John, they eche had one
That they unneath could stand.

Now holde your handes, cride Robinhood,
For ye have oken staves;
But tarie till wee can get but three,
And a fig for all your braves.

Of the peddlers the first, his name Kit o Thirske,
Said, we are well content;
So eche tooke a stake for his weapon to make
The peddlers to repent.

Soe to it they fell, and their blowes did ring well
Uppon the others backes;
And gave the peddlers cause to wish
They had not cast their packes.

Yet the peddlers 3 of their blowes were so free,
That Robin began for to rue;
And Scarlett, and John, had such loade laide on,
It made the sunne looke blue.

At last Kits oke caught Robin a stroke,
That made his head to sound;
He staggerd, and reelde, till he fell on the fielde,
And the trees with him went round.

Now holde your handes, cride Little John,
And soe said Scarlett eke;
Our maister is slaine, I tell you plaine,
He never more will speake.

Now, heaven forefend he come to that end,
Said Kit, I love him well;
But let him learne to be wise in turne,
And not with poore peddlers mell.

In my packe, God wot, I a balsame have got,
That soone his hurts will heale;
And into Robinhoods gaping mouth
He presentlie powrde some deale.

Now fare ye well, tis best not to tell,
How ye three peddlers met;
Or if that ye doe, prithee tell alsoe,
How they made ye swinke and swett.

Poor Robin in sound they left on the ground,
And hied them to Nottingham,
Whilst Scarlett, and John, Robin tended on,
Till at length his senses came.

No sooner, in haste, did Robinhood taste
The balsame he had tane,
Then he gan to spewe, and up he threwe
The balsame all againe.

And Scarlett, and John, who were looking on
Their master as he did lie,
Had their faces besmeared, both eies and beard,
Therewith most piteouslie.*

Thus ended that fray; soe beware alwaye
How ye doe challenge foes;
Looke well aboute they are not to stoute,
Or you may have worst of the blowes.

* This nasty incident seems taken from *Don Quioxte.*

THE BOLD PEDLAR AND ROBIN HOOD.

THE Editor is indebted for the following ballad, in the first instance, to Mr. William Chappell; and secondly, to the volume of "Ancient Poems, Ballads, and Songs, of the Peasantry of England," contributed by James Henry Dixon, Esq. to the publications of the Percy Society.

In his introductory notice, Mr. Dixon says, "This ballad is of considerable antiquity, and no doubt much older than some of those inserted in the common garlands. It appears to have escaped the notice of Ritson, Percy, and other collectors of Robin Hood ballads. An aged female in Bermondsey, Surrey, from whose oral recitation the editor took down the present version, informed him, that she had often heard her grandmother sing it, and that it was never in print; but he has of late met with several common stall copies."

XLIII.

THE BOLD PEDLAR AND ROBIN HOOD.

THERE chanced to be a pedlar bold,
A pedlar bold he chanced to be;
He rolled his pack all on his back,
And he came tripping o'er the lee.
Down, a down, a down, a down.

By chance he met with two troublesome blades,
Two troublesome blades they chanced to be;
The one of them was bold Robin Hood,
And the other was Little John, so free.

Oh! pedlar, pedlar, what is in thy pack,
Come speedilie and tell to me?
I've several suits of the gay green silks,
And silken bow-strings two or three.

If you have several suits of the gay green silks,
And silken bow-strings two or three,
Then it's by my body, cries Little John,
One half your pack shall belong to me.

Oh! nay, oh! nay, says the pedlar bold,
Oh! nay, oh! nay, that never can be;
For there's never a man from fair Nottingham
Can take one half my pack from me.

Then the pedlar he pulled off his pack,
And put it a little below his knee,
Saying, if you do move me one perch from this,
My pack and all shall gang with thee.

Then Little John he drew his sword;
The pedlar by his pack did stand;
They fought until they both did sweat,
Till he cried, pedlar, pray hold your hand.

Then Robin Hood he was standing by,
And he did laugh most heartilie;
Saying, I could find a man of a smaller scale,
Could thrash the pedlar and also thee.

Go you try, master, says Little John,
Go you try, master, most speedilie,
Or by my body, says Little John,
I am sure this night you will not know me.

Then Robin Hood he drew his sword,
And the pedlar by his pack did stand,
They fought till the blood in streams did flow,
Till he cried, pedlar, pray hold your hand!

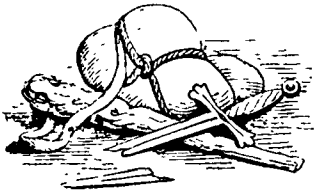
Pedlar, pedlar, what is thy name?
Come speedilie and tell to me;
My name! my name I ne'er will tell,
Till both your names you have told to me.

The one of us is bold Robin Hood,
And the other Little John so free:
Now, says the pedlar, it lays to my good will,
Whether my name I chuse to tell to thee.

I am Gamble Gold of the gay green woods,
And travell'd far beyond the sea;
For killing a man in my father's land,
From my country I was forced to flee.

If you are Gamble Gold of the gay green woods,
And travell'd far beyond the sea,
You are my mother's own sister's son;
What nearer cousins then can we be?

They sheathed their swords with friendly words,
So merrilie they did agree,
They went to a tavern and there they dined,
And bottles cracked most merrilie.



ROBIN HOOD'S COURTSHIP WITH JACK CADE'S DAUGHTER.

SEVERAL records of Robin Hood's popularity in Scotland occur in the preceding volume; shewing also the early knowledge which the inhabitants of the sister kingdom had obtained of his character and exploits. The printing of *The Lytell Geste*, by Chapmen and Myllar of Edinburgh, so soon after the invention of printing as 1508, is remarkable. But it was not till the editor met with the following narrative, he was aware, that the populace of that country held a "Robin Hude's day" in his commemoration, and how pertinaciously they set the laws at defiance in perpetuation of the games they had instituted. Bishop Latimer's disappointment at finding the inhabitants of a certain parish preferring a "Gathering for Robin Hood" to the hearing of a sermon, is eclipsed by the following history of a breach of the peace in defence of these games,

corroborated by Mr. Chalmers, in his *Caledonia*, vol. ii, p. 642-3 :—

"Robin Hood was anciently celebrated in Scotland by an annual play or festival; and the following extract, while it shews the estimation in which this festival was regarded, displays at the same time their lawless conduct, and the weakness of the civil power, in the city of Edinburgh, in the fourteenth century.

"The game of *Robin Hood* was celebrated in the month of May. The populace assembled previous to the celebration of this festival, and chose some respectable member of the corporation to officiate in the character of *Robin Hood*, and another in that of Little John, his squire. Upon the day appointed, which was on a *Sunday* or a *holiday*, the people assembled in a military array, and went to some adjoining field, where, either as actors or spectators, the whole inhabitants of the respective towns were convened. In this field they probably amused themselves with a representation of Robin Hood's predatory exploits, or of his encounters with the officers of justice. As numerous meetings for disorderly mirth are apt to engender tumults, when the minds of the people come to be agitated with religious controversy, it was found necessary to repress the game of Robin Hood by public statute. The populace were by no means willing to relinquish their favourite amusement. Year after year the magistrates of Edinburgh were obliged to exert their authority in repressing the game, often ineffectually. In the year 1561, the mob were so enraged at being disappointed in making a Robin Hood, that they rose in mutiny, seized on the city gates, committed robberies upon strangers; and one of the ringleaders being condemned by the magistrates to be hanged, the mob forced open the jail, set at liberty the criminal and all the prisoners, and broke in pieces the gibbet erected at the cross for executing the malefactor. They next assaulted the magistrates, who were sitting in the council-chamber, and who fled to the tolbooth for shelter, where the mob attacked them, battering the doors, and forcing stones through the windows. Application was made to the deacons of the corporations to appease the tumult. Remaining, however, unconcerned spectators, they made this answer:—*They will be magistrates alone; let them rule the multitude alone.* The magistrates were kept in confinement till they made proclamation be published, offering indemnity to the rioters for lay-

ing down their arms. Still, however, so late as the year 1592, we find the General Assembly complaining of the profanation of the Sabbath, by making of *Robin Hood's plays.*"—*Arnot's History of Edinburgh*, ch. 11.

But in addition to this testimony of the attachment of the Scotch populace to Robin Hood's memory, several ballads in the collections published by Jamieson, Buchan, Kinloch, Sir Walter Scott and others, shew the estimation in which Robin Hood and his companions were held by men of superior rank and attainments. Some of these ballads are the following, which the Editor has selected; none of them having appeared before in Ritson's "Robin Hood" or in any ulterior edition. They are of various merit; but that upon the marriage of Robin Hood with Jack Cade's daughter is a valuable relic, for its graceful simplicity and poetic imagery. They form together a valuable addition to the present enlarged collection.

The following ballad is contained in an 8vo. publication of about sixteen pages, and was kindly lent to the Editor by J. Walter K. Eyton, Esq., of Cheltenham. It was purchased by Mr. Thorpe, the bookseller, at Mr. Brockett's sale, and by him sold to Mr. Eyton. Only fifteen copies were printed.

The following are the title-page and publisher's preface.

TWO ANCIENT BALLADS, ROBIN HOOD'S COURTSHIP WITH JACK CADE'S DAUGHTER, AND THE FRIERIS TRAGEDIE. Aberdeen: published and sold by William Robertson. (No date.)

"The publisher has been kindly permitted to print a few copies of these two ancient ballads, from a MS. in the possession of an elderly gentleman of his acquaintance. The MS. has been long in his family, and was transcribed by his father when a young man. The reciter recollected to have seen them in print, at which time they were

much sung, though the publisher has not been so fortunate as to recover a copy. They are now printed verbatim from the MS."

The transcriber appears to have varied the orthography of the two ballads, from whim, and to have inserted some words more modern than the others, probably to supply a deficiency in the writer's memory.

The Editor has only to observe, that the name of the first ballad occurs in Captain Cox's celebrated black-letter collection, and was supposed to have been lost.

XLIV.

ROBIN HOOD'S COURTSHIP WITH JACK CADE'S DAUGHTER.

"Brume, brume, on ȝe hill,
Brume on ȝe hill for me, oh,
Ye blossomis of ȝe yellow brume,
Are pleasan for to ȝee, oh."*

---

* This chorus is common in many Scotch ballads. "Broom, Broom on Hill," is a poem mentioned by Lane in his *Progress of Queen Elizabeth into Warwickshire*, as forming part of Captain Cox's collection of ballads, so much adored by the black-letter antiquaries of the present day; now better known as the Roxburgh collection of ballads, at length placed on the shelves of the British Museum. The same ballad is also quoted by one of the personages in a "Very merry and pithie comedie," called "The longer thou livest the more fool thou art."

"Here entreth Moros, counterfeiting a vaine gesture and a foolish

My native hill is dycht with fleuris,
Sae blomand for to view, oh,
With aureat glades of sucred brume,
An nows of heathery blue, oh.
Brume, brume, &c.

ȝe medis are brusit by ȝe fays,
Wi guildis and gowands rair, oh,
An ȝe wilde thyme's sweet smelling breath,
Upon ȝair wings ȝai bair, oh.
Brume, brume, &c.

Als in my bower of eglantyne,
Under ȝe lynden tree, oh,
I heir ȝe little burdes sing,
In ȝair quaeint mynstrelsie, oh.
Brume, brume, &c.

An see ȝe burne with birran birr,
Between its cleuchis rin, oh,
An after mony lynkis dreich
Gae loup into ȝe lyn, oh.
Brume, brume, &c.

---

countenance, synging the foote of many songes, AS FOOLES WERE WONT."

Moros. Brome, brome on hill,
The gentle brome on hill;
Brome, brome on Hiue hill,
The gentle brome on Hiue hill,
The brome stands on Hiue hill a.

"Brume, brume on hill," is also mentioned in *The complaynt of Scotland;* Leyden's edition, p. 100.

ȝe waters of ȝe loch ȝat rest
In undisturbed repose;
ȝat stilles the noyis of my heart,
And soothis all my wois.
Brume, brume, &c.

God wot ȝat troubled wench I am,
And painet grievouslie,
Quhan on my father's deathe I thinke,
Which causit wes by me.
Brume, brume, &c.

An must I leave my bonie woodis,
To gang alang wi' ȝee;
Gae, gae, your waies, ȝe fair younge manne,
It canna, manna be.
Brume, brume, &c.

"Town, town for my monie,
ȝe town it is for me, oh!
Ye raffan raket of ȝe town,
Wassail and revelrie, oh!"

ȝe stately fortellis of ȝe town
So pertlie stande on hie,
And als ȝe gentlis proud demaynes,
ȝat leukis sae hawtandlie.
Town, town, &c.

ȝe schippis ȝat sae guidis full,
Bot to ask us for to bie;
Alswa ȝe tavernis whar ȝe birle,
ȝe red wine plenteouslie.
Town, town, &c.

ȝe schippis ȝat sailis on ȝe sea,
Ar fraucht fra fremyt lan,
We wrak of costlyk flagāries,
Baith nippertie an gran.
Town, town, &c.

ȝe nonnes quha lukis outwardlie,
Yclad wi modestie;
ȝe freirs als quha pure of soul
Lernis yame vennerie.
Town, town, &c.

An ȝairs ȝe hallis of nobil knychts
Quhare lyart mynstrellis plaies,
An singis for yair lordis delyte,
ȝe feychtes of olden daies.
Town, town, &c.

Als in ȝat hall is ȝe plaeirs too,
Awand yair mysterie,
Or bawde interlude befoir
ȝe nobil companie.
Town, town, &c.

An eke the lymmit gloeman, too,
Quhase gympis makis delycht,
Quhan on ȝe ȝearly minnyng daies
He sporttes all ȝe nycht.
Town, town, &c.

So come along wi' me, my love,
So come along wi' me, oh!
An I will tak ȝou to ȝe town,
Thae joly sichts to ȝe, oh!
Town, town, &c.

Quhal car I for ȝour fortellis,
Your schippis and demayne, sir;
I wad na gie my bourik shade
For all ȝour walth an gane, sir.
Brume, brume, &c.

Ane quaff fra out ȝe chrystal burne
Gat pearlis dernelie, sir,
Is better far ȝan a' ȝour wine
ȝat ȝe birle plenteouslie, sir.
Brume, brume, &c.

ȝe little skiffe upon ȝe loch
More pleasure is to me, sir,
ȝan ȝour outlandis shippis ȝat
Come from ayont ȝe ȝee, sir.
Brume, brume, &c.

ȝour nonnes an frieris may defoul
Yaimselves, but sal not me, sir;
ȝair sadde defames I doe reggret,
But nevir wus to see, sir.
Brume, brume, &c.

ȝour mynstrellis quently carpit rymes,
May give delychte to you, sir;
ȝe throstle is my quirrister,
And singis me anew, sir.
Brume, brume, &c.

ȝe rural sportis of ȝe swankis,
More pleasan are to vew, sir,
ȝan mysteries of players leude
An eke ȝour gleemen, too, sir.
Brume, brume, &c.

Gif you luve me as ȝou say,
ȝou wad not leave this shade, sir;
Bot ȝou wad live my Röbin Hood,
And I ȝour Joan Cade, sir.
Brume, brume, &c.

And I will nevir from ȝe part,
Bot live within this wode, oh!
An since ȝou will be my Joan Cade,
Ise be your Robin Hood, oh!
Brume, brume, &c.

ROBIN HOOD AND THE OLD MAN.

This ballad is taken from the second volume of "Popular Ballads and Songs," published by Mr. Robert Jamieson in 1806. For this ballad, Mr. Jamieson acknowledges himself indebted to the Rev. Dr. Percy, the nephew of the Bishop of Dromore, and editor of several editions of his "Reliques of Ancient Poetry"; who also granted to Mr. Jamieson the perusal of the celebrated folio MS. of ballads, from which many of those in the Reliques were selected. Mr. Jamieson also acknowledges himself indebted for others to the recitation of Mrs. Brown of Falkland, so well known to the Scotch collectors. The additions which Mr. Jamieson made to the catalogue of our traditionary poetry were considerable; and by the preface to his volumes, he appears to have had his industry, in the collection, excited by the encouragement of the late Rev. Jonathan Boucher, Vicar of Epsom, with whom he resided for several years, and of whom he speaks with much affection.

In the plan of Mr. Jamieson's publication, he was in part anticipated by Sir Walter Scott's "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border"; their materials having been in a great measure the same, and many of them obtained from the same source, Mrs. Brown of Falkland.

There are three pieces in Jamieson's volumes relative to Robin Hood; the two about to be inserted, and "Robyn

Hode and the Munke," imperfectly copied from the MS. in the public library at Cambridge, but inserted correctly at p. 7 of this volume, under the head of "A Tale of Robin Hood."

XLV.

ROBIN HOOD AND THE OLD MAN.

A FRAGMENT.

. . . . . .

In faith, thou shalt have mine,
And 20s. in thy purse,
To spend at ale and wine.

Though your clothes are of light Lincolne green,
And mine gray russet, and torne,
Yet it doth not you beseme
To doe an old man scorne.*

I scorne thee not, old man, says Robin,
By the faith of my body;
Doe of thy clothes, thou shalt have mine,
For it may noe better be.

But Robin did on the old mans hose,
The were torn in the wrist,
When I looke on my leggs, said Robin,
Then for to laugh I list.

* By proposing, that is, to make an exchange of clothes, the bargain being so much to the advantage of the old man.

But Robin did on the old mans shoes,
And the were chitt full cleane;
Now by my faith, says Little John,
These are good for thornes keene.

But Robin did on the old mans cloake,
And it was torne in the necke;
Now by my faith, said William Scarlett,
Heere shold be set a specke.

But Robin did on the old mans hood,
Itt goggled on his crowne,
When I come into Nottingham, said Robin,
My hood it will lightly downe.*

But yonder is an outwood, said Robin,
An outwood all and a shade,
And thither I reede you, my merrymen all,
The ready way to take.

And when you heare my little horne blow,
Come raking all on a rowte.†

. . . . . .
. . . . . .

. . horne to his mouth,
A loud blast cold he blow,
Full three hundred bold yeomen
Came raking all on a row.

---

* *i.e.* I shall easily bare my head, in reverence to the sheriff, &c.

† It has been suggested, that this ought to be *brake*, and not *shade*.

But Robin cast downe his baggs of bread,
Soe did he his staffe with a face,
And in a doublet of red velvett
This yeoman stood in his place.

But Robin he lope, and Robin he threw,
He lope over stock and stone,
But those that saw Robin Hood run
Said he was a liver old man.

But bend your bowes, and stroke your strings,
Set the gallow tree aboute,
And Christes curse on his head, said Robin,
That spares the sheriff and the sergeant.*

When the sheriffe see gentle Robin wold shoote,
He held up both his hands,
Sayes, aske, good Robin, and thou shalt have,
Whether it be house or land.

I will neither have house nor land, said Robin,
Nor gold, nor none of thy fee,
But I will have those 3 squires,
To greene forest with mee.

Now marry gods forbett, said the sheriffe,
That ever that shold be,
Ffor why they be the kings folons
They are all condemned to dye.

But grant me my askynge, said Robin,
Or by me faith of my body,

* Should not this be "his rowte"?

Thou shalt be the first man
Shall flower this gallow tree.

But I will . . 3 squires
. . . . . .

Cetera desunt.

THE BIRTH OF ROBIN HOOD.

THE following ballad was taken down by the Editor from the recitation of Mrs. Brown, and is here given without the alteration of a single word. However little historical credit may be due to it, the account which it gives of the origin of the celebrated English outlaw, is certainly very characteristic, and perfectly consistent with his subsequent life and conduct; insomuch, that it cannot be said of the renowned hero of Sherwood, as Deïanira says of Hercules,

——"Dissimiles hic vir et ille puer."

JAMIESON.

XLVI.

THE BIRTH OF ROBIN HOOD.

O WILLIE 's large o' limb and lith,
And come o' high degree;
And he is gone to Earl Richard
To serve for meat and fee.

Earl Richard had but ae daughter,
Fair as a lilly flower;
And they made up their love-contract
Like proper paramour.

It fell upon a simmer's nicht,
Whan the leaves were fair and green,
That Willie met his gay ladie
Intil the wood alane.

"O narrow is my gown, Willie,
That wont to be sae wide;
And gane is a' my fair colour,
That wont to be my pride.

"But gin my father should get word
What's past between us twa,
Before that he should eat or drink,
He'd hang you o'er that wa.

"But ye'le come to my bower, Willie,
Just as the sun goes down;
And kep me in your arms twa,
And latna me fa' down."

O whan the sun was nere gane down,
He's doen him till her bower;
And there, by the lee licht o' the moon,
Her window she lookit o'er.

Intill a robe o' red scarlet
She lap, fearless o' harm;
And Willie was large o' lith and limb,
And keepit her in his arm.

And they've gane to the gude green wood,
And ere the night was deen,
She's borne to him a bonny young son,
Amang the leaves sae green.

Whan night was gane, and day was come,
And the sun began to peep,
Up and raise the Earl Richard
Out o' his drowsy sleep.

He's ca'd upon his merry young men.
By ane, by twa, and by three,
"O what's come o' my daughter dear,
That she's nae come to me?

"I dreamt a dreary dream last night,
God grant it come to gude!
I dreamt I saw my daughter dear
Drown in the saut sea flood.

"But gin my daughter be dead or sick,
Or yet be stown awa,
I mak a vow, and I'll keep it true,
I'll hang ye ane and a!"

They sought her back, they sought her fore,
They sought her up and down;
They got her in the gude green wood,
Nursing her bonny young son.

He took the bonny boy in his arms,
And kist him tenderlie;
Says, "though I would your father hang,
Your mother's dear to me."

He kist him o'er and o'er again;
"My grandson I thee claim;
And Robin Hood in gude green wood,
And that shall be your name."

And mony ane sings o' grass, o' grass,
And mony ane sings o' corn;
And mony ane sings o' Robin Hood,
Kens little whare he was born.

It was na in the ha', the ha',
Nor in the painted bower;
But it was in the gude green wood,
Amang the lilly flower.

" She leant her back against an aik,
Said, 'Robin, let me be:
For it is a ladye, bred and born,
That has fought this day wi' thee.'"

ROSE THE RED, AND WHITE LILLY.

THERE can be no doubt that the three following ballads relate to Robin Hood and Little John, and have their origin from the same tradition. The first, entitled "Rose the Red, and White Lilly," is thus introduced by Sir Walter Scott, in his "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," vol. ii, p. 434:—

"This legendary tale is given chiefly from Mrs. BROWN'S MS. Accordingly, many of the rhymes arise from the northern mode of pronunciation; as *dee*, for *do*, and the like. Perhaps the ballad may have originally related to the history of the celebrated ROBIN HOOD; as mention is made of Barnisdale, his favorite abode."

There is a second ballad, with the same title, in Mr. Peter Buchan's "Ancient Ballads and Songs of the North of

Scotland," 2 vols. Edin. 1828. Mr. Buchan, in his preface, says, he had obtained the majority of them "from the singing and recitation of old men and women in Scotland, and from others sent him by ladies and gentlemen of the highest respectability, on whose words, as to their authenticity, he could safely depend. In Mr. Buchan's version of the ballad, the names of Robin Hood and Little John actually occur; which circumstance would fairly have entitled it to a place in this extended collection, had it not contained more indelicate allusions than the Editor hopes have stained any paper in these volumes.

In this collection, Mr. Buchan has also a Scotch ballad entitled, "The Birth of Robin Hood," grounded upon the usual assertion that he was the son of a daughter of the Earl of Huntingdon, by one ARCHIBALD, her father's steward; Mr. Buchan's ballad, also, calls the earl's daughter "CLEMENTINA," which names are thus introduced in the following unharmonious stanzas:—

"What shall I say, my love, Archibald,
This day for you and me?
I will be laid in cauld irons,
And ye'll be hanged on tree.

What aileth, my love, Clementina?
What gars you moan sae sair?
You know, said she, I'm with child to thee
These eight long months and mair."

The third ballad is entitled "The Wedding of Robin Hood and Little John," and is taken from Mr. G. P. Kinloch's "Ancient Scottish Ballads." Prefixed to it are the following remarks:—

"Among all the numerous ballads and tales, which have been composed on these celebrated outlaws, the editor has not discovered

that the present one has ever been printed. The editor observes, however, a ballad in the 'Border Minstrelsy,' under the title of 'Rose the Red, and White Lilly,' which is evidently founded on the same story. The editor of that work is right in his conjecture, that it related to Robin Hood. One might fancy a slight resemblance between the meeting of Robin Hood with the heroines of this ballad, and his meeting with *Clorinda*, or 'Maid Marian,' as detailed in 'Robin Hood's birth, breeding, valour, and marriage,' as published by Mr. Ritson, vol. ii."

XLVI.

ROSE THE RED, AND WHITE LILLY.

O Rose the Red, and White Lilly,
Their mother deir was dead;
And their father has married an ill woman,
Wished them twa little guid.

But she had twa as gallant sons
As ever brake man's bread;
And the tane o' them lo'ed her, White Lilly,
And the tother Rose the Red.

O bigged hae they a bigly bour,
Fast by the roaring strand;
And there was mair mirth in the ladyes' bour,
Nor in a' their father's land.

But out and spake their step-mother,
As she stood a little forebye—
"I hope to live and play the prank,
Sall gar your loud sang lie."

She's call'd upon her eldest son;
"Cum here, my son, to me:
It fears me sair, my bauld Arthur,
That ye maun sail the sea."

"Gin sae it maun be, my deir mother,
Your bidding I maun dee;
But, be never waur to Rose the Red,
Than ye hae been to me."

She's called upon her youngest son;
"Cum here, my son, to me:
It fears me sair, my Brown Robin,
That ye maun sail the sea."

"Gin it fear ye sair, my mother deir,
Your bidding I sall dee;
But, be never waur to White Lilly,
Than ye hae been to me."

"Now haud your tongues, ye foolish boys!
For small sall be their part:
They ne'er again sall see your face,
Gin their very hearts suld break."

Sae Bauld Arthur's gane to our king's court,
His hie chamberlain to be;
But Brown Robin, he has slain a knight,
And to grene-woode he did flee.

When Rose the Red, and White Lilly,
Saw their twa loves were gane,
Sune did they drop the loud loud sang,
Took up the still mourning.

And out then spake her White Lilly;
"My sister, we'll be gane:
Why suld we stay in Barnisdale.
To mourn our bour within?"

O cutted hae they their green cloathing,
A little abune their knee;
And sae hae they their yellow hair,
A little abune their bree.

And left hae they that bonny bour,
To cross the raging sea;
And they hae ta'en to a holy chapel,
Was christened by Our Ladye.

And they hae changed their twa names,
Sae far frae ony toun;
And the tane o' them's hight Sweet Willie,
And the tother's Rouge the Rounde.

Between the twa a promise is,
And they hae sworn it to fulfil;
Whenever the tane blew a bugle-horn,
The tother suld cum her till.

Sweet Willie's gane to the king's court,
Her true love for to see;
And Rouge the Rounde to gude grene-wood,
Brown Robin's man to be.

O it fell anes, upon a time,
They putted at the stane;
And seven foot ayont them a',
Brown Robin's gar'd it gang.

She lifted the heavy putting-stane,
And gave a sad "O hon!"
Then out bespake him, Brown Robin,
"But that's a woman's moan!'

"O kent ye by my rosy lips?
Or by my yellow hair?
Or kent ye by my milk-white breast,
Ye never yet saw bare?"

"I kent na by your rosy lips;
Nor by your yellow hair;
But, cum to your bour whaever likes,
They'll find a ladye there."

"O gin ye come my bour within,
Through fraud, deceit, or guile,
Wi' this same brand, that's in my hand,
I vow I will thee kill."

"Yet durst I cum into your bour,
And ask nae leave," quo' he;
"And wi' this same brand, that's in my hand,
Wave danger back on thee."

About the dead hour o' the night,
The ladye's bour was broken;
And, about the first hour o' the day,
The fair knave bairn was gotten.

When days were gane, and months were come,
The ladye was sad and wan;
And aye she cried for a bour woman,
For to wait her upon.

Then up and spake him, Brown Robin,
"And what needs this?" quo' he;
"Or what can woman do for you,
That canna be done by me?"

"'Twas never my mother's fashion," she said,
"Nor shall it e'er be mine,
That belted knights should e'er remain
While ladyes dree'd their pain.

"But gin ye take that bugle-horn,
And wind a blast sae shrill,
I hae a brother in yonder court,
Will come me quickly till."

"O gin ye hae a brother on earth,
That ye lo'e mair than me,
Ye may blow the horn yoursell," he says,
"For a blast I winna gie."

She's ta'en the bugle in her hand,
And blawn baith loud and shrill;
Sweet William started at the sound,
And came her quickly till.

O up and starts him, Brown Robin,
And swore by Our Ladye,
"No man shall come into this bour,
But first maun fight wi' me."

O they hae fought the wood within,
Till the sun was going down;
And drops o' blood, frae Rose the Red,
Came pouring to the ground.

She leant her back against an aik,
Said, "Robin, let me be:
For it is a ladye, bred and born,
That has fought this day wi' thee."

O seven foot he started back,
Cried, "Alas and woe is me!
For I wished never, in all my life,
A woman's bluid to see:

"And that all for the knightly vow
I swore to Our Ladye;
But mair for the sake o' ae fair maid,
Whose name was White Lilly."

Then out and spake her, Rouge the Rounde,
And leugh right heartilie,
"She has been wi' ye this year and mair,
Though ye wistna it was she."

Now word has gane through all the land,
Before a month was gane,
That a forester's page, in gude grene-wood,
Had born a bonny son.

The marvel gaed to the king's court,
And to the king himsell;
"Now, by my fae," the king did say,
"The like was never heard tell!"

Then out and spake him, Bauld Arthur,
And laugh'd right loud and hie—
"I trow some may has plaid the lown,
And fled her ain countrie."

"Bring me my steid!" the king can say;
"My bow and arrows keen;
And I'll gae hunt in yonder wood,
And see what's to be seen."

"Gin it please your grace," quo' Bauld Arthur,
"My liege, I'll gang you wi',
And see gin I can meet a bonny page,
That's stray'd awa frae me."

And they hae chased in gude green-wood,
The buck but and the rae,
Till they drew near Brown Robin's bour,
About the close o' day.

Then out and spake the king himsell,
Says, "Arthur, look and see,
Gin yon be not your favourite page,
That leans against yon tree."

O Arthur's ta'en a bugle-horn,
And blawn a blast sae shrill;
Sweet Willie started to her feet,
And ran him quickly till.

"O wanted ye your meat, Willie,
Or wanted ye your fee?
Or gat ye e'er an angry word,
That ye ran awa frae me?"

"I wanted nought, my master dear;
To me ye hy was good:
I cam to see my ae brother,
That wons in this grene-wood."

Then out bespake the king again,—
"My boy, now tell to me,
Who dwells into yon bigly bour,
Beneath yon green aik tree?"

"O pardon me," said sweet Willy,
"My liege, I dare na tell;
And gang na near yon outlaw's bour,
For fear they suld you kill."

"O haud your tongue, my bonny boy!
For I winna be said nay;
But I will gang yon bour within,
Betide me weal or wae."

They have lighted frae their milk-white steids,
And saftlie entered in;
And there they saw her, White Lilly,
Nursing her bonny young son.

"Now, by the mass," the king he said,
"This is a comely sight;
I trow, instead of a forester's man,
This is a lady bright!"

O out and spake her, Rose the Red,
And fell low on her knee:—
"O pardon us, my gracious liege,
And our story I'll tell thee.

"Our father is a wealthy lord,
Lives into Barnisdale;
But we had a wicked step-mother,
That wrought us meikle bale.

"Yet had she twa as fu' fair sons,
As e'er the sun did see;
And the tane o' them lo'ed my sister deir,
And the tother said he lo'ed me."

Then out and cried him Bauld Arthur,
As by the king he stood,—
"Now, by the faith of my body,
This suld be Rose the Red!"

The king has sent for robes o' green,
And girdles o' shining gold;
And sae sune have the ladyes busked themselves,
Sae glorious to behold.

Then in and came him, Brown Robin,
Frae hunting o' the king's deer,
But when he saw the king himsell,
He started back for fear.

The king has ta'en Robin by the hand,
And bade him nothing dread,
But quit for aye the gude grene-wood,
And come to the court wi' speed.

The king has ta'en White Lilly's son,
And set him on his knee;
Says, "Gin ye live to wield a brand,
My bowman thou sall be."

They have ta'en them to the holy chapelle,
And there had fair wedding;
And when they cam to the king's court,
For joy the bells did ring.

XLVIII.

THE WEDDING OF ROBIN HOOD AND LITTLE JOHN.*

THE king has wedded an ill woman,
Into some foreign land;—
His daughters twa, that stood in awe,
They bravely sat and sang.

Then in be-came their step-mother,
Sae stately stepping ben;†
"O gin I live and bruik‡ my lip,
I'll gar§ ye change your tune."

"O we sang ne'er that sang, ladie,
But we will sing again;
And ye ne'er boor that son, ladie,
We wad lay our love on.

But we will cow‖ our yellow locks,
A little abune our bree;¶
And we will on to gude green-wud,
And serve for meat and fee.

---

* From Kinloch's "Ancient Scottish Ballads."
† *Ben*, inner apartment. ‡ *Bruik*, enjoy.
§ *Gar*, cause. ‖ *Cow*, clip.
¶ *Abune our bree*, above our brow.

And we will kilt* our gay claithing
A little below the knee;
And we will on to gude green-wud,
Gif Robin Hood we see.

And we will change our ain twa names,
When we gae frae the toun,—
The tane we will call Nicholas,
The tither Roger Roun."

Then they hae cow'd their yellow locks,
A little abune their bree;
And they are on to gude green-wud
To serve for meat and fee.

And they hae kilt their gay claithing,
A little below their knee,
And they are on to gud green-wud,
Gif Robin Hood they see.

And they hae chang'd thair ain twa names,
When they gaed frae the toun;—
The tane they've called Nicholas,
The tither Roger Roun.

And they hae staid in gude green-wud,
And never a day thought long,
Till it fell ance upon a day,
That Roger sang a sang.

"When we were in our father's bouer,
We sew'd the silken seam;
But now we walk the gude green-wud,
And bear anither name.

* *Kilt*, tuck.

When we were in our father's ha',
We wore the beaten gold;
But now we wear the shield so sharp,
Alas! we'll die with cold!"

Then up bespake him Robin Hood,
As he to them drew near;
"Instead of boys to carry the bow,
Twa ladies we've got here."

So they had not been in gud green-wud,
A twalmonth and a day,
Till Roger Roun was as big wi' bairn
As onie lady could gae.

"O wae be to my stepmother,
That garr'd me leave my hame,
For I'm wi' bairn to Robin Hood,
And near nine months is gane.

"O wha will be my bouer-woman,*
Na bouer-woman is here!
O wha will be my bouer-woman,
When that sad time draws near?

. . . . . .

The tane was wedded to Robin Hood,
And the tither to Little John;—
And it was a' owing to their step-mother
That garr'd them leave their hame.

* *Bouer-woman*, attendant.

XLIX.

ROBIN HOOD AND THE SCOTCHMAN.

THE Editor met with this ballad in an Irish garland, printed at Monaghan, 1796. It is not worthy of notice, otherwise than shewing the popularity of Robin Hood in Ireland as well as in Scotland. He has not seen it in any other collection.

Now bold Robin Hood to the north would go,
With valour and mickle might;
With sword by his side, which oft had been try'd,
To fight and recover his right.

The first that he met was a jolly stout Scot,
His servant he said he would be;
No, quoth Robin Hood, it cannot be good,
For thou wilt prove false unto me.

Thou hast not been true to sire or cuz;
Nay marry, the Scot he said;
As true as your heart, I never will part,
Good master be not afraid.

But e'er I employ you, said bold Robin Hood,
With you I must have a bout;
The Scotchman reply'd, let the battle be try'd,
For I know I will beat you out.

Thus saying, the contest did quickly begin,
Which lasted two hours and more;
The blows Sawney gave bold Robin so brave,
The battle soon made him give o'er.

Have mercy, thou Scotchman, bold Robin Hood cry'd,
Full dearly this boon have I bought;
We will both agree, and my man you shall be,
For a stouter I never have fought.

Then Sawny consented with Robin to go,
To be of his bowmen so gay;
Thus ended the fight, and with mickle delight
To Sherwood they hasted away.

L.

IN SHERWOOD LIVDE STOUT ROBIN HOOD.

For the two following ballads the Editor is indebted to E. F. Rimbault, Esq., who discovered them in his extensive and unique collection of ancient music, songs, ballads, madrigals, &c.

In Sherwood livde stout Robin Hood,
An archer great, none greater;
His bow and shafts were sure and good,
Yet Cupid's were much better.
Robin could shoot at many a hart and misse,
Cupid at first could hit a hart of his.
Hey jolly Robin, hoe jolly Robin, hey jolly Robin Hood,
Love finds out me, as well as thee, so follow me, so follow me to the green-wood.

A noble thiefe was Robin Hoode,
  Wise was he could deceive him;
Yet Marrian, in his bravest mood,
  Could of his heart bereave him!
No greater thief lies hidden under skies
Then beauty closely lodgde in womens eyes.
  Hey jolly Robin, &c.

An out-law was this Robin Hood,
  His life free and unruly;
Yet to faire Marrian bound he stood,
  And loves debt payed her duely.
Whom curbe of stricktest law could not hold in,
Love with obeyednes and a winke could winne.
  Hey jolly Robin, &c.

Now wend we home, stout Robin Hood,
  Leave we the woods behind us;
Love-passions must not be withstood,
  Love every where will find us.
I livde in fielde and downe, and so did he,
I got me to the woods, love followed me.
  Hey jolly Robin, &c.

From "A Musicall Dreame, or the fourth booke of Ayres, &c." Composed by Robert Jones. London: imprinted by the assignees of William Barley, 1606. A second edition in 1609.

LI.

BY LANDS-DALE HEY HO.

By Lands-dale hey ho,
By mery Lands-dale hey ho,
There dwelt a jolly miller,
And a very good old man was he, hey ho.

He had, he had and a sonne a,
Men called him Renold,
And mickle of his might
Was he, was he, hey ho.

And from his father a wode a,
His fortune for to seeke,
From mery Lands-dale
Wode he, wode he, hey ho.

His father would him seke a,
And found him fast asleepe:
Among the leaves greene
Was he, was he, hey ho.

He tooke, he tooke him up a,
All by the lilly-white hand,
And set him on his feet,
And bade him stand, hey ho.

He gave to him a benbow,
Made all of a trusty tree,
And arrowes in his hand,
And bad him let them flee.

And shoote was that, that a did a,
Some say he shot a mile,
But halfe a mile and more
Was it, was it, hey ho.

And at the halfe miles end a,
There stood an armed man;
The childe he shot him through,
And through and through, hey ho.

His beard was all on a white a,
As white as whaleis bone,
His eyes they were as cleare,
As christall stone, hey ho.

And there of him they made a
Good yeoman Robin Hood,
Scarlet, and Little John,
And Little John, hey ho.

From "Deuteromelia; or the Second Part of Musicks Melodie, or Melodius Musicke, &c. London: printed for Thomas Adams, 1609." 4to.

ROBIN HOOD & THE DUKE OF LANCASTER.

A ballad, to the tune of *The Abbot of Canterbury.*

This ballad was bound up, with many others, in a folio volume, No. —, in a catalogue published a few years ago by Mr. Thorpe the bookseller, who, with his usual love for the extension of literature, kindly permitted the Editor to transcribe it for the present publication. The following is the colophon: "London: printed for J. Jones, at the Royal Exchange, and sold by the booksellers of London and Westminster. 1727. (Price 2d)."

It is not to be supposed, that this ballad relates to any transactions in the life of our hero. It is in all probability a satire upon some courtier, who had made application to the king for the rangership of one of his forests.

LII.

ROBIN HOOD AND THE DUKE OF LANCASTER.

Come listen, my friends, to a story so new,
In the days of King John, in twelve hundred and two;
How the bold little Duke of the fair Lancashire
Came to speak to the king like a brave cavalier.
Derry down, down, down, derry down.

In a trice he was got to the good king's abode,
The horse in a froth, on which the duke rode;
Tho' the steed had galloped full three miles from home,
Not so much at the mouth, as the rider did foam.

The gate it did shake, when he knock'd at the door,
As his hands they did tremble with anger full sore;
And a message of haste his words did bespeak,
Till the paint, red before, waxed blue on his cheek.

Quoth the porter, who is it, that dares be so bold
As to stun the fair gate of our liege's freehold;
Quoth the duke, I am come, some truth to report,
Oho! quoth the porter,—you're just come to court.

He tossed up his chin, and a roll did advance,
Of parchment I ween, instead of a lance;
See here is the statute, we made such a strife for;
Said the porter, it seemeth to me all a cypher.

Then up the high steps the short duke he did stride;
His stride so gigantic his stature belied;
Quoth he, as a peer, I will free my good liege
From the vermin and ear-wigs his grace that besiege.

The yeoman cried, stand; quoth the duke, I'm a peer,
And I bring a good statute of parliament here;
Be the king where he can, I may visit him still,
This was passed in the last of Conqueror WILL.

He found his good grace just a trimming his beard,
By the hands of a dwarf whom he lately had rear'd;
The duke was beginning his speech in great wrath,
Says the king to the dwarf, this is nothing but froth.

My good liege, quoth the duke, you are grossly abused,
By knaves far and near, by your grace kindly used;
There's your keeper, so crafty, called bold Robin Hood,
Keeps us all but himself, my good liege, in a wood.

He riseth ere daybreak to kill your fat deer,
And never calls me to partake of the cheer;
For shoulders and umbles, and other good fees,
He says, for your use he locks up with his keys.

As I'm learnt in the law, this is ROBBING direct,
As appears by the 1st of King WILL: vii. sect.
Besides what is your's, sir, is our's; and then,
He's a felon, d'ye see, by the 2d of HEN.

What is worse, he will make Harry Gambol a keeper;
And the plot every day is laid deeper and deeper;
Should he bring him once in, your court would grow thinner,
For instead of a saint, he would turn out a sinner.

I intreat you, my liege, have a care what you do,
To man, woman, nor child, he was never yet true;
Shou'd you trust him he'd serve you as ill, on my life,
As he did his first friends, as he did his first wife.

Quoth our liege, would you have no Robin out—is that all?
I wou'd have, quoth the duke, no *Robbing* at all;
Why, man! quoth the king, on my troth you'll bereave
All my court of its people except 'tis my SHERIFF.

Besides, who'll succeed him? because, without doubt,
You'd have some one put in sure, as well as put out.
Then a smile so obliging the duke did display,
And made a low beysance, as if who should say.

Said our liege, I respect your great depth at a word;
But to cast up vile sums is beneath such a lord.
As to that, quoth the duke, I learnt it at school,
And can tell more than twenty—you know I'm no fool.

Quoth our liege, with a sneer, tho' with face right serene,
I believe I by this time guess all that you mean;
Wou'd you have me hang Robin, and count my own pelf;
Oh! no, quoth the duke, I'd be ROBBING myself.

BALLADS RELATIVE TO ROBIN HOOD,

CONTAINED IN MR. PECK'S MS., NOW IN THE EDITOR'S POSSESSION.

In the preface to the preceding volume, p. 27 et seq., will be found all that is necessary to be said in illustration of the contents of Mr. Peck's MS. After a repeated perusal of these ballads, and a comparison with those in Mr. Ritson's collection, and now reprinted, the Editor is more strongly convinced that all which are contained in this imperfect manuscript were either composed by Mr. Peck himself, or were altered by him from those in the garlands or chap-books then in existence. For this reason, and that the contents of the present volume have extended to a far greater length than the Editor contemplated, he will only extract four of them; together with what Mr. Peck calls "The Editor's Conclusion"; as this conclusion relates to three of the missing ballads, which, in all probability, were Mr. Peck's own composition.

LIII.

REFLECTIONS UPON THE STORY OF ROBIN WHOOD AND HIS MEN.

THE ARGUMENT. — The author compares Robin Whood's times and his own together; and shews the difference.

This song is taken from "A true Tale of Robin Whood; by Martin Parker, gent." See stanzas 107, 108, 109, 110, 116, 117, 118, 119 and 120, of that poem.

The stanza is four lines. The measure of those four lines is eight, six; eight, and six syllables. To the tune of *The Outlawing of Robin Whood.*

FULL fourty years and something more
Robin Whood lived thus!
Fear'd of the rich; lov'd of the poor;
A matter marvelous!

A thing impossible to us
His story seems to be.
None dare be now so venturous:
But times are chang'd we see.

We, who in later days do live
Of better government,
If need be, have a thousand ways
Such outlaws to prevent.

In Bob's days men more barb'rous were
And lived less in awe.
Now (heaven be thanked) people fear
Much more t' offend the law.

Then let's be thankful for these times
Of plenty, truth, and peace;
And leave our great and horrid crimes,
Lest they cause them to cease.

I know there's many a feigned tale
Of Robin and his crew.
But chronicles, which seldom fail,
Report these to be true.

Let none think this, or that, a lie;
For, were I put to th' worst,
They may the truth of all descry
I' th' reign of Dick the first.

If any songster please to try,
As I direction show,
The main of all this history,
He'll find it true, I know.

And I shall think my labor well
Bestow'd, to purpose good;
When 't shall be said that I did tell
True tales of Robin Whood.

LIV.

ROBIN WHOOD REVIVED.—A CAVALIER-SONG.

THE ARGUMENT.—There is a certain quidlibet audendi belonging to poets; or a man would think, that, when Robin Whood (or any body else) is once dead, and buried, and a good hard stone laid upon his belly, nothing would fetch him to life again, but a miracle. And yet, here you see, Robin Whood is revived! Why? yes. Tom Thumb lived in the days of King Arthur, and revived in the days of King Edgar. And why then might not Robin Whood live in the days of King Richard I, and revive in the days of King Charles II? Surely the quidlibet audendi of a good poet is as valid as the metempsychosis of Pythagoras? With all my heart then, for once even let it be so. And so much for the title.

As to the song itself, gentle reader, I was a long time at a loss what to make of it. For, at first, I took it for a fragment of something larger, the remainder whereof, I then thought, was lost. Nay, and for this reason I was tempted to throw it by, as not knowing well what to make of it But, upon further reflection, I now believe here is the whole. As also, that this song was wrote by some cavalier, immediately after the Battel of Worcester; and, by Robin Whood is here meant King Charles II. For,

1. The journey of King Charles II into Scotland; anno M.DC.L. is here manifestly pointed at.

2. The treachery of some great person to King Charles II in Scotland, is here also plainly intimated.

3. The treachery of the Scots (or at least of some great Scotchman) both to King Charles I and King Charles II is here likewise touched.

4. Moreover the bravery of King Charles II and of his friends (the Cavaliers) as also of his enemies (the Roundheads) at the Battel of Worcester, iij Sept. M.DC.LI. is here described.

5. Again, David Lesley, the Scotch general, and his soldiers, who came to assist King Charles II at the Battel of Worcester, and did nothing hardly but look on; are here sarcastically rebuked for their cowardice.

6. Farther, the gallantry of King Charles II, when he so bravely fought through his enemies, and made his escape out of St. Martin's gate, at Worcester, is here alluded to.

7. Lastly, the prayer for peace, at the conclusion of this song, shews that it was certainly written while the wars were yet on foot.

Now then, let us see how the song itself agrees with this conjecture in all its circumstances. This song is taken from "Robin Whood's Garland, song XI." entitled "Robin Whood and the Stranger, &c.," being in the common copies set at the end of that song; to which it hath no relation.

The stanza (reckoning the burden a part of it) is eight lines. The measure of these eight lines is ten, eight, eight, eight; ten, eight, eight, and eight syllables. To the tune of *Robin Whood and Will. Scarlet.* Part 1.

Now Robin Whood bold goes *northward** behold,
With a hey down, down, and a down;
Full of valor and mickle might;
With a hey down, down, and a down;

---

* King Charles II landed in Scotland, in June M.DC.L.

A sword by his side, which oft hath been try'd,
With a hey down, down, and a down,
To fight and recover *his right:**
To fight and recover his right.

The first man I wot he meets is *a Scot.*†
His servant, he saith, he will be.
No, no, quoth Bob Whood, it cannot be good;
For thou wilt prove false unto me.

Thou'st been a false scrub *to sire and to cub.*‡
Nay marry, not so, saith the Scot.
As true as your heart, I'll never depart;
Gude master, your servant fear not.

Then Robin Whood bold turns *southward*§ behold.
Fight on, *fight on,*‖ my yeomen stout;
For our cause is good, quoth brave Robin Whood:
And we shall not be beaten out.

The battel grows hot on *both sides,*¶ I wot,
The Scotchman he makes a great moan,

---

* The crown of Great Britain.

† You may easily guess who that was.

‡ King Charles I and King Charles II.

§ King Charles marches southward. He and the Scotch army entered England, 8th Aug. M.DC.LI.

‖ The Battel of Worcester. "The king, perceiving many of the foot to throw down their arms and decline fighting, he rode up and down among them, sometimes with his hat in his hand, intreating them to stand to their arms, and sell their lives as dear as they could. But seeing his encouragements ineffectual, he cry'd out, I had rather you should shoot me, than keep me alive to see the sad effects of this fatal day."—*Echard,* p. 621, a.

¶ Cavaliers and round-heads.

Quoth *Jockey at stand*,* they fight on each hand;
Would I were at home with wife Joan.

The enemy stout *get* Robin *about*.†
'Tis long e'er the battel it ends;
For neither will yield, or give up the field:
'Cause both are supply'd by their *friends*.‡

This merry mad rhyme was made in *Bob's time*.§
Let's all pray to great Jove above,
To give us true peace; that mischief may cease,
And war may give place unto love.

---

* David Lesley. "The Cromwellians had a mighty advantage, not only in being more numerous, but in fighting both with horse and foot against the king's foot only. For the Scotch horse under Lesley, did no ways perform their duty; being little better than spectators in the battel."—*Echard*, p. 690, b.

† "The king himself charged with that gallantry which would have become our admiration in other men." Chron. by James Heath. Fol. Lond. M.DC.LXXVI. p. 297. The Earl of Cleaveland, Sir James Hamilton, Colonel Carlis, and some officers rallied what force they could, and gave a check to the enemy as they were entering in at Sudbury gate, and valiantly disputed that street with them. Which action proved of mighty importance for securing the king's flight out of St. Martin's gate, who had otherwise been in danger of being taken in the town.—*Echard*, p. 691, a.

‡ See here the obstinacy of both parties. Oliver in his letter to the Parliament called this victory, *a crowning mercy*. An expression afterwards much remembered, when he put up for the kingship.

§ Forte, Noll's time.

LV.

ROBIN WHOOD AND KING RICHARD.—PART I.

THE foundation of this song is taken from "The whole Life and merry Exploits of bold Robin Whood," in prose, 8vo. London: printed by J. Willis, p. 88, who copies it from "Robin Whood's life in the history of Highwaymen," vol. iii. by Capt. Alex. Smith, p. 29. The story seems to be genuine—however, quære?

The stanza (reckoning the burden a part of it) is eight lines. The measure of those eight lines is ten, eight, eight, eight; ten, eight, eight, and eight syllables. To the tune of *Robin Whood and the Shoemakers of Bradstead.*

FROM Nottingham town, that prince of renown,
With a hey down, down, and a down;
King Richard must ride to Shirewood,
With a hey down, down, and a down;
Ne'er having been there, to take the fresh air,
With a hey down, down, and a down,
And see that fine forest, it's good:
And see that fine forest, it's good.*

* My author (whole life, &c. as above) saith, that, "King Richard going a progress into the north, Robin Whood and his men met and robbed him betwixt Newark and Grantham." But herein he errs. For King Richard I never made any progress, or any other journey into the north, save one to Nottingham. And, when he went to Nottingham, he did not either go or return by Grantham and Newark;

Quoth he, after care and new toils of war,*
A little diversion does well.
It's sweet in the spring to hear the birds sing,
Their bliss with their chear-up-ing tell.

With two or three friends he to the wood wends,
For pleasure relinquishes state.
The grass and the trees all budding he sees
His coming to congratulate.

Oh sweet is the spring! a time for a king,
To find a delight in that's new.
I'll ramble and ride thro' narrow and wide,
And well now this forest I'll view.

---

but (as may be seen by Hoveden, who sets down his several ghests or stages, both up and down) took the other more direct road by Northampton. Robin Whood could not therefore rob King Richard between Grantham and Newark. It is not impossible, however, but he might rob him in some other place, and, if he did so, then the most likely time and place, I think, was, when King Richard lay at Nottingham, and went thence to see the Forest of Shirewood. Anno M.C.XCIV. vicesima nona die mensis Martii, Richardus rex Anglia profectur est videre Clipestone et Forrestas de Sirewode, quas ipse nunquam viderat antea; et placuerunt ei multum; et eodem die rediit ad Notingham."—*Hoveden*, fol. Lond.: M.DC.XCVI. fol. 419.

* King Richard came to Nottingham xxv. of March, and stayed there till the xxviij. when his brother Earl John's men (who had been long besieged there) delivered up the castle to him; but not without some smart assaults first made upon them, and as briefly returned. All which skirmishes are here alluded to, under the words—

" ——— after care and new toils of war."

On the xxix. March, King Richard went (as above) to Clipestun and Sirewode. On the xxx. xxxi. March, and on April i. ij. he held a great council at Nottingham, and on the evening of April ij. went thence to Clipestun, attended by William King of Scots. See all these things at large in *Hoveden*.

It lies near for sport, whilst here I've my court;
And, hither whenever I come,
I'll hunt a fat doe, a fat buck also,
And that done ride merrily home.

But hark! a horn sounds! here's some one with hounds,
And I shall have sport to my wish!
Come let us draw nigh, and hear if they cry;
Oh how I love dog—gibberish!*

Then out from a bush bold Robin doth rush,
(Who long had been eying his guest)
And with him twice ten of his merry men,
Who them and their horses arrest.

Hey! who, pray, are you? and what's here to do?
Quoth in a surprize now king Dick.
Your money, quoth Bob, or I shall you cob;
Your money, come, give it me quick.

Now win it and wear 't, for I, boy, can't spare 't,
Quoth to him King Richard his grace.
Saith Bob then, alight, if that you will fight;
And you shall have fair play, by mass.

Then at their wit's-ends are King Richard's friends,
And, sir, now pray do as we do;
E'en give him your purse, or it may be worse;
You see they're a lusty stout crew.

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* Gibbrish. q. Ægyptius, suppla sermo. Qualis erat illorum Saracenorum, qui quoq. Ægyptii errabundi nuncupabantur. Quem Angli vocant etiam gibble gabble.—*Minshen.*

Why! hands off, you knave! quoth King Richard brave;
Know, sirra, that I am your king.
That's good news indeed, such friends, sir, we need,—
Why how, saith his grace, stands the thing?

May 't please you, quoth Whood, we live in the wood,
And to us all passengers pay,
Their purse or somewhat, just as each man's got,
A small toll for coming this way.

Sir, glad we're to see that in health you be,
And hope that you will not deny
To do as all do, who these woods go thro',
Or force us to make you comply.

Then, after a pause, Friend, these are new laws,
However for once here's my purse.
But leave off this trade in time, he then said,
Or else truly it may be worse.

Sir, my name is Whood; I'm forc'd to the wood:
Constrained to follow this trade.
If I had my right, then live well I might,
Without lying in ambuscade.

Ay, ay, are you he, whom outlaw'd have we?
At present I nought can say to 't.
But I will advise, King Richard replies,
And, if it is reason, I'll do 't.

King Richard thus foil'd, his ride it quite spoil'd,
And homeward he straightway turns back.
It is an hard case indeed, says his grace,
To have a thief's nest at one's back:

But, e'er long it be, I'll rout them, quoth he,
And render to each man his due.
Whood talks of his right, and how he can fight!
But I'll hang up captain and crew.

THE EDITOR'S CONCLUSION:

OPENING A MOST CURIOUS PIECE OF SECRET HISTORY, COUCHED IN SONGS XLVII, XLVIII, XLIX, UNDER THE DISGUISED NAMES OF ROBIN WHOOD AND SALADIN THE SARACEN.

And now, gentle reader, we are got to the end of all the songs which I can yet meet with, really or fictitiously, relating to Robin Whood. However stay a little, and (as I have made out the meaning of this last song, I hope, pretty tolerably) perhaps I may let you into another secret or two, worth your knowing.

And first then, what if by King Richard I and Saladin the Saracen (in songs xlvii, xlviii, xlix), should be meant King Charles II and Oliver Cromwell?

How! what? King Charles II and Oliver Cromwell (in the songs you have printed) couched under the names of King Richard I and Saladin the Saracen! No, no! it can never be, man! you may as well pretend to cram St. Paul's steeple, church and all, down my throat, as to make me believe that.

Nay, dear reader, have but a little patience; and give me leave only to ask you two or three questions.

Pho! question me no questions: but come to the point.

The questions are the point.

Come on then.

What then, dear reader, if (besides King Richard I and Saladin the Saracen, meaning King Charles II and Oliver Cromwell), by the king's daughter, should be meant the kingdom of England?

The kingdom of England the king's daughter!

Why? yes. Is not the king pater patriæ. And, if so, his kingdom is his child. And, if his child: why not his daughter? You will not stand with me for the sex, I suppose? If you do, propria feminium is on my side.

Insulæ item nomen; ceu, Creta, Britannia, Cyprus.

Well! I pray you go on.

And, what if Saladin (that is, Oliver Cromwell) should have a mind to the king's daughter?

What daughter?

Why? his kingdom, as I told you. For, you know, he had it. Or his crown, if you will. For, you know, he had a mind to that too.

There is something in all this indeed. Why? these are strange songs, and strange discoveries too! I pray you go on: propose all your questions.

Well; I shall then. And what if, by Saladin and the other two giants his companions, should be meant Oliver Cromwell, Henry Ireton, and George Monck, at that time, the three chief persons, in point of power, in the three kingdoms?

And, what if some thought Saladin or Oliver's frowns were as fatal as Medusa's head? His frowns, you know, were often the forerunners of an halter or an hatchet.

And, what if, by the king's saying, that he who kills Saladin shall have my daughter, be meant, that he who despatches Oliver, or Ireton, or Monck (for they were then hated alike), shall have as great a reward for his pains as it is in the power of King Charles II to give him? Not that King Charles II made any such promise. For assassinations in cold blood, even of a mortal enemy, are what every brave man abhors.* But the poet is more sanguine, and, by the "Poetica

* "Cromwell himself affected in publick to speak of assassinations with the utmost detestation, and to declare it was a way which he would never begin; but, if any attempt was made against him and miscarried, he should no longer scruple to put it in practice; and that he was neither destitute of proper persons for the undertaking, nor of money to reward them. This declaration kept the Royalists in awe, they being apprehensive of having the mischief, intended against Cromwell, fall either upon their own heads, or those of the king and royal family. 'Rapin, vol. xiii, p. 153,' from 'Bp. Burnet's Hist. of his own Times, vol. i, p. 65.'"

Licentia," which he saith he hath a right to, covertly makes this promise for the king.

And, what if, by Robin Whood's being so grieved for the princess, be meant the concern which every good man naturally feels stir in him for his distressed country, when it is in a state of slavery, as England was in the usurpate of Oliver Cromwell?

And, what if, by Robin Whood, Little John, and Will. Scarlet, going in disguise to fight Saladin and his two giants, be meant, that every one who designed anything against Oliver, Monck, or Ireton, to prevent a discovery, must conduct such a plot very nicely?

And, what if by King Richard's being ready to give up his daughter to Saladin, be meant, that King Charles II was forced to give up his kingdom to Oliver Cromwell; and that he sometimes despaired of being ever restored to it? You know, Lord Clarendon says, "when the Parliament proposed to invest Cromwell with the title, rights, and dignity of a king, the more sober persons of the king's party trembled at the overture; and believed, that it was the only way utterly to destroy the king, and to pull up all future hopes of the royal family by the roots."* But when Cromwell refused the title of a king, the same noble historian adds, "many were then of opinion, that his genius at that time forsook him, and yielded to the king's spirit."† But to proceed.

And, what if by Robin Whood's calling Saladin a tyrant and an infidel,‡ be meant, that King Charles II and almost every body else then thought, that Oliver Cromwell had a just right to both those appellations?

And, what if, by Robin Whood, Little John, and Will. Scarlet's killing Saladin and the two giants, be meant, the then wished-for deaths of Oliver Cromwell, Henry Ireton, and George Monck?

And, what if, by the princess's recovery from her swoon, be meant, the then wished-for recovery of the kingdom from her slavery?

And, what if, by the Earl of Maxfield's owning his son Will. Scarlet, be meant how readily (as the poet then thought) the king would pass an act of oblivion, and (in case of his restoration) forgive even the very murder of his father, because it was done by his people,

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* "Hist. Rebellion. 8vo. Oxon. M.DCC.XII. Vol. iii, p. 589."

† Id. p. 594.

‡ Song XXXVII, 8.

who are his children, in a political sense? Just as the Earl of Maxfield, by his silence or taking no notice of it, forgives the murder of his steward by Will. Gamel, because he is his son in a natural sense.

And, what if by the surprize, embracing, kissing and caressing at the end of song XLIX, be meant the universal joy and surprize which the poet thought would appear at the then wished-for restoration?

And, what if, by the wedding of Will. Scarlet and the princess be meant the then supposed coronation or political marriage of King Charles II to his kingdom?

And, what if songs XLVII, XLVIII, XLIX, were all made just after Oliver Cromwell refused the title, rights, and dignity of a king?

And, what if somebody carried these three songs, as soon as ever they were made, to General Monck in Scotland, and there sung and explained them to him (as I have now done them to you) and thereby perhaps first put it into his head, to act the glorious part which he afterwards did?

And what if Colonel William Allan (who wrote that excellent piece, called "Killing no Murder,"* wherein he merrily exhorts Oliver to do the business himself) should be the original very author of songs XLVII, XLVIII, XLIX?

All this, I must needs own, is a strange chain of very likely probabilities. But then, here is no end of your questions.

I have only one more to ask. Quid est finis?

Corona operis. And, with this last song, so well explained, and all these other discoveries in the heel of it, tu coronasti, you indeed, I think, have crowned it.

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* See this tract at large in "Ld. Clarendon's Hist. Compleated." 8vo. Oxon. M.DCC.XV. P. 800. Some think Major Wildman was the author. But Mr. Wood says, that "Colonel Silas Titus wrote it." It was first printed by stealth; 4to. Lond. M.DC.LVII. At its first coming out it was a terrible occurrence to Oliver, amidst those ambages and suspenso of a crown. It offers him many convincing reasons why he should kill himself, and very fairly gives him his choice of hanging, drowning, or pistolling himself; shews him the absolute necessity of it, the honor he would gain by it, and, in a word, uses such arguments as might have prevailed upon any body but an hardened rebel.—*Ath.* Oxon. Vol. ii, col. 1037.

LVI.

THE HELSTONE FURRY-DAY SONG.

ALTHOUGH the following song, or ballad, does not relate to any of the exploits of Robin Hood, it is deserving of a place in this collection, as it shews the existing popularity of our hero's name, and that of his most trusty companion, Little John, in the west of England, where, down to the present year, it will be seen that the celebration of the festival is continued with unabated energy and pleasure. It is extracted from Mr. Dixon's "Ancient Songs and Ballads of the Peasantry of England," recently published by the Percy Society, with these introductory remarks:—

"At Helstone, in Cornwall, the 8th of May is a day devoted to revelry and gaiety. It is called the Furry-day, supposed to be a corruption of Flora's-day, from the garlands worn and carried in procession during the festival. A writer in 'The Gentleman's Magazine, for June 1790,' says, 'In the morning, very early, some troublesome rogues go round the streets (of Helstone), with drums and other noisy instruments, disturbing their sober neighbours, and singing parts of a song, the whole of which nobody recollects, and of which I know no more than that there is mention in it of the 'grey-goose quill,' and of going 'to the green-wood,' to bring home 'the Summer and the may, O!'

"During the festival, the gentry, tradespeople, servants, &c. dance through the streets, and thread through certain of the houses to a very old dance tune, given in the appendix to Davies Gilbert's 'Christmas Carols,' and which may also be found in Chappell's 'National English Airs,' and other popular collections."

The Editor found the following account, of the celebration of this festival, in the "Cornwall Gazette" of May, in the present year, 1846:—

HELSTON FLORA OR FURRY DAY.—The festivities connected with this ancient custom, were ushered in by the dancing of a party at an early hour of the morning of Thursday week through the streets. Soon after nine o'clock, the arrival of visitors from the neighbouring towns commenced, and continued with little intermission until mid-day, when the town might be considered as tolerably full. Mingled with the rattling of the carriages might be heard the song of the "Hallan Tow" party, which commences

> "Robin Hood and Little John, they both are gone to fair O,
> And we will go to merry green-woods to see what they do there O.
> With Hallan Tow, &c. &c."

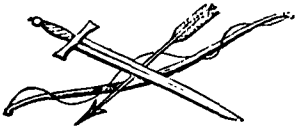
It is sung by a party of men carrying branches of trees, with a drum accompaniment. These proceed from door to door, receiving donations from such as are disposed to contribute towards the continuance of the custom. About two p.m., the principal dance commenced. The party consisted of about thirty couples; and the dance was led off by G. Grylls, Esq., the Mayor, and Mrs. G. John, of Penzance; and after dancing through the town and through various houses, finished by a closing dance in the assembly-room. Several other parties in the course of the day also kept up the spirit of the Furry. The ball in the evening was numerously and respectably attended, dancing being kept up until a late hour.

ROBIN Hood and Little John,
They both are gone to the fair, O!
And we will go to the merry green-wood,
To see what they do there, O!
And for to chase, O!
To chase the buck and doe.
With ha-lan-tow, rumble, O!
For we were up as soon as day, O!

And to fetch the summer home,
The summer and the may, O!
For summer is a-come, O!
And winter is a-gone, O!

Where are those Spaniards
That make so great a boast, O!
They shall eat the grey-goose feather,
And we will eat the roast, O!
In every land, O!
The land where'er we go,
With ha-lan-tow, O!

As for St. George, O!
Saint George he was a knight, O!
Of all the knights in Christendom,
St. Georgy is the right, O!
In every land, O!
The land where'er we go,
With ha-lan-tow, &c.



AN ADVENTURE IN SHERWOOD FOREST,

A LITTLE GESTE OF ROBIN HOOD.

In several modern publications and in periodicals, the Editor has met with ballads, songs and poetical articles composed in commemoration of the exploits of Robin Hood, but very few of them approaching in the simplicity of their style and diction to the old ballads. In Mr. Hone's "Year Book," and in Mr. Leigh Hunt's "Indicator" are several. The two following are selected from the "Year Book." They bear the signature of J. F. R., and will be found at pp. 802, &c. The first is entitled—

LVII.

AN ADVENTURE IN SHERWOOD FOREST.

THERE strides a warrior dark and grim
Through Sherwood's sylvan shade,
And a battle-ax is held by him,
And keen is its polished blade;

And he is cased from top to toe
In panoply of steel,
From his nodding horsehair plume, I trow,
To the spur upon his heel.

He pauses;—fronting in his path
Forth steps a stalworth man;
The warrior trembled with very wrath,
And his tawny cheek grew wan.
For the stranger's name was Robin Hood,
And down he flung his glaive;
"Thou shalt fight," he cried, "or, by the rood,
I will brand thee an errant knave!"

"And I am a chief from Palestine,
So 'tis but meet and right
That I should cross my steel with thine,
Outlaw!" replied the knight.
They fought, and from the crosier's mail
Soon welled a purple flood;
Yet his blows they fell as quick as hail,
And every blow drew blood.

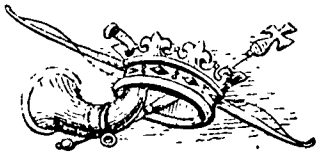
"A truce!" cried Robin, "thou shalt wend,
Bold swordsman, home with me,
For never did I hope to find
So brave a knight as thee."
"Then lead the way," the knight he said,
Nor Robin made reply,
Though haughty was the warrior's head,
And flashed his piercing eye.

But blithely blew his silver call,
And, ere the echoes slept,

One hundred archers, stout and tall,
Appeared at right and left:
"These are my body-guard, fair sir,
Should fortune prove unkind,
Or foes invade my haunts; there are
Full fifty more behind.

Yon coppice forms my leafy bower,
My realm is woman's heart:
Woe light on him who braves my power.
Now tell me whom thou art?"
"I am King Richard!—bowman stay,—
No bending of the knee,
For I have proved thy brand to day,
Nor doubt thy loyalty."

God rest the soul of Robin Hood,
For a gentle thief was he,
As ever ranged the gay green-wood,
God rest his company.
And if ye chance fair Sherwood through
To bend your weary way,
Patter an Ave for Robin Hood,
And his gallant band, I pray.



LVIII.

LE MORTE DE ROBIN HODE.

THE following ballad is introduced by the same correspondent of Mr. Hone, with the following note:—

"Among an odd collection of MS. songs in my possession, I find the following; which asserts (though without foundation) that the outlaw was *poisoned* by his *sister* the prioress of Kirklees."

To Kirklees stately priorie,
Came an old time-worn man,
And for food and shelter prayed he;
Ye chief of a noble clan
He was, who in Barnsdale and merrie Sherwood,
Sported blithely in time agone;
And albeit full cold crept his sluggish blode,
Yt ye step was firm and ye bearing proud,
Of Robin, ye outlawed one.

And ye prioress gave him a brimming bowle,
And bade him drink deep therein,
"'Twould solace," she said, "his fainting soule,"
And her's was a deadlie sinne.
For, although he called her his sister deare,
And she smiled, when she poured for him
Ye sparkling wine, there was poison there,
And herself had mingled the druggs with care;
And she pledged her guest, with a thrill of fear,
Though she touch'd but the goblet's brim.

Fearful and long was his dying groan,
As his spirit to Hades fled;
And the prioress stood like a rooted stone,
When she saw that the erle was dead.
And her eyes grew glazed, and she uttered a yell,
Too horrid for mortal ear,
And laughter rang—*'twas the mirth of hell*—
Through that pile so long and drear.

On the self-same night the murdress died,
But she rotted not alone,
For they laid her carcase side by side
With Robin of Huntingdon.
And they placed a fayre stone on ye mossy bed
Of that brave but erring one;
And many a pilgrim hath wept, when he read
What is written that stone upon.

Next follows the epitaph.

MINOR PIECES RELATIVE TO ROBIN HOOD.

In the appendix to the second canto of a thin octavo volume, entitled "Sherwood Forest and other poems, by Robert Millhouse, 1827"; which canto relates particularly to the exploits of Robin Hood and his companions, there is a ballad called, "Robin Hood and the Abbot of Newstede Abbey," for which, the author says, "he is indebted to a gentleman resident in Sherwood Forrest, who assures him, he has both seen it in MS. and heard it recited; nevertheless for its authenticity he would not vouch, although it bears some marks of antiquity."

Had the editor been inclined to give insertion to ballads similar to this, he could have introduced several, of doubtful antiquity and of as little interest. He is obliged to his friend for directing his attention to it. But as it contains no original incident, no touching thought, which could render it very acceptable, he takes leave, for the reasons before assigned, to omit it, and to conclude his selection with the following modern brief pieces.

The following song is extracted from Mr. George Daniel's "Merrie England, in the olden time." 2 vols. 8vo. 1842.

LIX.

ROBIN HOOD.

Robin Hood! Robin Hood! a lawgiver good,
Kept his high court of justice in merry Sherwood;
No furr'd gown, or fee wig, or bauble had he,
But his bench was a verdant bank under a tree.

And there sat my lord of his own good accord,
With his peers of the forest to keep watch and ward;
To arbitrate sure between rich and poor,
The lowly oppress'd and the proud evil doer.

His nobles they are without riband or star,
No 'scutcheon have they with a sinister bar;
But Flora with leaves them a coronet weaves,
And their music is—hark! when the horn winds afar.

The chaplain to shrive this frolicsome bride,
Is a fat curtail-friar, the merriest alive!
His quarter-staff, whack! greets a crown with a crack!
And, 'stead of rough sackcloth, his penance is sack!

The peerless in beauty receives their fond duty,
Her throne is the green-sward, her canopy flowers!
What huntress so gay as the *Lady of May?*
The queen of the woodlands, King Robin's and our's!

His subjects are we, and 'tis centuries three
Since his name first re-echoed beneath this roof-tree!
With Robin our king let the old rafters ring!
They have heard their last shout! they have seen their last spring!

And tho' we may sigh for blythe moments gone by,
Yet why should we sorrow, bold foresters, why?
Since those who come after their full share of laughter
Shall have, when death's sables have veil'd you and I.

LX.

SONNETS ON ROBIN HOOD, BY JOHN HAMILTON REYNOLDS.

The following pieces were furnished by a correspondent, but from what printed works they are taken, the Editor is not aware.

With Mr. Reynolds and his writings he is unacquainted. The two sonnets selected, he presumes to think, are worthy of a place in this collection.

THE trees in Sherwood forest are old and good,
The grass beneath them now is dimly green;
Are they deserted all? Is no young mien
With loose-slung bugle met within the wood:
No arrow found—foil'd of its antler'd food,
Struck in the oak's rude side? is there nought seen,
To mark the revelries which there have been
In the sweet days of merry Robin Hood?

Go there, with summer, and with evening—go,
In the soft shadows like some wandering man,
And thou shalt far amid the forest know
The archer men in green, with belt and bow,
Feasting on pheasant, river-fowl, and swan,
With Robin at their head and Marian.

LXI.

With coat of Lincoln-green, and mantle too,
And horn of ivory mouth, and buckle bright,
And arrows winged with peacock feathers light,
And trusty bow well gathered of the yew,—
Stands Robin Hood: and near, with eyes of blue
Shining thro' dusk hair, like the stars of night,
And habited in pretty forest plight,—
His green-wood beauty sits, young as the dew.

Oh gentle tressed girl! Maid Marian!
Are thine eyes bent upon the gallant game
That stray in the merry Sherwood? thy sweet fame
Can never never die. And thou, high man,
Would we might pledge thee with thy silver can
Of Rhenish in the woods of Nottingham.

LXII.

THE DEATH OF ROBIN HOOD. BY BERNARD BARTON.

The poetical abilities of Bernard Barton are as well known as admired. They are thus truly delineated in Mr. Serjeant Talfourd's "Letters of Charles Lamb," vol. ii, p. 75.

"Soon after Lamb's return from Paris, he became acquainted with the poet of the Quakers, Bernard Barton, who, like himself, was engaged in the drudgery of figures. The pure and gentle tone of the poems of his new acquaintance was welcome to Lamb, who had more sympathy with the truth of nature in modest guise, than in the affected fury of Lord Byron, or the dreamy extravagancies of Shelley. Lamb had written in 'Elia' of the Society of Friends with the freedom of one who, with great respect for the principles of the founders of their faith, had little in common with a sect, who shunned the pleasures, while they mingled in the business of the world; and a friendly expostulation, on the part of Mr. Barton, led to such cordial excuses as completely won the heart of the Quaker bard. Some expression, which Lamb let fall at their meeting in London, from which Mr. Barton had supposed, that Lamb objected to a Quaker's writing poetry as inconsistent with his creed, induced Mr. Barton to write to Lamb on his return to Woodbridge, who replied as follows:—

"'To Bernard Barton. India House, 11th Sept. 1822.

"'Dear Sir—You have misapprehended me sadly, if you suppose that I meant to impute any inconsistency in your writing poetry with your religious profession. I do not remember what I said, but it was spoken sportively, I am sure,—one of my levities, which you are not so used to as my older friends. I probably was thinking of the light in which your so indulging yourself, would appear to Quakers, and put their objection into my mouth. I would eat my words (provided they should be written on not very coarse paper) rather than I would throw cold water upon your, and my, once harmless occupation.

"I have read Napoleon and the rest with delight. I like these for what they are, and for what they are not. I have sickened on the modern rhodomontade and Byronism, and your plain Quakerish beauty has captivated me. It is all wholesome cates, aye, and toothsome too, and withal Quakerish. If I were George Fox, and George Fox licenser of the press, they should have my absolute *imprimatur*. I hope to have removed the impression.

"I am like you a prisoner to the desk. I have been chained to that galley forty years; a long shot. I have almost grown to the wood. If no *imaginative*, I am a *figurative* writer. Do friends allow puns? *verbal* equivocations—they are unjustly accused of it, and I did my best in the 'Imperfect Sympathies' to vindicate them.'"

Bernard Barton's dirge-like lines on the death of Robin Hood, with Mr. Fairholt's beautiful vignette, cannot be considered an inappropriate conclusion of the present volume.

Mr. Barton's lines are founded upon the same incident as is related in the older ballad of "Robin Hood's Death and Burial," p. 312, in this volume.

His pulse was faint, his eye was dim,
And pale his brow of pride;
He heeded not the monkish hymn,
They chaunted by his side.

He knew his parting hour was come,
And fancy wandered now;
To freedom's rude and lawless home,
Beneath the forest bough.

A faithful follower, standing by,
Ask'd where he would be laid;
Then round the chieftain's languid eye,
A lingering lustre play'd.

"Now raise me on my dying bed,
Bring here my trusty bow,
And ere I join the silent dead,
My arm that spot shall show."

They rais'd him on his couch, and set
The casement open wide;
Once more with vain and fond regret,
Fair nature's face he eyed.

With kindling glance, and throbbing heart,
One parting look he cast;
Sped on its way the feather'd dart,
Sank back and breath'd his last!

And where it fell they dug his grave,
Beneath the green-wood tree;
Meet resting-place for one so brave,
So lawless, frank, and free.

MUSICAL ILLUSTRATIONS

OF THE

ROBIN HOOD BALLADS,

BY

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MUSICAL ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE ROBIN HOOD BALLADS.

ROBIN HOOD AND THE STRANGER.—(P. 127).

THIS characteristic old tune (the most popular of the Robin Hood series) is known by the name of "Arthur-a-Bland"; "Robin Hood or Hey down"; and "Robin Hood Revived". The earliest printed copy is preserved in the ballad opera of "The Jovial Crew," 1731. The following ballads in the present collection were sung to this tune: "Robin Hood and the Bishop" (p. 147); "Robin Hood and the Butcher" (p. 152); "Robin Hood and the Beggar" (p. 165); "Robin Hood and the Tanner" (p. 181); "Robin Hood's Chase" (p. 214); "Little John and the Four Beggars" (p. 219); "Robin Hood and the Ranger" (p. 272); "Robin Hood and Little John" (p. 295); "Robin Hood and Maid Marian" (p. 302).

There is also a song to this air among the King's Pamphlets, British Museum (No. 15, folio), called "The Gang of the Nine Worthies," dated 1659.

THE JOLLY PINDER OF WAKEFIELD.—(P. 143).

This "excellent tune" was discovered by the writer of these musical notices in an old MS. in lute tablature, formerly in the collection of the Rev. Mr. Gostling, of Canterbury. It bears a considerable resemblance to the little snatches of old airs in Shakespeare's plays; which are supposed to have been handed down successively from the performers in his time; being then probably "household" music more ancient than the ballads themselves.

The old ballad of "The Bailiff's Daughter of Islington" was sometimes sung to this tune.

Another copy of this tune is preserved in the Public Library, Cambridge. (D. d. 3, 18).

ROBIN HOOD AND QUEEN KATHERINE.—(P. 173).

This ballad should properly have been inserted before that of "Robin Hood Rescuing Will Stutly" (p. 158), as it is stated to have been sung "To a new tune"; whereas the last named ballad is directed to be sung "To the tune of Robin Hood and Queen Katherine". We have thus convincing proof that the present ballad is the older. "Robin Hood and the Shepherd" (p. 203); "Robin Hood's Delight" (p. 225); and "Robin Hood's Death and Burial" (p. 312) were all sung to this tune.

The air is taken from the rare work, entitled, "Melismata, Musicall Phansies, fitting the Citie, and Countrey Humours," 1611. It is there adapted to the dirge of the "Three Ravens." (See Ritson's "Ancient Songs," vol. ii, p. 53). It is singular that this melody should have been handed down by tradition in almost every English county. The writer of these notices has no fewer than eight different versions.

ROBIN HOOD AND THE CURTALL FRYER.—(p. 189).

This beautiful old chant was discovered by the writer on the fly-leaf of the "Parthenia," an ancient musical work printed in 1611. In the old ballad, printed by H. Gosson, it is called "A new Northern tune." The ballad of "The Noble Fisherman; or, Robin Hood's Preferment" (p. 197), is directed to be sung to the same tune.

ROBIN HOOD'S DELIGHT.—(p. 225).

The tune mentioned in the introductory note to this ballad, is here given from Oswald's "Caledonian Pocket Companion;" but it must not be confounded with the ancient tune of "Robin Hood," contained in Dr. Pepusch's MS., nor with the dance of "Robene Hude" mentioned by Wedderburn in the "Complainte of Scotland." It is evidently of modern construction, perhaps the composition of Oswald himself.

The *ancient* tune of "Robin Hood," is here given from a MS. lute book, in the Public Library, Camb. (D. d. 9, 33).

[It is

It is impossible to identify this tune with any particular Robin Hood ballad. Its peculiar character leads us to suppose that it was merely intended to be *danced* to.

ROBIN HOOD RESCUING THE WIDOW'S THREE SONS FROM THE SHERIFF.—(P. 248).

This tune has been handed down by oral tradition: the writer procured it on the borders of Staffordshire, in the summer of 1845. The old man, who sung it, could only remember two or three of the verses, but they do not differ materially from the printed copy.

The traditional air of "Lord Thomas, and Fair Eleanor," as given in Mr. Sandys' "Christmas Carols," appears to be only a different version of the same air.

ROBIN HOOD RESCUING THE THREE SQUIRES FROM NOTTINGHAM GALLOWS.—(P. 255.)

The Welsh tune "Marchog Glas, i. e., Green Knight," to which Ritson (on the authority of Edward Williams) says it was sung, is not to be found in Jones' "Welsh Bards," Parry's "Welsh Harper," or the recent collection of Miss Williams. The writer's friend, John Parry (the present representative of the Welsh Bards), is not able to give any account of it. In Staffordshire and Derbyshire this ballad is sung to the tune of "Robin Hood and the Curtall Fryer." (See before).

ROBIN HOOD AND ALLIN A DALE.—(P. 259.)

This "pleasant northern tune," the original name of which appears to be "Robin Hood in the green-wood stood," is given from an ancient manuscript (temp. Jacob. I) in the writer's possession. It appears in "The English Dancing Master," 1650, with the addition of a second part, under the title of "Drive the cold Winter away." This latter song, both words and music, is contained in D'Urfey's "Pills to Purge Melancholy," 1719.

ROBIN HOOD AND THE TINKER.—(P. 264.)

This ballad is directed to be sung "To the tune of 'In Summer-time.'" The original of this tune is the ballad of "Robin Hood and the Curtall Fryer" (See before). The "Down a down" after every line seems to have been arbitrary, and was sung or not, at the pleasure of the singer. If used in the present instance, it would require another tune.

ROBIN HOOD AND THE RANGER.—(P. 272.)

In the York edition of "Robin Hood's Garland" this ballad is directed to be sung to the tune of "Arthur a Bland"; but the following is the traditional tune preserved in Staffordshire.

ROBIN HOOD AND THE BISHOP OF HEREFORD.—(P. 277.)

This excellent old air is given from a broadside copy "printed for Daniel Wright, next the Sun Tavern in Hol-

born." An early allusion to the story of the ballad is to be found in an anonymous interlude, entitled "Thersites," written in 1537.

> "Where is Robin, John, and little Hode?
> Approche hyther quickely, if ye thinke it good:
> I wyll teache such outlawes, with Crystes curses,
> How they take hereafter awaye abbotes purses."

THE WEDDING OF ROBIN HOOD AND LITTLE JOHN.—(P. 389.)

The following tune is given, with correction, from the Appendix to Kinloch's "Ancient Scottish Ballads," 8vo, 1827. It is well known on the borders of Northumberland.

IN SHERWOOD LIVDE STOUT ROBIN HOOD.—(P. 393).

The music to this and the following song is preserved in the respective books from which the words have been taken. (See the notes at the end of the ballads). It has not been thought advisable to include them in the present illustrations, as they are scientific compositions, for three and four voices, and never became *popular tunes.*

ROBIN HOOD AND THE DUKE OF LANCASTER.—(P. 397).

This ballad is directed to be sung "To the tune of The Abbot of Canterbury." It is here given from Watts' "Musical Miscellany," 1729, where it is called "the *old* tune."

THE HELSTONE FURRY-DAY SONG.—(P. 416).

The following old chant is perhaps as old as the custom which it commemorates. It is here given (with corrections) from the appendix to "Specimens of Cornish Provincial Dialect," 1846. The song is printed in Jones' "Welsh Bards," and in Chappell's "National English Airs"; but by a singular mistake it has been adapted to the melody of an old *dance* tune. It is now for the first time *correctly* printed.

The burden to this song is

"With ha-lan-tow,
Rumbelow."

How it got applied to this song cannot be stated. This or something very similar seems to have been used in old sea songs, and *Halow* was an ancient "schypmans crye." (Prompt. Parvul. edit. Way, 223.)

"They rowed hard, and sungge ther too,
With *heuelow* and *rumbeloo*."
(*Richard Cœur de Lion.*)

"Your mariners shall synge arowe,
Hey how and *rumbylowe*."
(*Squyre of lowe degree.*)

"With *heue alowe*, with *rambylow*."
(*Battle of Bannockburn.*)

See more on this curious subject in the notes to the Rev. A. Dyce's "Skelton," vol. ii, pp. 110, 213.

Slow.
A tempo.

ROBIN HOOD'S DANCE BEFORE THE QUEEN.

The following curious fragment is given from "Pammelia, Musicks Miscellanie, or, Mixed Varietie of Pleasant Roundelayes, and Delightfull Catches, of three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, and ten parts in one, &c. London: printed by William Barley, &c. 1609." It is called "A Round for three Country-dances in one"; and the words are as follows:—

"Robin Hood, Robin Hood, said Little John,
Come dance before the queene-a:
In a red petticote, and a greene jacket,
A white hose and a greene-a."

BONNY SWEET ROBIN.

The quaint and expressive old melody which follows is preserved in Queen Elizabeth's Virginal Book, in the Fitzwilliam Museum; in Dowland's Common-place Book, in the Public Library, Cambridge; and in William Ballet's

Lute Book, in Trinity College, Dublin. In the latter there are two copies, and the second copy is called "Robin Hood is to the Greenwood gone"; it is therefore evidently the tune to a ballad of Robin Hood, now lost. Ophelia sings a line of it in "Hamlet":

"For bonny sweet Robin is all my joy."

And in Fletcher's "Two Noble Kinsmen," the jailor's mad daughter says: "Yes truly can I; I can sing 'The Broom,' and 'Bonny Robin.'" A ballad entitled "A doleful adewe to the last Erle of Darbie," to the tune of "Bonny sweet Robin," was entered at Stationers' Hall on the 26th of April, 1594; and in Richard Johnson's "Crown Garland of Golden Roses," is "A courtly new Ballad of the Princely wooing of the Fair Maid of London, by King Edward; to the tune of Bonny sweet Robin"; and "The Fair Maid of London's Answer," to the same tune.

In a MS. (known as "Constable's Cantus") formerly the property of the late Archibald Constable, of Edinburgh, is a series of fragments worked into a medley, and among them the following, which may relate to the lost ballad in question.

"Joly Robin,
Goe to the green-wood, to thy lemman."

. . . . . .

"First, when Robin, gude bow bare,
Wes never bairne so bold."

. . . . . .

"Goe to the greenwood,
My good love goe with me."

FINIS.

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